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FOR MY LEGIONNAIRE

Per

CORNELIU ZELEA CODREANU

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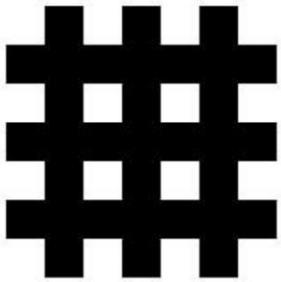

Sign of the Legion

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for the legionnaires

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This volume contains the story of my youth, aged 19 to 34, with its feelings, faith, thoughts, actions and your mistakes.

CORNELIU CODREANU

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December 6, 1935,
Cannen Sylva

LEGIONNAIRE ,

I write for our family of legionnaires. For all legionnaires: those in the villages, in the factories and at the university. I pay no attention to any regulations imposed on book authors. I have no time. I write hastily on the battlefield, in the midst of attacks. At this hour, we are surrounded on all sides. Enemies treacherously attack us, and betrayal bites us.

For two years we were bound by the chains of an infamous censorship. For two years our name and that of legionary have been tolerated by the press only to be insulted. Treachery rains down on us as our enemies cheer and wait for us to die. But these knights of cowardice, as well as their masters, will be convinced, indeed, before long, that all the attacks in which they have pinned their hopes of destroying the legionary movement, all their agitation and desperate efforts, will remain fruitless.

Legionnaires don't die. Upright, immovable, invincible and immortal, they seem ever victorious over the impotent convulsions of hatred.

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The opinion created in the non-legionary world by the lines that follow is of no importance to me, and its effect on that world is of no interest to me.
What I want is that you, soldiers from other Romanian horizons, when reading these memories, recognize in them your own past and remember your battles; may you relive the suffering you endured and the blows you dealt for our people; may you fill their hearts with fire and stand firm in the hard and just fight you are engaged in and which we are all commanded to emerge victorious or dead. I think of you as I write.

Of you who are going to die, receiving the baptism of death with the serenity of our Thracian ancestors. And you, those who will have to step over the dead and their tombs, carrying the banners of Romanian victory in your hands.

PASSING TO LIFE

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IN THE DOBRIN FOREST

Here we are, gathered on a spring afternoon in 1919 in the Dobrina Forest, which stands sentinel on the heights around Husi.
Who? A group of about 20 high school students, sophomores, juniors and seniors.
I gathered these young comrades together to discuss a serious problem, even though our lives were just beginning. What are we going to do if the Bolsheviks invade us?
My opinion, with which others agreed, was this: if the Bolshevik army crosses the Dniester, then the Pruth, reaching our region, we will not submit, but will take refuge armed in the woods; we will organize a Romanian action and resistance center there, and by skilful action we will shake off the enemy; we will maintain a spirit of non-submission and keep a spark of hope alive among the Romanian masses in towns and cities. We all took an oath in the middle of the ancient forest. This forest was a corner of the famous Tigheciu forest on whose paths, throughout Moldovan history, many enemies met their death.

We decided to acquire weapons and ammunition, maintain total secrecy, conduct reconnaissance and battle drills there in the forest, and establish a front that would mask our intentions. We easily found this front and soon made it happen: a national-cultural association of students from Husi College, which we called "Mihail Kogalniceanu". It was approved by the principal of the college. Then we started meetings and lectures in the city. We dealt with the usual business in public, while in the forest we simulated battle drills. In these titles it was possible to find weapons everywhere, so in about two weeks we collected everything we needed.

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There was then such a chaotic state of affairs in the country that we, although only children under 18 years of age, understood very well. Everyone was thinking of the Bolshevik revolution, which was well under way, just a few steps from the border. The peasantry opposed this wave of destruction instinctively, but completely disorganized, it could not offer serious resistance. But the industrial workers were sliding vertiginously towards communism, being systematically fed the cult of these ideas by the Jewish press and, in general, by all Jewish people in the cities.

Every Jew, merchant, intellectual or capitalist-banker, within his radius of activity, was an agent of these anti-Romanian revolutionary ideas.
The Romanian intelligentsia was undecided, the state apparatus in disarray. An internal eruption of a few determined and organized elements, or an invasion of the Dniester, can be expected at any moment. This external action, coordinated with that of internal Jewish-Communist gangs - which could hit us, destroying bridges and blowing up ammunition stocks - would then have decided our fate as a people. It was in these circumstances, our thoughts, in turmoil, preoccupied with the life and liberty of our newly unified country at the end of a difficult war, that in our youthful minds the idea germinated that led us to the oath in the Forest of Dobrina.

I spent five years at the Military Academy of Manastirea Dealului (Cloister on the Hill), where the head of Michael the Valiant rests, under the watchful eye of Nicolae Filipescu*. There, under the orders of Major, later Colonel Mareel Olteanu, the commander of the school, that of Captain Virgil Badulescu, of Lieutenant. Emil Palangeanu and under the guidance of the teachers, I received a strict military education and a healthy confidence in my own powers.

*Former Cabinet Minister (1900-1913) who founded the Academia Militar hang his name... ***(Translator's note.)***

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In fact, my military education will be with me for my entire life. Order, discipline, hierarchy, molded in my blood from an early age, together with the feeling of soldier dignity, will form a guiding thread for all my future activity. Here, too, I was taught to speak little, a fact that would later lead me to hate "chatter boxing" and to talk a lot. Here I learned to love the trench and despise the living room.

The notions of military science that I received at the time will make me later judge everything through the prism of that science. This cult of the feeling of human and military dignity, in which the officers educated me, would create difficulties for me and expose me to suffering, in a world often without honor and without a sense of dignity.
I spent the summer of 1916 at home in Husi.

My father was recalled to the army within the last two years and left with the regiment for the Carpathians. One night my mother woke me up and, crying and crossing herself, said: “Wake up, all the bells in all the churches are ringing”. It was August 15, 1916, the feast of Santa Maria. I understood that mobilization had been decreed and that at that moment the Romanian army had crossed the mountains.

Overcome with emotion, my entire body shuddered. Three days later, I left home to follow my father, driven by my desire that I, too, be among the fighters on the front lines. Finally, after many adventures, I arrived at the regiment in which my father commanded a company, the 25th Infantry Regiment under Colonel V. Piperescu, as it advanced into Transylvania in the Oituz Valley. My misfortune was great, as, aged only 17, the regimental commander turned me down as a volunteer. Even so, I took part in both the advance and retreat from Transylvania, and on the 20th of September, when my father fell wounded above Sovata, on the Ceres-Domu mountain, I was useful to him before the enemy's advance. Though wounded, he refused to be evacuated, leading his company through the retreat and later into the heavy fighting that followed at Oituz.

One night, at two o'clock, the regiment received orders to advance. The officers surveyed their assembled troops in a silence like a roadside tomb.

My father was asked to report to the colonel. Returning after a while, he said to me: “Wouldn't it be better for you to go home? Soon we'll be in battle and it's not good that we're both going to die here, because then Mother will be left with six small children without any support. the colonel called me and said he doesn't want to take responsibility for his stay here at the front. "

I could see that his heart was in doubt: he hesitated to leave me alone in the middle of the night, in the open, on unknown roads, 40 kilometers from the nearest railway.

Noting his insistence, however, I turned my carbine and two cartridge racks as the regimental columns advanced, disappearing into the silence and darkness of the night. I was left alone at the edge of a ditch, so I started towards the old border and home.
When, a year later, on September 1, I entered the Botosani Military Infantry School, I was still thinking about getting to the front. Here I completed my military education and knowledge, from September 1, 1917 to July 17, 1918, in the Active Company of the Military School. The four distinguished officers, Colonel Slavescu, Captain Ciurea, Lieutenant. Florin Radulescu and Maj Steflea guided my steps on the paths of battle and sacrifice for my country.
Another year passed - 1919 brought peace, and we, the dying children, were scattered, each to his home.
My father, a secondary school teacher, was a lifelong nationalist fighter. My grandfather was a forestry engineer, as was my great-grandfather. The people of my nation were, from the beginning, in all difficult historical times, a people of forests and mountains. That's why my military training and the blood in my veins imprinted on Dobrina's action - a naive manifestation - a note of seriousness, which our young age would not have presupposed.
In those moments, we felt in our hearts, with their advice and experience, the presence of all our ancestors, who fought for Moldova on the same paths that the enemies never penetrated.

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AT THE UNIVERSITY OF IASI
SEPTEMBER 1919

The summer passed. I did my baccalaureate* in the fall and our group split up, each directing their steps towards a university. Of Dobrina, we retain only the memories of defending our country against the threatening waves of enmity that rose from within and outside our borders.

I was leaving Husi at this crossroads for every young person, the university application, the long-awaited university application! As a preparation I had the capital of knowledge acquired in college, sensationalist literature, or the spiritual perversion that now occupies such an important place in the formative years of a high school student - to his misfortune - that I did not taste. In addition to the usual literature of the Romanian classics, I read all the articles in the ***Semanatorul*** ("The Sower") and ***Neamul Romanesc*** ("The Romanian People") by N. Iorga and AC Cuza. My father had these in some boxes in the attic. That's where I went up in my free time to occupy myself with this literature. The essence of these articles contained the expression, in a high way, of the three ideals of life for the Romanian people:

1. The unification of the Romanian people.
2. The elevation of the peasantry through land reform and political rights 3. The solution of the Jewish problem.

There were two maxims printed on the jackets of all nationalist publications at the time:

"Romania of Romanians, only Romanians and all Romanians." - N. Iorga.

"Nationality is the creative power of human culture, culture is the creative power of nationality." - AC Cuza.

I approached Iasi with great reverence - Iasi loved and understood all Romanians, the city everyone wants to visit.
Many towns in Moidavia have some shards of glory. We cannot pronounce the names: Hotin, Barlad, Vaslui, Tighina, Cetatea-Alba, Soroca, without feeling our souls uplifted.
But, above all, Suceava and Iasi appear.
Suceava, the stronghold of Stefan the Great; and Iasi, the city of Cuza-Voda, -the city of the Union of 1859, which with the founding of the university became the city of youth and its noblest aspirations.

In Iasi lived: Miron Costin, Bo dan Petriceicu Hasdeu, Mihail Eminescu, Ion Creanga, Vasile Alecsandri, ostache Negri, Iacob Negruzzi, Mihail Kogalniceanu, Sitnion Barnutiu, Vasile Conta, N. Iorga, Ion Gavanescul. Here, like a beacon, shines in Political Economy, the great personality of Professor Cuza. The university became a school of nationalism; Iasi, the city of great Romanian advancement, of our national greatness, ideals and aspirations. Great is the sadness of 1917 when here, in his difficult hours, the tormented soul of King Ferdinand found refuge; great for its fate of being in 1918 the city of union for all Romanians; great for its great past and great for its present tragedy - for the city of forty churches - dies daily forgotten under the relentless Jewish invasion Iasi, as Rome, built on seven hills, is and remains the eternal city of the Romanian.

What glorious memories!
Here were heard for the first time, resounding, those harmonious verses of Alecsandri:

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* Comprehensive exam required prior to high school graduation. ***(Tr.)***

"Romanians of all
feathers, come, let's join
hands,"

Here, as nowhere else, the student feels himself hovering in the air over the silent Iasi, with its mysterious calls and with its sacred impulses, the spirits of our ancestors. The student Iasi, in the silence of the night, hears, as if maddened by pain, the ghost of Mihail Eminescu running through the crooked streets of the city, moaning like a ghost:

"He who takes strangers
seriously Let the dogs
eat his heart May the waste
eat his house May bad
fame devour his
parents."

This is the city I approached with deep reverence in the autumn of 1919, being drawn by its great aura but also moved that this was where I had been born twenty years earlier. And just like any child, I was moved to see and kiss my homeland again.

I enrolled in the Faculty of Law.

Iasi University, closed during the war years, reopened a year earlier. The former students, who have now returned as seniors, have stuck to the traditional nationalism of pre-war student life. They were divided into two camps. one, under the leadership of Labusca das Cartas, and the other, under the leadership of Nelu Ionescu, from Law. These groups, small in number, were overwhelmed by the immense mass of Jewish students coming to the school from Bessarabia, all Communist agents and propagandists. The university professors, with the exception of a very limited group led by AC Cuza, Ion Gavanescul and Corneliu Sumuleanu, were partisans of the same leftist ideas. Professor Paul Bujor, one of the exponents of the majority, declared very dearly in the entire Senate of the country: "The light comes from the East", that is, from beyond the Dniester.

Such an attitude on the part of the teachers, who considered any nationalist idea or note "barbaric", resulted in the total disorientation of the students, some openly supporting Bolshevism, others - the
majority - saying: "Say what you will, nationalism is out of fashion , mankind moves to the left." The Labusca group completely slipped in that direction. The Nelu Ionescu group, which I joined, dispersed over time after some university elections that they lost.

The advancement of these anti-Romanian ideas, supported by a tight mass of professors and students, and encouraged by all the enemies of a unified Romania, met with no Romanian resistance among the student body. Some of us still trying to operate the barricades were surrounded by an atmosphere of contempt and enmity. On the streets or in the halls of the university, colleagues with other opinions, those with "freedom of conscience" and who preach all other forms of freedom, spat after us as we passed and became increasingly aggressive. Thousands of students, in meeting after meeting in which Bolshevism was propagated, attacked the Army, the justice, the Church, the Crown. There was only one association that still retained a Romanian character: "Avram Iancu" belonging to the Bucovinians and Transylvanians, under the leadership of Vasile Iasinschi, a student. The university, traditionally nationalist since 1860, became a hotbed of anti-Romanism.

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But it was not entirely at the university that this situation existed. The mass of Iasi workers, almost completely immersed in communism, were ready to explode in revolution. Little work was done in the factories. Hours on end they held meetings and councils; mostly about politics rather than work.
We found ourselves systematically sabotaged, according to plan and order: "Break down, destroy machines, create the state of general material misery that leads to the eruption of revolution." And, indeed, the more this command was obeyed, the more misery spread, famine menacingly threatened, and rebellion swelled in the souls of multitudes.

Every three or four days in the streets of Iasi, large communist demonstrations took place. Those 10-15,000 starving workers, maneouvered. by the Jewish criminal hand of Moscow, paraded through the streets while singing the intemationale, shouting: "Down with the ***king!" 'Down with the Army! "*** And carrying signs on which one could read "Long live the communist revolution! "," Long live Soviet Russia! "

If these had been victorious, would we at least have a Romania led by a Romanian workers' regime? Would Romanian workers have become masters of the country? No! The next day we would have become slaves to the dirtiest tyranny: Talmudic and Jewish tyranny. Greater Romania, after Jess a second of existence, would have collapsed.
We, the Romanian people, would have been exterminated, killed or mercilessly deported across Siberia: peasants, workers, intellectuals, all in disorder. The land from Maramures to the Black Sea, snatched from Romania, would have been colonized by Jewish masses. This is where they would have built its true Palestine.

I was perfectly aware that in those hours the life and death of the Romanian people were at stake. And also the Jews who were pushing the Romanian workers towards revolution. They did not sympathize with the anguish that took hold of our hearts in those moments, nor with the betrayed anguish in our eyes. They knew what they were doing. Only the Romanian intellectuals were unaware, the intellectuals who had gone to school and were supposed to enlighten the people in difficult times - that's why they were intellectuals - were absent from their duty. These unworthy beings in those decisive moments maintained with a criminal unconsciousness that "the light comes from the East". Who would oppose the revolutionary columns that marched menacingly through the streets of all our cities? The students? No! The intelligentsia? No! The police? Siguranta *? These, hearing the columns approaching, panicked and disappeared. Not even the military could stand in their way. For it was not spoken of 1,000 men, but of 15,000, of 20,000, organized and hungry.

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One rainy autumn night in 1919, in the dining hall at the School of Arts and Crafts, where I was a counselor, a friend of mine showed me a newspaper notice.

"The National Conscience Guard holds a meeting this evening, Thursday, 9 am, 3 Rua Alecsandri"

I left immediately, rushing with great impatience to find out about and join this organization whose anti-communist pamphlets I had read several months earlier.
In the room at 3 Alecsandri Street, decorated with newly made benches, I found only one , man there. He was about 40 years old, strong and haggard, sitting at the table, waiting for people to arrive. A large head, two strong arms, heavy fists, of average height. He was Constantin Pancu, the President of the National Conscience Guard.

* The Romanian Security Service before the communist takeover. ***(Tr.)***

I introduced myself, saying that I was a student and that I wanted to be admitted as a fighter in the Guard. He accepted me. I attended that meeting. Approximately twenty people attended: a composer, Voinescu; A student; about four mechanics from RMS*, two from the railways; several merchants and workers; lawyer Victor Climescu and a priest. Various questions were discussed in connection with the momentum gained by the communist movement in various factories and in part of the city and with the problem of organization of the Guard.

From that night forward my road forked. half in the fight at the university, the other half with Constantin Pancu, among the workers. I became attached to this man and remained with him under his leadership constantly until the organization fell apart.

CONSTANTIN PANCU

Constantin Pancu, whose name was on the lips of every Iasian in both camps, uttered hopefully by Romanians, with horror by others, was not an intellectual.

He was a merchant, plumber and electrician. He never went beyond four grades of elementary school. He had a lucid and balanced mind, which he himself enriched with adequate knowledge. For twenty years he was occupied with the problems of the workers. He had been for several years the president of the metalworkers'
union. He was a first-class orator.
On the podium, in front of a crowd, he impressed. He had a soul and conscience that were clearly Romanian. He loved his country, the military, the king.
A good Christian. He had the muscles of a circus wrestler and truly herculean strength. Iasians had known him for a long time.

Before the war, a circus came to Iasi, which held fight shows. There were among the combatants men of all nations. Hungarians, Turks, Romanians, Russians, etc. one night, when one of them had beaten all the other fighters, among the spectators a citizen rose up asking to fight the victor. He was authorized to do this. He undressed and the fight began. within two minutes, the Hungarian circus strongman was knocked to the ground, defeated. The Romanian who won amidst the crowd's enthusiastic admiration was none other than Constantin Pancu. That's why when his call to battle first appeared on the streets of Iasi, the strength-worshipping public accepted it with confidence.

His effort lasted a year, increasing as the Bolshevik threat increased and decreasing as it diminished.

At first, small meetings were held, then demonstrations that reached 5, 6, even 10,000 people. They were held weekly during the critical period at Prince Mircea Hall, or sometimes at Union Square. among those

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who spoke regularly was me. It was here that I learned how to speak in front of a crowd. Undeniably, the National Conscience Guard raised the conscience of Romanians at a critical moment, in an important place like Iasi and placed it as a barrier against the communist wave.

This activity, however, was not limited to just Iasi. We went to other cities.
In addition, the regularly published newspaper Constiinta ("The Conscience") penetrated with its cry of alarm into almost every town in Moldavia and Bessarabia.
Almost daily in the field between the two camps, inevitable bloody clashes took place, our side sustaining the most wounded. This tense situation lasted until spring, but after two big victories on our side, the offensive power of our opponents was greatly reduced.

THE OCCUPATION OF THE STATE MONOPOLY AGENCY BY THE GUARD OF THE NATIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS

It was February 10 or 11, 1920. For two weeks there was talk of a national general strike. The decisive battle was approaching. it was reported in the city that around noon in the ASM where about 1; 000 workers were employed, the strike was declared, the red flag was raised, the image of the King
lowered and drilled underfoot, then replaced by those of Karl Marx, Trotzki and Racowski.

Our people were beaten, the mechanics, members of the Guard, wounded. At 1 o'clock, about 100 of us gathered at our headquarters. What to do? Pancu chaired the discussion. There were two opinions. Some claimed that we should send telegrams to the government requesting military intervention. My opinion was that those present should address the ASM and drop the red flag at any risk. My point of view was accepted. We took our flag and at 1 o'clock led by Pancu we started to march on Lapusneanu and Pacurari singing Desteapta-te Romane ("Awaken, Ye Romanian").

Near the factory on the street we separated several groups of communists.
We entered the factory yard and entered the building carrying flag oil to the roof, where I planted it. From there I gave a lecture. The military appeared and occupied the factory.

We retreated singing, then headed back to our headquarters, deeming our quick foray a success. The news of our attitude crossed the city like lightning, but the strike continued. The military could only defend the flag, they could not make the factory work. what was to be done? The idea occurred to us to look for

workers in the city to open the factory. in three days, 400 new workers, coming from all parts of Iasi, entered the factory. This started to work; the strike failed. Two weeks later, half of the strikers demanded that this be done. Back to work.

Our victory was great. The first step towards a general strike was rejected. The plans of the Jewish-Communist consortium began to be thwarted. Our action had a resounding echo in the Romanian ranks, boosting their morale.

THE TRICOLOR FLAG OVER NICOLINA'S WORKS

The most powerful communist center was formed by the Romanian railway in Nicolina.
More than 4,000 men worked there, nearly all of them Bolshevised. The residential areas around these works, Podul Ros, Socola and Nicolina, were invaded by a considerable number of Jews.
That is why the leader of the communist movement in Iasi, Dr. Ghelerter and his adviser, Gheler, established their point of resistance here. Less than a month had passed since the defeat of the ASM and as a signal for the start of the general strike and the decisive battle, the red flag was raised and fluttered over the works. A strike was declared. Thousands of workers were leaving. The authorities were powerless.

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* The State Monopoly Agency, hereinafter referred to as ASM ***(Tr.)***

Through leaflets, we called all Romanians to a meeting in Prince Mircea Hall. After the speeches, we left the building with our flags and the entire crowd headed towards Nicolina. At Union Square we were stopped by the authorities who advised us not to continue as there were over 5,000 armed communists waiting for us and bloodshed would ensue.

So we walked out of Union Square towards the train station, where we hung flags over the machine roundabout and over the station. So we took a train on the line and went to Nicolina. Someone flipped the switch at the station and on the Nicolina train and everyone

entered the Nicolina works. We go down. In stores, nobody. On one of the buildings, the red flag. I climbed a fire escape holding a tricolor between my teeth. With some difficulty, as I was at a great height, I reached the roof. I climbed onto the roof and crawled to the top. I grabbed the red flag and amid huge cheers, which lasted several minutes, hoisted and held the tricolor. So from there I spoke. Outside the walls, the Communists, increasing in number, steadily grew into a compact mass, and loomed in threatening fashion.

A hell of a racket. Inside, hurrahsi, outside, boos and curses. Then I slowly descended to the ground. Pancu ordered our departure. But at the gate the communists blocked our exit, shouting: "Let Pancu and Codreanu come!"

We walked 100 feet ahead of our crowd and headed for the gate.

In the middle, Pancu, on his right a merchant, Margarint, with me on the left. The three of us walked forward without saying a word, keeping our hands in our gun pockets. Those at the gate watched us, quiet and still. Now we were only a few steps away. I expected the whizz of a bullet past my ear. But we move forward, direct and determined. However, this was a very unusual and exciting moment. We were now just a few steps away. The communists walked away opening up to us! For about ten meters we walked in silence like a tomb in the middle of them. We look neither to the left nor to the right. Nothing was heard, not even human breathing. Our men followed us. But when they passed, the silence was broken. The curse began, with threats from both sides but no fight. together we go along the railway towards the station. Behind us, over the works, the blowing wind stirred the cloth of the victorious tricolor.

The moral effect of this action was incomparable. All Iasi was in an uproar. Everyone on the streets was talking only about The National Conscience Guard. An undercurrent of Romanian awakening was felt in the air. The trains took the news of this resurrection even further to the four corners of the country. We realized that Bolshevism would be defeated because in front of it, as well as on its flanks, a barrier of conscience was erected that would prevent its expansion.

All roads to their new invasion were now closed. From now on, it should retreat, not long after, Geti action. The Averescu administration was added to our efforts, enough that the prospects of this movement were completely nullified.

NATIONAL-CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM
THE NATIONAL SYNDICS

The National Conscience Guard was a fighting organization designed to bring down the enemy. I was talking to Pancu many times in those nights of 1919, as we were constantly together and almost regularly ate at his table. And I was saying to him:

“It is not enough to defeat communism. We must also fight for workers' rights. They are entitled to bread and fight for honor. We must fight against oligarchic parties, creating national workers' organizations that can win their rights within the structure of the state and not against the state. "

“We do not allow anyone to try to hoist another flag on Romanian soil, except that of our national history. As much as the working class may be, we do not tolerate

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it rises against the country or makes common cause with foreign movements outside our borders, no one will admit that

for your bread you waste and join the bands of a foreign people of bankers and usurers, all that for two millennia was the sweat of a people of workers and braves
are saved, Your rights, yes - but within the rights of your people. It is inadmissible that, due to its rigor, the historical right of the nation to which you belong is trampled under foot.

'But neither will we admit that, under the cover of color formulas, an oligarchic and tyrannical class installs itself behind the backs of workers of all categories and literally skins them, while continuously waving banners in the air for the motherland - which they do not love; God in whom they do not believe; Church - which they never enter and Army - which they sent to war with empty bands.
"These are realities that cannot be used as false emblems for political fraud in the hands of a few immoral jugglers."
Then we started to organize workers into national unions and even into a political party: “National Christian Socialism”. It was then that Pancu wrote:

THE CREED OF NATIONAL-CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM

I believe in the single and undivided Romanian State, from Dniester to Tisa, the owner of all Romanians and only Romanians, lover of work, honor and fear of God, concerned about the country and its people; giver of equal rights, civil and political, to men and women; family protector, paying your public servants *.
At that time we had not heard of Adolf Hitler and German National Socialism and workers based on the number of children and the work done, quality and quantity; and in a State, defender of social harmony through the minimization of class differences; and in addition to wages, nationalize the factories (owned by all workers) and distribute land among all farmers.

It would distribute benefits between the owner (state or private) and the workers.
The former owner, in addition to his own salary, should receive a percentage inversely proportional to the value of his original investment; in addition, the State would guarantee its original investment; in addition, the State would insure workers through a 'risk fund'; it would provide food and clothing deposits for workers and civil servants who, organized into national unions, would have their representatives on the boards of directors of the various industrial, agricultural, and commercial institutions.

I believe in a great and strong 'father of workers' and King of peasants, Ferdinand the First, who sacrificed everything for the happiness of Romania and who for our salvation became one with the people; that at the head of his troops in Marasti and Marasesti he defeated the enemy; who ever since has looked with love and confidence to the soldiers who owe him allegiance, soldiers who will discover that their military duty is a true school for their nation that they can finish in a year. “I believe in a tricolor surrounded by the rays of National Christian Socialism symbol of harmony between the brothers and sisters of Greater Romania.

I believe in a Holy Christian Church with priests who live the Gospel and for the Gospel, and who want, like the apostles, to sacrifice themselves for the enlightenment of many.

I recognize the election of Ministers by the Chamber, the abolition of the Senate, the organization of the rural police, a progressive income tax, schools of agriculture and crafts in the villages, 'circles' for housewives and adults, homes for invalids and elderly people, national homes, the determination of paternity, bringing effectively to all the knowledge of the laws, the incentive to the initiative

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private sector in the interest of the Nation, and the development of peasant domestic industry.

I hope for the resurrection of national conscience even in the humble shepherd and the descent of the educated among the weary, to strengthen and help them in true fraternity, the foundation of tomorrow's Romania, Amen! "The National Conscience Guard."

The newspaper Constiinta ("The Conscience"), Monday, February 9, 1920.

So we started organizing the national unions. The following document shows how one of our unions was formed. I publish it to emphasize the conscientiousness of the Iasian workers of that time:

Minutes!

“The undersigned, merchants, workers and clerks of the ASM tobacco factory, met this evening, Monday, February 2, 1920, at the headquarters of the National Conscience Guard, No. 3 Rua Alecsandri' under the chairmanship of Mr. . W.
Pancu, acting president of the Guard. CONSIDERING the criminal tendencies of certain individuals who serve interests that are alien to this people, and, CONSIDERING the propaganda they engage in, namely to attack the well being of this institution and the very existence of those of us who have worked all our lives for a slice of bread, which is our only food and that of our children, WE, honest and law-abiding Romanian workers, desirous of marching together under the flag of our country on the road dictated by the supreme interests of our people, for the well-being of of this institution, in order to help stop once and for all the propaganda of our enemy within our ranks, WE DECIDED to constitute ourselves into a professional national union, to which we elect the following committee and a delegate from the National Conscience Guard” .

183 signatures follow.

"Constiinta" ("The Conscience"), February 9, 1920, Nos. 17 and 18.

A TRUE PICTURE OF THE SITUATION IN 1919

I try to report the moment of 1919-20, taking from newspapers and manifestos what I consider significant. The first manifesto issued by Constantin Pancu in Iasi in August 1919, posted on
all the walls of Iasi, in a moment of general disorientation, is the signal for battle for the Romanian workers of Iasi:

Appeal to Romanian merchants, workers, soldiers and peasants

Brothers,

After years of terrible battles, the world celebrates peace among men; Wise leaders in all civilized countries endeavor to end war by establishing a law that will guarantee a peaceful existence in the future.
But behold, from the East, voices of hatred are heard that indicate the attempt of our enemies to tear us apart through discord and misunderstandings between us. From Russia, ruled by the darkness of erroneous teachings, we are urged to battle and shoot and kill our brothers of like blood.
From Hungary, which weeps for its former greatness, the same appeal is heard. The enemies of the East have united with those of the West to disturb our peace and

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to break into.

Foreigners beyond our borders try to pass the cup of poison between us, through the foreigners who live within our country. They dare to claim that they are pushing us forward in the name of peace, justice and
freedom, and in the name of workers. Their word is a lie, their requests a deadly poison for: They say they want peace, but they themselves destroy it, killing the
most worthy; Demand freedom, but through death threats force people to
submit to them; Desire brotherhood, while sowing hatred, injustice and
licentiousness within nations. In addition, they
say they want the abolition of the capital earned in the sweat of the
brow.

They tell us they don't want war, but they fight.
They demand that the army be abolished, but they arm themselves. They urge us to discard the tricolor, while hoisting the red flag of hate in its place. Do not believe his manifestos and appeals, just as he did not believe the enemy when he fought in Oituz, Marasti and Marasesti.

The duty of every good Romanian is to see that, in the future too, the seed of dissension that the enemy tries to sow among us does not take root.
Perfect the Work you started with your work and your honor. Your enemies are the indolence, hatred and dishonor that rule beyond borders, that threaten us too.

Careful! Keep your soul clean, do not forget that our salvation is work, unity and honor.

Brother soldiers,

With faith in God, you broke the enemy's power. With your weapons you carved the country's borders for eternity.
With your blood you perfected and sealed your sacrifice. This
is why you must not allow foreign and lawless bands to destroy what you have perfected.
Continue to maintain your love of country and faith in your King. You swore to defend the borders of the motherland with your blood until the last drop. Carefully guard them against the enemy's evil intentions, for that is what our fathers and ancestors did.

peasant brothers,

The God of our fathers has had mercy on our suffering and has given us a year as generous as has rarely been seen. Be grateful to the good Lord, for your work and for your faith. Renew your working powers, assiduously gather the produce of the land.
Rest assured that the lands of the Tisa, the Danube and the Black Sea have been entirely conquered by you.
Guard it in the sacred, defend its riches with your work and your love.

Brother Romes,

It is in you that the hopes and strength of this country reside. You are also tomorrow's happiness. Do not gather curses, but blessings.
The enemy is attacking on the Dniester and Tisa. He also tries to disturb our country's inner peace.
Our deliverance is in work, honor, love of country, and faith in God.
Be careful, call to the right path also those who have gone astray and crossed over to those without a people and without a faith. United around the throne and under the shadow of the tricolor flag, they watch over the peace of the country.
Tell the foreigners and foreign lovers who try to disturb us that a national guard has formed around us, which watches, which will fight against those

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who wish to sow discord between us.
Romanians everywhere, workers, artisans, soldiers and peasants, be worthy of our ancestors and the call of these times in which we live. (ss) the Romanian merchant circle; Railway Traction Union; the Society of War Invalids; the Metallurgists' Guild, etc.

Constiinta ("The Conscience"), August 30, 1919, junior year, No. 1

THE LEADERS OF THE ROMAN WORKERS

The leaders of the Romanian communist workers were neither Romanians nor workers. In Iasi: Dr. Ghelerter, Jew; Gheler, Jew; Spiegler,
Jew; Schreiber, Jew, etc.
In Bucharest: Ilie Moscovici, Jew;
Pauker, Jew, &c. Around them, groups of
lost Romanian workers.
If the revolution had been successful, the president of the republic who would have usurped the great King Ferdinand would have been Ilie Moscovici.
In the Parliament of Greater Romania in 1919, as the deputies and senators from all the Romanian provinces assembled, thrilled with the great act of Union, rose and applauded the great unifying king, this Mr. Ilie Moscovici refused to get up, ostensibly sitting down.

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THE ATTITUDE OF THE JEWISH PRESS

It is necessary to underline the attitude of the Jewish press in those dangerous times for the Romanian people. Whenever the Romanian nation was threatened with existence, this press supported the theses that most suited our enemies. As indeed, after the events, one can easily see that the same theses were stubbornly opposed any time they favored a Romanian revival movement.

For them, our worries were days of joy, while our joy for them was days of mourning.

Freedom

Freedom, so much denied to the national movement today, was then considered dogma, because it served the cause of our destruction. Here is, for example, what Adevarul ("The Truth") of December 28, 1919 wrote under the signature of Emil D. Fagure (real name Honigmann):

"Because the Socialist Party has the right to demonstrate freely, it cannot be maintained that this party has a privilege. No matter what party wants to demonstrate, that right will have to be rejected..."
SP

Hatred

We can read on the same paper:
"Hatred must always be the guide against the party of assassins, which ruled, headed by Ion Bratianu"

Jewish hatred of Romanians is blessed; is supported; one invokes him. It's not a crime. It is not a medieval shame. But when the time comes for Romanians to defend their infringed rights, their action is labeled "hate" and hatred becomes a sign of barbarism, a degrading feeling on which nothing can be built.

legal order

Adevarul ("The Truth"), October 5, 1919

It's over! By the 'high' decree-law, during the electoral period a new regime is instituted, much harsher than before, one of siege and censorship, with the opposition and the whole country removed from the law. it is pure and simple, the regime of the military dictatorship in which only the crown is all-powerful; the crown and the Liberal Party, and as an executor of these two testaments, you have the government of generals..... thus, the ordinance prohibits us from attacking the Crown. If telling
the truth is understood as an attack, that is, that the crown has taken on the heavy burden of governing the country with the Liberal Party, then still, this attack must be made.

The decree forbids us from attacking the present form of administration, if it is thereby understood that we have no right to protest with all vehemence against the present.

government that is the result of the unconstitutional will of two people, we will protest....
If there were no other way open against this state of affairs, if we knew that incitement to revolt or against the so-called legal order would have some effect - unfortunately this is not the case - we would not hesitate for a single moment in doing so, as there is no other way to fight against such

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dictatorial and tyrannical regime.

* Prime Minister of Romania during World War I, ***(Tr.)***

We consider ourselves facing an armed band that places itself outside the law and uses brutal force ....

Notwithstanding all this, we will raise that flag, and, falling, we will still cry, 'Down with tyranny;' 'Long live freedom'.

This then is the Jewish press of 1919.
In other words: inciting rebellion against the Crown, against the form of government and the legal order.

incitement to revolt

Adevarul ("The Truth"), October 11, 1919

"The madmen! Where are the madmen?"

As we said, we have many well-behaved men and no crazy ones. Or, crazy is what we need. Those of 1848 were mad and uprooted the boyar* regime of the time....

We also need crazy people. With well-behaved men who share a hair in 14 stW no, coming to a decision, there is nothing to be done.
We need at least one madman, if not more of them. What is this madman going to do, how will I know? .....
A madman is then requested. Then let the madmen come.

Even the socialists became well behaved. In fact, they have a party behind them and men who shouldn't fear anyone. I see that they are not afraid, but they are still well behaved. As I. Nadejde once did, they stubbornly remain within the legal framework, Those in power, civilian and military, want to get them out, a futile effort, Their tactic is the legal state. Even when they are shot at, as on December 13, 1918, when they are beaten to a pulp, when Frimu is lowered by his henchmen into his grave, socialists protest - granted, with great dignity - but they do not go outside the law.

In any case, we need crazy people.
Let the madmen come forward who would initiate illegal, or against the law, action against the state of affairs today.

The crown

For Romanians, the crown has always been a cherished asset. As the guarantor of our unity and resistance in the face of any danger, the Jews never hesitated to attack, insult and compromise him by any means. Here, for example, is how Dimineata ("The Morning") of 16 November 1919 treats King Ferdinand.

'Because of an error'

An animal needs limited worries, but its brain is enough to satisfy them. Rarely, extremely rarely, is the animal wrong. Likewise, his intelligence, however small, prevents him from falling into gross error.

It is not the same with the king.

I want to talk about the king of creation.

The king of creation is much more intelligent than a dog, horse or donkey. That's right. But while none of these animals would jump from the edge of a precipice, throw themselves into the water to drown, or attempt an unsafe move, the king of creation makes daily mistakes.

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unforgivable mistakes.....

* Me "ers ofp; dvikged -hudhokhn-g @s. ??? ***(Tr.)***

Wisdom demanded that the king not allow himself to fall prisoner in the hands of a single man or party.

With all due respect, it is my duty to tell His Majesty that he was wrong. The situation that is so obscure is His Majesty's doing. For His Majesty, yielding to some guilty and interested obsessions, fled from the natural solutions which the internal situation demanded.

If even today the crown does not decide to enter the natural ways that are divorced from future interests, nature will demand its rights with even greater determination.

Let the king of creation be warned.

the christian church

Opinia ("The Opinion"), August 10, 1919

Iasi nationalists start to get agitated. They are so few and so evil, which is why their agitation, once revolting, is now ridiculous, pure and simple.
The nationalists formed a 'National Conscience Guard'. Manifestoes were issued; meetings were held...
Chauvinist students were also invited. The customary priests also came... At a time when everywhere, by the most despotic laws, differences between nationalities are being abolished, in our country the nationalists want to accentuate these differences... the peace conference wants to impose by treaty the control of minorities....

When everywhere the church is being separated from the state, remaining the private concern of each individual, in our country the nationalists appeal to the clergy for an organized religious propaganda of principle...
Then the priest intervenes: he gently grabs people by the hair of their heads and slams their foreheads against the church stones until they are stunned. It is in the church that people learn humility and resignation. This is the will of
God.
No one is fooled by lies anymore. It is in vain that nationalists pin tricolor bands to their sleeves, that incite commoner intellectuals against Jews, that make priests anathema us in church. Nobody today fears its anathema.

We preach love among people. And kick down the door of the temples that harbor hatred and revenge.....

Signed: M. Sevastos

the procession

Opinia ("The Opinion"), October 26, 1919

At the call of the 'National Conscience Guard', the noble clergy made their beards, vestments and cburcb banners available to the demonstrators.
But the luxury of having a God with a whole team must be paid for.
We prefer that our taxes hire a teacher, not a priest. We therefore desire the separation of church and state. For do we not want our forced contribution to serve to foster obscurantism, renunciation and the spirit of resignation, thanks to which police regimes are maintained, Back to the Middle Ages? For the Inquisition? We are exasperated with terror in striped trousers and tails, and military tunic, we can no longer tolerate terror wearing the religious habit. It pains us to see street demonstrations motivated by political and military intrigues, and we no longer want to witness parades wearing red mitres and scarves...

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Enough!

The domes of churches weigh on the shoulders of mankind; prostrations pull him to the ground.

This procession is going to be tasteless. In the streets you will see museum garments, seepters studded with diamonds, mitres ... Crosses and stoles will be seen.
The beards will pass, the orators with contorted gestures will bare their chests showing the crowd their bloodied side sucking sponges soaked in vinegar between their teeth...

Signed: M. Sevastos

It is clear. From here to attacking officers and tearing off their stripes is just a step away.
Also a step towards tearing down churches with pickaxes or turning them into stables or sadistic party venues for the little Jewish reporters of Opinia ("The Opinion"), Adevarul ("The Truth"), Dimineata ("The Morning") and your people.

I saw in the columns of these newspapers, at a time of great Romanian adversity, all the hatred and cunning conspiracies of an enemy race, settled here and tolerated by the pity and only the pity of the Romanians. I saw how they flaunted their lack of respect for the glory of the Romanian army and the hundreds of thousands who died in their hallowed uniform; their lack of respect for the Christian faith of an entire people.

Not a day passed without poison pouring into our hearts from every page.

By reading those newspapers that wrapped my soul, I got to know the true feelings of these aliens, which they revealed without reticence, at a time when they thought that we had fallen to the ground. I learned enough anti-Semitism in one year to last three lifetimes. For one cannot strike at a people's sacred beliefs or what their heart loves and respects, without wounding them deeply and without blood oozing from their wound. Seventeen years have passed and the wound is still bleeding.

Allow me once again to fulfill a sacred duty by mentioning here this hero, an athlete of the Christian workers, the craftsman Constantin Pancu, under whose command I was and at whose side I would stand until the "Red Beast", as he called him, was defeated. It is to this man - to his courage and firmness - that the liberation of the
city of Iasi from destruction is due. Seven years later, this giant, weakened by suffering and poverty, walked like a shadow through the streets of Iasi, seeking help to treat a heart condition. He died sick and poor, forgotten and without help, in the middle of a country that didn't care, and in a city that he defended with his own body in the most difficult hours.

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THE FIRST STUDENT CONGRESS AFTER THE WAR

CLUJ, SEPTEMBER 4, 5, 6, 1920

This congress took place at the National Theater of Cluj, in an atmosphere of great enthusiasm, the result of the unification of the 26

Romanian people by force of arms and their sacrifice. This was the first meeting of young intellectuals from a people hitherto scattered to the four winds by fate and misfortune. Two thousand years of injustice and suffering were coming to an end.

What enthusiasm! How many sacred emotions! How many tears we all shed!
But however great our enthusiasm for the present, which dominated our hearts by its majesty, so great was our disorientation as to the line to follow in the future.

It was from this uncertainty that Jewish power sought to profit by suggesting and ultimately exerting pressure on ministries, Freemasonry and politicians to put on the congressional agenda the possible admission of Jewish students to student unions.

In other words, the transformation of Romanian associations into Romanian-Jewish associations was attempted. The danger was serious: on the one hand Bolshevism was knocking at the door, on the other the probability of being outnumbered by Jewish-Communist elements in our own groups. In at least two of them, Iasi and Cernauti, the situation was tragic. Despite this, the leaders of the congress, Labusca, the president of the student association Iasi and his entire committee; Nazarie, the President of Bucharest with all his committee and all associations; and Puscaru, the President of Cluj, was won over by the idea. Young students are very easily influenced, especially when they don't have faith. They allowed themselves to be seduced not so much by the immediate material advantages that could be offered, but more particularly by the flattery and the prospect of a great future that was promised to them. But the young man must know that no matter what position he occupies, he is a sentinel in the nation's service and that to allow himself to be bought, flattered, seduced, means a dereliction of duty and may even lead to desertion or betrayal.

A small unofficial group of us from Iasi, unshakable in our resolve, united with that of the Bucovinians, fought fiercely for two days. And finally we won.
Congress passed the motion I proposed, by normal vote, in opposition to the motion supported by the entire student leadership, I believe Congress voted that way not so much out of conviction as out of admiration for the determination and desperation with which our struggle was conducted.

The pupils of Cernau, ti, not more than 60 years old, behaved admirably.
Our small group of Iasians, no more than 20, likewise. if we add the group of 20 Ciochina, also from Iasi, the two-day battle was won by 100 against 5,000.

This victory of ours was decisive. If our point of view had lost, the student associations would also have lost their Romanian character and, in contact with the Jews, would have turned to Bolshevism. The Romanian student body was at a major crossroads.

And later, in 1922, we would not have had the eruption of a Romanian student movement, but perhaps an eruption of communist revolution.

THE OPENING OF IASI UNIVERSITY IN THE AUTUMN OF 1920

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In the other university centers there was silence. Only ours in Iasi was doomed to continuous struggle. For the first time in the history of the University of Iasi, the University Senate announced the opening of the academic year without the usual religious service. In order for someone to understand our pain, it is necessary to know that this solemn ceremony was, without interruption, for half a century, the most beautiful event at the University. The occasion embraced the entire Senate of the University, all the professors, all the newly registered students and the intellectual elite of Iasi. The service was always celebrated 'M in the auditorium by the Metropolitan of Moldova or his vicar, blessing the beginning of a new year in the education of the Romanian people. But now our university was setting aside, by a gesture from the University Senate, this jewel of its half-century tradition.

Even more serious, the university of our Christian Iasi, the highest educational institution in Romanian, was thus proclaiming, in those difficult times, the struggle against God, the banishment of God in schools, institutions and countries.
The professors at Iasi University, with the exception of 4 or 5 known to oppose this trend, hailed with great satisfaction the pagan decision of the Senate as a step forward that would lead "Romanian science" out of "barbarism" and "medieval prejudices". ".

The Communist students were jubilant, the Jews triumphant, while some of us ruefully pondered: We wondered how long would it take before churches were torn down and priests in their robes crucified on their altars?

At the time, about eight of us nationalist students in Iasi knocked in vain on the doors of many of the professors trying to convince them to rescind the measure taken by the Senate, but our repeated attempts failed.
And so, the night before the start of the school year, we decided to take a serious step: we would forcefully oppose the opening of the university.
In order to be grouped together, we all slept at 4 Suhupan Street, the headquarters of our action. At six in the morning, Vladimir Frir-nu and I left for the university - the others were supposed to accompany him. We close and barricade the back door of the university leaving Frimu there to guard it. I placed a poster in red pencil on the large front door that said, “I call to the attention of students and faculty
alike that this university will only open following traditional church service.”

The rest of our comrades arrived late, too late. The students started to arrive at 8 o'clock. Alone at the entrance, I resisted until about half past nine, when more than 300 students gathered. When professor of mathematics Muller wanted to force his way in, I said to him, "You swore on the cross when you became a professor at this university. Why do you rise up against the cross now?
You are a perjurer because you swore something you didn't believe in and now you break that oath. "
Then the students, led by Marin, the communist leader, Hritcu and Ionescu de Botosani, rushed at me, opened the main entrance to the university, took me into the lobby, hitting me on the head with sticks and fists. No defense, no response was possible as I was caught in the middle, pushed from all directions, taking blows from all sides. Finally, I was alone. While I was in a corner reflecting on the misfortune of my defeat, the six students arrived. However, the enemy's victory did not last long, as soon the university secretary came down from the rectory and posted the following notice: "It is well known that the rectory has decided that this university will be closed until Wednesday, when it will open with the religious service ." This was a great victory which we received with unsurpassed joy. On Wednesday morning, two days later, in the auditorium filled to capacity by the city's population, the religious service took place. I was congratulated by everyone. Professor AC Cuza spoke with unsurpassed

eloquence. It was at that moment that the belief took hold of me - and has never left me - that whoever fights for God and his people, even if alone, will never be defeated. In public opinion in Iasi, these struggles, mainly at ASM and the Railway Works, and lastly at the university, had a powerful echo. O

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enemy has begun to realize that Bolshevism cannot advance without serious obstacles, even when it is supported by almost all university professors, the whole press, all Jews, the greatest proportion of workers, while on the other side there is only a minimal group of young people who oppose these huge waves, armed only with their great faith in the future of their country. These youths had the barrier of their will comparable to some sharp rocks in the ground, which one can easily see over, but cannot climb without great injury; in fact, we didn't even think to try. Enemies feared not so much us, but our determination. The sane part of the population, the Christian and Romanian Iasi, encouraged us and watched us sympathetically.

THE YEAR OF THE UNIVERSITY 1920-1921

Started under the aforementioned conditions, this year was an endless series of battles and clashes. We, the student fighters, organized ourselves around the student association "Stefan Voda", of which I was president. From here, we attack our opponents, beating them time and time again. Despising Romanian culture, they despised the university and everything that

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we had in this country with the pretense of being wise and counselors, like some men who arrive from a great country on this sinful and backward Romanian soil.

They may have been right on points, but they were soon to clash in our little country with a great secular common sense, which they in their great empire over the Dniester proved they never had. At the university, meetings became impossible. No more decisions could be made. The vast majority of students were communists and their sympathizers. But they couldn't take a step forward because our group, never older than 40, was always present; we attack and do not allow the dissemination of communist ideas and practices. The attempted general strike at Iasi University when the communist student Spiegler was arrested, failed after one day, because our group occupied the cafeteria, banning strikers from entering meals, claiming that "who does not work, does not eat". All pleas from the dean and faculty to convince us that these students should be allowed in for meals were in vain. Shortly after, our group would win another victory - the uniform change.

Communist students wore Russian caps, not that they didn't have other caps, but as an ostentatious sign of affirmation of Bolshevism.
On the occasion of a confrontation at the university, these caps were seized and burned in Union Square. Then, every day, at the university, in the streets, in pubs, the hunt began. All caps were burned, After a week they disappeared completely.

Our group went even further and engaged the Jewish-Communist press in battle. We had no printing press to get our word out. After several disrespectful articles about the King, the Army and the Church, our group, running out of patience, broke into the offices and printing facilities of the newspapers
Lumea ("The World") published by the Jew Hefter and Opinia ("The Opinion") , and destroyed the printing presses which had spewed venom and insult. We provoked riots, no doubt, but these riots would stop the great disorder, the irreparable disorder that the mercenaries of the communist
revolution were preparing for our country.

But all this activity made me the main object of his revenge.
The Jewish press attacked us; I responded violently. Meeting the editors of Opinia ("The Opinion") one day in the street, after a verbal exchange, after I had demanded that they account for their insults, we had a row. My opponents were heavily beaten. But the next day all the newspapers in Iasi made a common front against me, Opinia ("The Opinion"), Lumea ("The World"), Miscarea ("The Movement").

EXPULSED FROM IASI UNIVERSITY FOREVER

Things don't stop there. The university senate acted immediately; met and, without giving me an audience, expelled me forever from Iasi University.

Finally, both the university and the city of Iasi would get rid of the disturber of public order, who for two years disturbed the peace of the Jewish Communists and opposed all their efforts to unleash the revolution for the overthrow of our king, the burning of churches, the shooting of

officers and the massacre of hundreds of thousands of Romanians. The men of order and legality were, in the eyes of the university senate, the communists; the disruptor of this order.

THE LAW SCHOOL COUNCIL

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But their plans failed, because a truly unique event interfered with the normal course of our student life. The Council of the Faculty of Law questioned the expulsion pronounced by the Senate and, led by Professor Cuza, its Dean, together with Professors Matei Cantacuzino and Dimitrie Alexandrescu, opposed this measure. The council's efforts to temper the anger of the

The University Senate failed. The Senate did not rescind the expulsion order. Then the Faculty of Law withdrew its representative in the Senate, no longer opposed its decision and declared itself independent. I was informed by the Faculty of Law that I could continue to attend classes, as the faculty council refused to recognize the decision of the University Senate. So I continued as a student at Iasi University. As a result of this incident, the Faculty of Law board did not send its representative to the University Senate for three years. This conflict continued for more years, even after I left the university. Later, when I got my diploma, the rectory refused to issue my diploma. And to this day they have not issued it. To register with the Bar Association and continue my studies abroad, I used the certificate issued to me by the Faculty of Law.

THE YEAR OF THE UNIVERSITY 1921-1922

The new school year was opened under normal conditions - that is, with a church service. Once again, the university and the city of Iasi were in a festive mood. This big event went almost unnoticed in Bucharest. There, when students arrive, their numbers are lost in the crowd of hundreds of thousands of people, the noise, the lights and the many conflicts of interest. In Iasi, when

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the students leave, a general melancholy descends as when cranes and birds leave in autumn. When the students return, youth comes, life. It's a holiday. In Bucharest, students feel alone in the middle of an immense world that doesn't see them, doesn't value them, doesn't censor them, isn't interested in them, doesn't love them. The student's education in Iasi bears no resemblance to that in Bucharest, for he grows up like a child under the love of his mother, in the shelter of the love of the Romanians. Here the nation raises its students. I myself owe this Iasi an important share of gratitude for everything I was able to do. I always felt the concern this spirit of Iasi had for me, I felt the ray of his love, I felt his admonition, his encouragement, his urgency, his call to battle.

They are following us - Iasi's students - even now, and they will follow us to the end of our lives, as the ever-present memory of my mother's yearnings and love. Of all the generations of students that have passed through Iasi, how many have not been spurred on for life by Iasi's call to fight! How many were not accompanied to the tomb, how many are still haunted today by their reproaches!

It was noticeable at the beginning of the year that Jewish-communism retreated, disoriented, its morale practically nil, and offered no resistance. All the newly enrolled students had heard of our battles and had waited a long time to come over to our side. Once here, they joined our ranks.

PRESIDENT OF THE LAW STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

I was elected president of the Law Students Association that fall. The University Senate refused my validation on the pretext that I had been expelled from the university. I validated myself.
Our Association of Law Students, like the associations of all other colleges, had as its purpose the scientific activity of carrying out and deepening studies in the respective areas. For example, under the presidency of Nelu Ionescu, two years before me, the Law Students Association held meetings almost every week. Some student read a book on law or a related area, condensed it and, in a meeting, presented a critique. Contradictory discussions then ensued. I've kept that general format, but I've also added something new. All these issues and reports could not be dealt with unless they scientifically investigated the Jewish problem. Works were read, dealing with this problem in Romania and abroad, on international Jewish power, on the history of this problem at home and abroad. We were studying not only their methods of fighting us, but also the Jewish spirit and mentality, and so we proposed various means of fighting and defending ourselves.

Then, after each exposition, there were discussions, conclusions and, finally, the formulation of the instituted truth so that everyone could leave enlightened.
In addition, in the same meetings we seek to carry out:

a) the identification, at every step, of that Jewish spirit and mentality, which stealthily infiltrated the pattern of thought and feeling of a large part of Romanians.

b) our detoxification, namely the elimination of Judaism that was introduced into our thinking through books in schools, literature, teachers, lectures, theater and cinematography. c) the understanding and unmasking of hidden Jewish plans in so many ways. For us

they have political parties, led by Romanians, through which Judaism speaks; Romanian newspapers written by Romanians, through which the Jew speaks for his interests; Romanian speakers and authors, thinking, writing and speaking Jewish in the Romanian language.

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Studying all this, we begin to realize that, for the first time in its history, the Romanian has come into contact with a people who use as a weapon to fight and destroy - as a national weapon - cunning and perfidy.
The Romanian has always known only honest fighting. Confronted with the new Jewish method, he was perplexed. We realized that it all boils down to knowing the enemy and that once we Romanians know him, we will defeat him.

Our meetings continued regularly throughout the year. They attracted increasing numbers of students from other colleges, so that the General Association of Iasi students became almost non-existent. The entire student body gravitated towards the activity of the legal group.
The auditorium was too small for the crowd of students who wanted to participate in these meetings. Bessarabian students participated in ever-increasing numbers. Half a year of activity brought us a real miracle: three quarters of Bessarabian Christian students woke up, felt called to a new life, became enlightened. In a short time, they would become the most faithful soldiers in our fight, achieving through faith, devotion, purity of heart and spirit of sacrifice, the leadership of the movement that was beginning to flourish.

This moment of fraternity in the same faith and pledge to fight for our Christian country against the rogue Jewish hordes will never be forgotten. We who were fighting each other yesterday were now embracing each other.

Guiding guidelines in our meetings were the writings of our national geniuses Bogdan Petriceicu Hajdeu, Vasile Conta, Mihail Eminescu, Vasile Alecsandri, etc. but especially Professor Cuza's writings and lectures, Professor Paulescu's writings, Professor Gavanescul's national education lessons.

All of Professor Cuza's writings were read not just once, but three, four times, and studied. In particular, his course in political economy, brilliantly treating the Jewish question from his prestigious position, asking Romanians to understand their most serious present problem, was for us a guide for every moment in our effort to know it. Our greatest luck, and that of the Romanians, was therefore to have Professor Cuza, one of the most experienced men in the world Jewish problem. it was thanks to him that we were able to orient ourselves to any Jewish maneuver.

His courses, of the highest academic standard, were followed by all students with hitherto unprecedented attention. The Law School's auditorium has always been too small. For a long time this University of Iasi will not have a professor lecturing on nationalism who will inspire similar enthusiasm.

During that time, for many of us life began to reveal a single purpose, above all other interests: that of fighting for our people whose very existence was threatened.

VISITING CERNAUTI UNIVERSITY

At other universities, silence prevailed. Since the spring of the previous year, 1921, agitation for the Romanianization of the theater had begun in Cernauti. A fierce battle lasting several days ended with the victory of the students. Now, in the spring of 1922, I organized, under the auspices of the Law Students Association, a visit by the Iasians to Cemauti. We were well received by
teachers and students. We, 100 visitors, did nothing else in the three days we were there, but we transmitted to our colleagues from Cernauti the new faith that was spreading in our souls, it was not difficult for Cernauti, just like Iasi, only more so,

it suffered from the Jewish invasion, with its streets, its commerce, its dilapidated churches, its lands and Romanians all groaning under Jewish rule. Briefly,

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between us a new and close spiritual kinship was created, based on a longing and our common dream to see our people at once

awakened to an awareness of their dignity, power and rights as masters of their own destiny and that of their country. This kinship was then strengthened with the visit returned by the Cemauti students a month later. It was then that I first encountered Tudose Popescu, that beautiful figure of a young fighter who resembles a pandur, who was later one of the leaders of the student movement, but who today sleeps in a poor cemetery under a forgotten cross.

THE "APARAREA NATIONALA" REVIEW

On April 1, 1922, the bimonthly Apararea Nationala ("The National Defence") was published under the direction of Professors Cuza and NC Paulescu. Anyone can imagine what the publication of this magazine meant to us in the midst of our thoughts and concerns.

In it we found everything we needed for our own complete understanding and useful arguments. Professors Cuza and Paulescu's articles were read religiously by all young people and had a resounding impact on students everywhere, both in Bucharest and Cluj. We considered the publication of each issue a triumph, as it was for us another means of transporting ammunition to fight disputes in the Jewish press.

I think it appropriate to reproduce here two articles published at that time with the signatures of Professors Cuza and Paulescu.

“The divine spirit of tmtb will forever defend mankind. In summary, the Talmud - the politico-religious legislation of the Hebrews - instead of fighting like the Gospel the passions of property and domination, on the contrary it puts these vices to an incomprehensible peak in order to realize Judah's dream of being, at the same time, the owner of all the earth and the lord of all mankind.

But while the Christian apostles preached their ideal openly, the Talmud hides; and its two appendages, the Kahal and Freemasonry, are even more invisible.
The three use, to remain in the dark, a scabrous and accursed means: the lie.
“In other words, lying is the basis of the system used by the Jews, to whom it can be said...
'You speak, so you are.
But the lie has a deadly enemy, namely the truth. For truth is the distinguishing feature of Christianity. Christ said: 'I am the truth' and that is why His doctrine is execrated by Israel.

Lying, on the contrary, characterizes what is called the spirit of evil or the devil.
Thus Jesus, speaking to the Hebrews, said to
them, 'You are of your father the devil, and your father's lusts are your will. He was a murderer from the beginning and does not abide in the truth because there is no truth in him. When he speaks a lie he speaks for himself, for he is a liar and the father of it. '

"Leaving this world, Christ sent his disciples an invincible weapon, namely, His Spirit. The divine spirit of truth, which will forever defend mankind against the demonic spirit of lies," I bow before this Spirit of Truth saying from the bottom of my soul. I believe in the Holy Spirit! "

(Prof. Dr. NC Paulescu, from "Philosophic Physiology.
The Talmud, the Kahal, Freemasonry" vol. Il., Bucharest 1913, pp. 300-301)

The Science of Anti-Semitism

“Another horrible combination of words: the science of anti-Semitism. How can anti-Semitism be a science? ' the scientists with their rocks, those with their seals, the

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mathematicians with their xs, philologists with their suffixes, scientists with their so-called "fixed" ideas of culture. "Anti-Semitism? For these scientists it is just savagery, a blind manifestation of brutal instincts, vestiges of prehistoric times, the shame of our civilization that both science and the enlightened conscience of man, free from prejudices and passions, condemn .
This is the atmosphere created particularly by Jews - and which those Judaized ones cultivate - around anti-Semitism, deceiving the naive or exploiting the naivety of the stupid with pretensions that they too are on the same level as modern civilization. '
And who doesn't want to be?
For example, there is this interesting case of a Judaized individual, himself half Jewish, speaking several years earlier with the air of an incredible scientist about our anti-Semitism, which was then, as it is today, unchanged. And here is what this author, nomen-odiosum, tells us in Viata Romaneasca ("The Romanian Life"), second year, no. 11 November 1907, pp. 186, 204-207 - a traitor to national thought as he was later a traitor to our national action during the war: 'I want to speak on
the Jewish question... utterly denatured by the vulgar and ferocious Judeophagia of our anti-Semites, who thus ... they commit us to the civilized world ...

'With rusty weapons unearthed from the arsenal of medieval persecutions, with hate propaganda, with passionate incitement to excess, with the awakening of bestial instincts in the popular masses... one can
only compromise a just cause - but the cause of anti-Semitism cannot it's fair...
'But to give this conflict... a false air of racial persecution, of religious persecution, in a word, of anti-Semitism, can only serve the enemy's cause, only too glad to exploit the ramblings of some maniacs .. . anti-Semitic scandalmongers, places prematurely on the agenda the whole issue... 'No one, least of all ours, in itself fence can in ad infinitum free of repercussions, against modern ideas, nor against
foreign political action... (These points are the author's. That is, they are not suspensive, but threatening, apparently containing a fantastic political disposition. Ed. [i.e., Cuza, Tr .]
"Therefore, to place our question in the realm of anti-Semitism, of racial hatred, means for us to be led to a shameful and fatal defeat... Asiatic urgencies... violent demagoguery, unhealthy agitation... an effort of speculation dark passions ..... (The last points, again, are those of the author, presaging the same threat to
crimes as horrible as those of anti-Semitism. Ed. [i.e., Cuza, Tr .]

I quoted this typical concept, typical of all who sold themselves to the Jews. And one can see what it all boils down to: clichés ('the civilized world', 'modern ideas'), but particularly slander ('vulgar and ferocious Judeophagy,' 'rusty weapons,' bestial instincts" ramblings of some maniacs , " propagators of anti-Semitic scandals, " Asian impulses, " dark passions ').
We find such "appreciations" not only coming from ordinary Jewish lovers, but sometimes even from some distinguished representatives of culture in other fields. Thus, for example, the eminent jurist, university professor, orator, man of politics, former minister of public instruction, Mr. AC Arion, pointed me out because of my anti-Semitism, in the plenary of the Chamber of Deputies the
apostrophe -we can say 'famous' coming from such a man- calling me a caveman.
As for the Jews, their account of anti-Semitism is even more characteristic.
Aside from the usual cliché, 'with hatred and savagery' - naturally without reason, they don't mind discussing motives - according to them, anti-Semitism
is madness, an intellectual degeneration, an affliction of the spirit. This is how we are regarded by one of the most distinguished modern Jewish 'intellectuals', Dr. K. Lippe, of illustrious origin as a great-grandson of the famous Talmud commentator in the Middle Ages Rasi, who said tob sebegoim barog (kill the best of the Goyim).

The Doctor. K. Lippe, MD, came from Galicia and settled in Iasi, where he served time for killing a woman by performing an abortion on her, and even wrote a special work in German entitled: Symptoms of Mental Illness -Anti-Semitism (1887) .
And as proof that the arguments used by parasitic Jews against anti-Semitism are very poor, as well as those of the Judaized, and always the same, here is the Curierul Israelit ("The Israelite Courier"), official organ of the Union of Naturalized Jews says in the editorial of its edition this Friday, 15

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September 1922, under the slanderous title - to us who wrote in the Aparare'a Nationala ("The National Defence") - 'A bunch of knaves'.

There exists with these anti-Semites a state of intellectual degeneracy which has reached the perversity of the senses, a kind of mental sadism by which the touched are driven to lies and slander. As you can see, this is a very simple explanation, as well as an extremely naive one: all that has been said

against the Jews are lies and slander due to a specific intellectual degeneration.
The definition of anti-Semitism - according to the Jews and the Judaized - is summarized, then, in these two words, savagery and madness, naturally, of the 'anti-Semites'. As for the Jews as a social phenomenon, they don't even enter into this 'explanation'. As if they didn't exist. It was this savagery and madness that compelled all peoples of all times, Egyptians, Persians, Romans, Arabs, as well as modern nations to this day, to regard the Jews as a national threat and to take action against them.

It was this savagery and madness that clouded the understanding of the most prominent representatives of the culture of all nations, such as Cicero, Seneca, Tacitus, Mohammed, Martin Luther, Giordano Bruno, Frederick the Great, Voltaire, Joseph II, Napoleon I, Goethe, Herder , Immanuel Kant, Fichte, Schopenhauer, Charles Fournier, Ludwig Feuerbach, Richard Wagner, Bismarck, Rudolf Virchow, Theodor Billroth, Eugen Dfihring - and countless others in all fields to speak out against Jews.

Finally, savagery and madness explain the anti-Semitism of the most illustrious representatives of our culture, such as Simion Barnutiu, BP Hajdau, Vasile Alecsandri, Vasile Conta, Mihail Eminescu.

Wild and crazy: all that, Civilized and well behaved: the Judaized, And the Jews: non-existent, and the venality of the Judaized is unable to explain anti-Semitism as a social phenomenon, we will call it an anti-Semitic theory.
According to our theory, in the constitution of anti-Semitism we must distinguish three stages: instinct, conscience, science.
Instinct has always led the crowd, initially concerned with its immediate material interests, to oppose Jewish parasitism through popular movements, often generalized and bloody, as it was among so many others around the world, for example, the terrible movement of Cossacks in Ukraine led by Bogdan Hmelnischy in which over 250,000 Jews died in 1649.

Awareness of the Jewish menace is gradually awakened, first in the educated classes. Then it spreads and penetrates the masses. The first group joins the people in supporting their demands. The latter thus become progressively conscious.

Science begins with partial research, until it reaches - only in our days - the determination of its objective, namely, to study Judaism as a social phenomenon, removed from the environment in which it seeks to hide, concluding that it is a human problem, in the truth, the greatest, whose solution must be found.

We could say, in view of the conclusions reached by the partial studies so far, that they form the anti-Semitism of science, This is the basis, which should not be confused with the science of anti-Semitism, What distinguishes them, is their different goals. And here is the purpose-driven definition of this science, which clearly demonstrates it as a true science in its own right:

The science of anti-Semitism has Judaism as a social problem as its object, being, therefore, necessarily, the synthesis of all the sciences that can contribute to its solution.

What these sciences are, which through their partial studies contribute to the knowledge of Judaism, we have already seen. And this is how the science of anti-Semitism uses

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their findings to arrive at a solution.
History establishes that from the earliest times the Jews were a wandering people among others, nomads, without a field. The science of anti-Semitism establishes that such nomadism is contrary to the well-being of sedentary agricultural peoples and cannot be tolerated.
Anthropology establishes that the Jews are a mixture of unrelated races, differentiating among themselves, such as the Semites, the Aryans, the blacks, the Mongols. The science of anti-Semitism explains the sterility of the Jewish nation in the field of culture as a result of this miscegenation and shows that this

The mestizo cannot contribute anything to the culture of other nations, which they only falsify, denaturing their characteristics.

Theology establishes that the Jewish religion is an exclusivist religion, based on the special covenant made between its God, Yahweh, and the Jews considered as a chosen and holy people (am codes), apart from other peoples.
The science of anti-Semitism rigorously deduces that such a concept excludes the possibility of any peaceful cooperation or any assimilation with the Jews.

The policy states that everywhere, within other nations, Jews have their unique social organization, constituting a state within a state. The science of anti-Semitism concludes 'that the Jews are an anarchic element, dangerous to the existence of all states.

Political Economy establishes that the Jews have lived at all times, even in Palestine, as a people superimposed on other nations, exploiting their labor, not being direct producers themselves. The science of anti-Semitism says that any people have the right to defend their productive work from exploitation by Jews, who cannot be tolerated living like parasites, endangering people's existence.

Philosoby establishes that Judaism's concept of life is an anachronism contrary to human advancement. The science of anti-Semitism imposes, as a duty to civilization, that this cultural monstrosity be eliminated by the joint effort of all nations.

The science of anti-Semitism bases its conclusions on what various but different special sciences have objectively established - all of which necessarily lead to the same conclusion: The elimination of
Jews from the midst of other peoples putting an end to their unnatural and parasitic existence which to an anachronistic concept opposed to the civilization and peace of all nations that can no longer tolerate it.
This anti-Semitic theory differs, as can be seen, from the Jewish and Judaized theory that reduced anti-Semitism to two individual expressions - which, in fact, the moment they manifest themselves en masse, become a social problem: savagery and batred.
- and explains that too.

The instinct of anti-Semitism can sometimes be accompanied by savagery and hatred.
For instinct is blind - they say - although it is essential to defend life.
Awareness of anti-Semitism is added, however, to instinct, reinforcing its impulses, no matter how 'savage'.
For to be "civilized" one must first exist.
The science of anti-Semitism finally manages to explain this phenomenon, illuminating people's conscience even more, fully satisfying their instincts and their violent eruptions, thus legitimized by the revelation of their cause - the parasitism of the Jews.
Thus, it gives us the formula of the scientific solution to the problem of Judaism, which to understand it we have only to apply, modern anti-Semitism, then, unites all energies: the energy of instinct, of conscience, of science, of truth fully revealed forming a formidable social force, certainly, capable of solving the greatest problem of the civilization of our times, which is the Jewish problem. And what do the Jews and the Judaized do against this great power, seeking to prolong the doomed existence of their parasitism? We have seen: clichés, slurs and whims.

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'The vulgar Judeophagy of our anti-Semites...' 'they compromise us in the eyes of the civilized world...', 'Rusty weapons, dug from the arsenal of medieval persecutions...', 'The incitement of bestial instincts in the masses popular...', 'Asian impulses...', 'madness...', 'mental sadism. '

These are all the arguments they oppose to our anti-Semitism, for they have no other, thinking that they can put an end to it by their stupidity, while vengeful energies simmer within all nations revolted by nomadic parasitism. "

AC Cuza, Apararea Nationala ("The National Defense") No. November 16, 15, 1922, first year.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE CHRISTIAN STUDENT ASSOCIATION

On May 20, 1922, in a limited meeting, we abolished the General Association of Students of Iasi which was still in the hands of a remnant of opponents supported by the rectory and founded "The Association of Christian Students" which is still alive today. We were a small group when we started, then we founded a student circle later evolving into the Law Students Association, and now finally, from our labors, a real general student association was being born under the name of CHRISTIAN STUDENTS ASSOCIATION so that the hearts of all Iasi students were hitting, but a different student body, as opposed to 1919.

At this point, not without considerable melancholy in my soul, after three years of battle and dear friendships recooked in the fire of so many trials, I was approaching the day of my departure from the university, from student life and from my battle companions. I only had a month before I had to take my graduation exam and I couldn't get over the idea that I had to leave, that we, the graduates of the high school of 1919, so tightly bound at heart, would scatter, God only knows. to which corners of the country. That's why, after we appointed my successors, Sava Margincanu in the Law Students Association, and Ilie Garneata in the Christian Students Association, 26 comrades who felt most united, made a vow to fight wherever we were, for the credo that united us as students at the university. We all signed that vow, put it in a bottle, and then buried it. After I passed my graduation classes, another vote was cast from a second group of 46, newer to the battle. They were my guests at Husi, where for four days we held meetings, clearing up in our minds the smallest details about our future activity. Here, my father spoke to my comrades on several occasions, encouraging them to fight. So we parted ways carrying in our souls the longing for better and fairer days for our people.

OBLIGATION OF HONOR

The undersigned, students of the University of Iasi, realizing the difficult situation in which the Romanian people find themselves threatened in their very existence by a foreign people who have appropriated our lands and tend to seize the leadership of the country; so that our descendants do not wander in foreign lands driven from their lands by poverty and misery, and so that our people do not bleed under the tyranny of a foreign people, we rise resolutely around a new and sacred ideal, that of defending our homeland against the Jewish invasion.

It was around this ideal that we formed the Iasi University Christian Students Association. It is with this ideal in our hearts that we leave the halls

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from school today.
To fight wherever we are, for our justice, for the threatened lives of our people, we consider it to be our main duty of honor. For this reason, gathered today, Saturday, May 27, 1922, we commit ourselves to a common obligation, that, spreading throughout the country, we will carry everywhere the fire that animated us in the times of our youth to light the saddened hearts our people the torch of truth, that of their right to a free life in these lands.

We will maintain closer contact with the Association that we are leaving behind today and of which we remain supporting members, being the central point that will always unite us in our common struggle. We will meet again in 8 years, only in 1930, from May 1st to May 14th at Iasi University. The Membership Committee will arrange for all members to be notified two months in advance of that day and will arrange for their arrival. We invite all generations of students who follow us through this Association, who must show an understanding of enshrining their work at the altar of the fatherland, to join us that year and that day at Iasi University.

May 27, 1922

Corneliu
Zelea-Codreanu-Husi N.
Nadejde, 21 University St.-
Iasi Grig. Ghica, 23 Carol St.-Iasi I.
Sarbu,
Rudi, Soroca County Grigoriev Eusevie,
Caragaiani, Cetatea-Alba County Ilie Gameata, 40
Muzelor St.-Iasi Alexandru P. Hagiu, Chetresti-
Vaslui Loan Blanaru, 35 Tabacari St. -Husi
Constantin C. Zotta, 13 Major Teleman St.-
Husi A. Ibraileanu, 3 Ghica Voda St.-Galati M.
Berthet, Purcari, Cetatea-Alba County Iacob I.
Filipescu, Tg.
Falciu, Falciu County Leonid Bondac, 5 I. Heliade
Radulescu St.-Soroca C. Madarjac, 71 Apostol St.-
Galati 1. Miclescu, 165 Portului St.-Galati
lonel 1. Teodoreanu,
Muzelor-Galati Laseu Nicolae, 22 Sinadino
St.-Chisinau Bobov Mihail, 85 Podolskaia
St.-Chisinau Mihail V.
Sarbul, Mascauti, Orhei County Nicolae
B. Ionescu, 59 Constantin
Brancoveanu St.-R-Sarat Pavel Epure-
Cetatea-Alba, Cathedral Gh.
Boca, Balaceana,
Suceava County Vasile Nicolau, 61 Lascar Catargiu St.-Husi
Andronic Zaharia, Partestii de Sus, Bucovina Vasile N.
Popa, Paunesti, Plutna County Vasile Corniciuc,
Putrauti, Suceava County Nicolae N. Aurite,
Tereblecea, Siret County Gr . Mihuta, Scheia,
Suceava County Ciobanu Stefan, 9
Sturza St.-Suceava Eugeniu Cardeiu,
Bilca, Radauti County Eug. N. Manoilescu,
Epureni, County of Falciu Viadimir

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Frirnu, Calmatui, Cahul Gh County.
Zarojeanu, 40 Muzelor St.-Iasi
Prelipceanu Tit. Vasile, Horodnicul de jos,
Radauti County Prelipceanu Gr. Vasile,
Horodnicul de jbs, Radauti County Constantin
Darie, Horodnicul de Sus, Radauti County
Pasearu loan to Stefan, Tereblecea, Siret County
Mihail
I. Babor, Balaceana, Suceava County
Sava Margineanu, Stroesti, Suceava
County Taranu Traian, Stroesti, Suceava
County Al . Pistuga, Tarnauca, Dorohoi
County Dragomir Lazarescu,
Tarnauca, Dorohoi County Constantin
C. Campanu, Scheia, Suceava D. Porosnicu
County, Gurmezoaia,
Falciu N. Gh . Ursu, Malusteni, Covurlui C. Ghica
County, 23 Carol St.-Iasi

AT THE END OF MY UNIVERSITY STUDIES

At home, the three years I spent at the university passed before my eyes and I asked myself: how could we overcome so many obstacles; how could we defeat the mentality, the will of thousands of men; how we could defeat college senates; and how could we soften the boldness of an entire enemy press? Did we have the money to hire mercenaries, publish newspapers, go out into the countryside, fuel this real war? We had nothing.

When I threw myself into that first battle, I didn't do so because of someone else's insistence, or as a result of some confabulation, or some prior decision I was charged with carrying out, or even under the impulse of great and prolonged inner turmoil or thought. depth in which I considered this problem. Nothing of the sort. I couldn't describe how I got into this fight. Perhaps like a man who, walking down the street with his worries and thoughts, surprised by the fire that consumes a house, takes off his coat, jumping to the aid of those who are engulfed by the flames. I, with the mind of a 19-20 year old, understood from everything I saw that we were losing our country, that we were no longer going to have a country, that through the unconscious collaboration of the poor Romanian workers, impoverished and exploited, the ruling and devastating Jewish horde would engulf us. I acted from my heart's dictates, from a defense instinct possessed by even the smallest crawling worm, not from an instinct of mere self-preservation, but to defend the people of whom I was a part. So, all the time, I had the feeling that all the people were behind us, with all the living, with all those who died for their country, with their future generations; that our people fight and speak through us, that the number of enemies, no matter how great, before this historical entity, are but a handful of miserable humans that we will scatter and defeat.

That's why all our opponents failed, starting with the thoughtless university senates, who, believing that a bunch of crazy young people were fighting in us, actually fought and struck down their own people. There is a law of nature that puts everyone in their place; rebels against nature, from Lucifer to the present day, all these rebels, often very intelligent, though always lacking in wisdom, fell stupefied.

Within the framework of this natural law, this wise order, anyone can fight, has the right to fight among themselves. Outside of it, against it, under this order, no one can

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activate without punishment and invincible. In the human organism, blood globules must remain within its structure and at its service. There would be a rebellion not only if a globule agitated against the organism, but when it did even less, that is, when it was at its own service, when it only satisfied itself, when it had no other purpose and ideal outside itself, when it became your own God.

The individual in the picture and in the service of his people. The people within the structure and service of their God and God's laws.
Whoever understands these things will be victorious, even if he is alone. Whoever does not understand will be defeated. I finish my third university year under the influence of these thoughts. From an organizational point of view, we had established the idea of leader and discipline. Democracy was excluded, not by speculation or conviction achieved through theory.
We lived anti-democracy from the beginning. I always led. In three years, I was elected president of the Law Students Association only once.
At all other times, it wasn't the fighters who made me leader, but I chose them to follow. I never had committees and I never put proposals to a vote. However, whenever I felt the need, I consulted everyone, but on my own responsibility I made decisions on my own.
That's why our small group has always been an unshakable unit. There were no factions of divided opinions, majorities or minorities, conflicting with each other on questions of action or theory.
With all other groups, the opposite was true. That's why they fell defeated.

a great faith, like a flame that burns continually in our hearts, illuminating our path; a great and unforgettable love for each other, a great discipline, a decision during the battle and a balance

battle plan weighing; these, the blessing of our country and of God, assured us of victory in those three years.

THE SUMMER OF 1922

The summer of 1922 did not pass peacefully. On the stages of Romanian national or communal theaters in the cities of Moldova, Jewish plays began to be performed in Yiddish by the "Kanapof" troupe. Our young people considered this a threat, as they saw the beginning of the alienation of this institution, destined to be for the national and moral education of the Romanian people. Expropriated in commerce, industry, the richness of the Romanian soil and subsoil, in the press, one day we will also see ourselves expropriated from the stages of our national theaters. The theater, along with the school and the church, can raise a decadent nation to an awareness of its rights and historic mission. It can prepare and motivate a nation to struggle for liberation. From now on, even this stronghold will be taken from us. Our theaters, built with the Romanian's sweat and money, will serve the Jews to prepare and strengthen their forces in the fight against us. And on the other hand, from these Romanian stages they will serve us Romanians as "spiritual food", all of which will contribute to our national demoralization and moral decay and destruction.

It was the duty of others, namely the government, or any authority, or the teachers, to take a stand against this new anti-Romanian attack. But none were taken. Only young people reacted in the best way possible, risking blows, being showered with countless insults, finding support nowhere. This fight was fought in all cities: Husi, Bariad, Botosani, Pascani, etc. by the group of Iasian students who were helped everywhere by high school students. They went into halls full of Jews, throwing at Satan's performers anything they could grab, driving them off the stage.

Romanian.

Perhaps - some might say - in an uncivilized way. Me too, say, maybe. However, how civilized is it for a foreign nation to

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plunder one after another all the goods of my country? How civilized is it for the same nation to poison my culture and then serve it up on stage to kill me?
How civilized were the means used by Jews in Russia? How civilized is it to massacre millions of people without trial? How civilized is it to burn down churches or turn them into cabarets?

For myself, in my poverty and with my poor powers, I defend myself against an attack as best I can - by the printed word, if
I can; with the help of the authorities, if they are still Romanian; by word, if anyone listens; by force, as a last resort, and if everyone remains silent. Unworthy and traitorous is he who does not defend his country by betraying himself or by innate cowardice, or does not react at all.

In any case, this fight was a protest, the only protest in the midst of a cowardly and terrifying silence. The next day our comrades returned full of blows and wounds, as it was not easy for a group of 15 young people to enter a theater with 3 or 4,000 Jews; and, particularly, they returned dejected with the opprobrium and invectives of our Romanians.

I often ask myself: what kept us going, such a small group, in the face of so many blows, so many rebukes from all directions? We didn't find support anywhere. In this fight against all of us we find the only support in ourselves; in our conviction that we were on the great path of our national destiny, alongside all those who fought, suffered and died as martyrs for our land and its people.

IN GERMANY

I returned to Iasi in the autumn of 1922. There I shared with my comrades an old thought of mine, that of going to Germany to continue my studies in political economy and at the same time trying to realize my intention of taking our ideas and beliefs abroad. . We realized very well, based on our studies, that the Jewish problem had an international character and the reaction, therefore, should have an international scope; that a total solution of this problem could not be achieved, except

through the action of all Christian nations awakened to an awareness of the Jewish menace.
But I had no money or clothes. My comrades gave me some clothes and borrowed the amount of

8,000 lei from the engineer Grigore Bejan, which were to be repaid monthly, each contributing according to his ability. With this money I left for Berlin, accompanied to the station by all those I had parted with, who now stayed at home to continue fighting.

Once they arrived in Berlin, two student friends, Balan and C. Zotta, were of great help. I applied to the university. On the day of registration, I wore my national costume and went to that beautiful ceremony in which the dean, following an ancient tradition, shakes hands with each new applicant. In the halls of the university, I was the target of general curiosity because of my Romanian attire.

Two questions in particular may interest the reader of these lines regarding Germany in 1922 - a look at the general situation and the status of anti-Semitic movements.

The wounds left by the war ended in defeat were still bleeding. Material misery covered Berlin and the rest of the country. Lately, the Ruhr valley, an important center of wealth, had also been occupied. I was witnessing the precipitous and catastrophic fall of
the brand. In the workers' quarters, lack of bread, lack of food, lack of work, hundreds of children approached passers-by, begging. The fall of the brand also threw the German aristocracy into the same misery. People who had money, in a few

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days they were penniless. Those who sold their land and real estate, being attracted by the mirage of high prices, became impoverished in a few weeks. Domestic and foreign Jewish capitalists closed colossal deals. Those with hard currency became owners of massive 50-apartment buildings for just a few hundred dollars. Speculators scoured the entire city, scoring formidable scams.

Sharing this great misery were also several foreigners, among them myself, for I had no money. The 8,000 lei I came with has been spent. Then the famine began. But amid the general suffering, his own suffering is easier to bear. Being a type that doesn't bend easily in the face of difficulties, I didn't submit to misery, but tried to fight it.
I studied all the possibilities and decided to dedicate myself to commerce. I needed very little capital to buy a stock of food in the country, bring it to Berlin and then sell it to restaurants. This fact made me move to Jena before the holidays, where life was cheaper. There, amidst the misery in which the German people struggled, I was impressed by the spirit of discipline, the capacity for work, the sense of duty, correctness, power of endurance and faith in better days. They were a healthy people and I could see that they would not allow themselves to be overthrown and that, with unsuspected powers, they would rise from under the rock of all the difficulties that oppressed them.

The antisemitic movement. In Germany there were several political organizations with anti-Semitic students in , papers, manifestos, insignia, but all weak. The doctrinaire Berlin, like those in Jena, were divided into hundreds of associations and there were very few anti-Semites. The mass of students knew the problem, but vaguely. One could not speak of an anti-Semitic student action or even of a doctrinal orientation similar to that of Iasi. I had many discussions with students in Berlin in 1922, who are certainly Hittierites today, and I am proud to have been their teacher of anti-Semitism, exporting to them the truths I learned at Iasi. I first heard about Adolf Hitler in mid-October 1922. I had gone to a worker in north Berlin with whom I had established a good relationship, who was doing "swastikas". His name was Strumpf and he lived at 3 Salzwedeler Strasse. He told me: "It is said that an anti-Semitic movement was started in Muenchen by a 36-year-old painter, Hitler. It seems to me that he is the man we Germans have been waiting for." This worker's prediction has been fulfilled. I have always admired his intuitive powers, by which he could select with the antennae of his soul, one stranger among dozens of men, ten years before his time, the one who would succeed in 1933, uniting the entire German people under one great command.

It was also in Berlin and around the same time that I heard the news of the great fascist eruption: the march on Rome and Mussolini's victory. I rejoiced as much as if it were the victory of my own country. There is, among all those in various parts of the world who serve their people, a kinship of sympathy, as there is a kinship between those who work for the destruction of peoples.

Mussolini, the brave man who stepped on the dragon, was one of us, so all the dragon's heads fell on him, swearing death. For us, the others, he will be a brilliant

North Star giving us hope; he will be living proof that the hydra can be defeated; proof of the possibilities of victory.
"But Mussolini is not anti-Semitic. You rejoice in vain," whispered the Jewish press in our ears. It's not a question of what we rejoice in, I say, it's a question of why you Jews are sad about his victory, if he's not anti-Semitic. What is the logic of the worldwide attack on him by the Jewish press? Italy has as many Jews as Romania has Ciangai [a much smaller ethnic group] in the Siret valley. An Italian anti-Semitic movement would be like the Romanians starting a movement against the Ciangai.

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But if Mussolini had lived in Romania, he could not have been anti-Semitic, for fascism means first and foremost defending your nation against the dangers that threaten it. it means the destruction of these dangers, and the opening of a clear path to life and glory for your nation.
In Romania, fascism could only mean the elimination of the dangers that threaten the Romanian people, namely, the removal of the Jewish threat and the opening of a free path to the life and glory to which Romanians have a right to aspire. Judaism became master of the world through Freemasonry and, in Russia, through Communism. Mussolini destroyed at home those two Jewish heads that threatened Italy with death: communism and Freemasonry. There, Judaism was eradicated through its two manifestations. In our country, it will have to be eradicated by what exists: Jews, Communists and Freemasons. These are the thoughts that we young Romanians in general oppose to Jewish efforts to deprive us of the joy of Mussolini's victory.

THE STUDENT MOVEMENT

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DECEMBER 10, 1922

I was still in Jena, when one day I was surprised by the news that the entire Romanian student body from all universities had risen to battle. This collective demonstration of Romanian youth, without anyone suspecting it, was a volcanic eruption that rose from the depths of the nation. It manifested itself for the first time in Cluj, the heart of that Transylvania that took a stand whenever the nation experienced an impasse, then, almost simultaneously, it erupted violently in all other university centers.

In fact, on the 3rd and 4th of December there were large street demonstrations in Bucharest, Iasi and Cernauti. The entire Romanian student body rose as if in a moment of great danger. For the thousandth time, this earthly race, so often threatened throughout history, has released its youth to face the threat in order to save its being. A great collective electrifying moment, without prior preparation, without any pros and cons discussions, without any committee decisions, without those from Cluj even knowing those from Iasi, Cernauti or Bucharest. A great moment of collective enlightenment like lightning in the middle of a dark night, in which all the youth of the country recognized their destiny in life and also that of their people.

This destiny runs brilliantly throughout our national history and extends throughout our Romanian future, pointing the way to life and honor that we and our grandchildren will have to follow, if it is the life and honor we wish for our people. . Generations can follow this destiny, can stay close to it or move away from it, thus having the ability to give their nation the maximum of life and honor or the maximum of dishonor and shame. Sometimes only isolated
individuals, abandoned by their generation, can reach this destination. At that moment, they are the people, they speak on your behalf. All the millions of dead and martyrs of the past are with them, as is the life of the nation of tomorrow.

Here, the majority with their opinions do not matter, although it may be 99 percent. It is not the opinions of the majority that determine this life destiny for our people. They, the majority, can only approach or distance themselves from it according to their state of conscience and virtue or of unconsciousness and decadence. Our people did not survive by the millions of slaves who placed their necks under the foreigners, but by Horia , yoke of Avram Iancu, Tudor, Iancu Jianu, through all haiduci *, who, in the face of the foreign yoke, did not submit, but placed their porters with muzzles on their backs going up the mountain paths, carrying with them honor and the spark of freedom. It was through them that our people spoke, not through cowardly and well-behaved "majorities". They would conquer or die, no matter what. For when they die, all the people live by their death, and are honored by their honour. They shine in history like golden beacons on heights bathed at dusk by the rays of the sun, while over the vast plains, however extensive and numerous they may be, the darkness of oblivion and death settles. It is not the one who lives and wins by sacrificing the destiny of his people's life that belongs to national history, but only the one who, win or lose, will stick to this destiny. Our Romanian destiny is predetermined by the wisdom of God; could be seen on December 10th by Romanian students. And that's where the value of the day lies: all Romanian youth saw the light. On December 10, delegates from all student centers gathered in Bucharest, fixed on ten points what they considered to be the essence of their movement and declared a general strike for all universities, demanding the realization of these points.

December 10th is not great for the value of formulating the agreed points, however much the delegates could formulate about the essence of the truth that then bothered all Romanian youth. It is great because of the miracle of this young man's awakening to the light his soul has seen; for his decision of common action to declare the holy war that would demand from this young man so much strength of heart, so much heroism, so much maturity, so many known and unknown sacrifices, so many tombs! December 10, 1922 summoned the young people of this land to a great test.

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* Legendary Robin Hood-type men. ***(Tr.)***

Neither those in Bucharest, nor I who were far away, nor others who perhaps were high school students, but who today languish in so many prisons or sleep under the ground, could believe that this day would take us through so much danger, would bring us so many blows and so many wounds in the battles to defend our country.

In Bucharest, Cluj, Iasi and Cernauti there were formidable eruptions of student masses who, guided by their own powers of intuition - not by leaders - turned to the enemy. They look first to the Jewish press: Adevarul ("The Truth"), Dimineata ("The Morning"), Mantuirea ("The Redemption"), Opinia ("The Opinion"), Lumea ("The World"), hot beds of moral infection, poison and confusion for the Romanians. They turn to them in order to destroy them, but also to show the Romanian people the danger of the enemy's front line against which they must be on guard. Demonstrating against the press means: declaring it an enemy of the national interest and thus calling the attention of Romanians so that they do not allow themselves to be deceived, blinded or led by the press written by Jews or Judaized Romanians.

This press attacks the religious idea, thus weakening Romanian moral resistance and breaking their contact with God. This press disseminates anti-national theories, weakening the faith in their nation and separating them from the land of their country, from their love for it, land that at all times has been a desire for battle and sacrifice.

This press falsely presents our Romanian interests, misguiding and orienting Romanians in ways that run counter to national interests. This press elevates mediocre elements and men capable of corruption so that the foreigner can satisfy their interests, and it debases moral people who will not stoop to doing Judaism and its interests any favors.

This press poisons the soul of the nation, daily and systematically publicizing sensational crimes, immoral cases, abortions, adventures.
This press kills the truth and serves lies with diabolical perseverance, using slander as a weapon of destruction for Romanian combatants. This is why Romanians must be careful when reading a Jewish newspaper, paying attention to every word, none of which are printed haphazardly, and trying to decipher the Jewish plan behind it. It is these issues that the student movement wanted to bring to the attention of all Romanians when it called the Jewish newsrooms, declaring them enemies of the Romanian people. I emphasized that the formidable eruptions of the student masses were led by their powers of intuition and not by leaders.

For it is easy for someone to drive several individuals to someone's house to stage a hostile demonstration, but when large crowds turn against someone with hostility at the behest of their instinct, then that person is condemned, without right of appeal, as an enemy of the nation.

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THE "NUMERUS CLAUSUS"

The formula "numerus clausus" is passed from mouth to mouth during student battles, but not as a saving formula, as the masses do not issue formulas, they point out threats.
"Numerus clausus" means that, the Jewish threat being in great numbers, we can no longer support them in schools, in commerce or industry, or in independent professions. "Attention to your great numbers" is what "numerus clausus" means, as it exceeds our
powers of national resistance and if we do not take action, we will perish as a people.

This is the total value of this formula. Or, if you like, as a measure of economy, it has the value of an emergency formula, necessary first aid, although totally inadequate to cure the disease. “Numerus clausus” per se means: the limitation of Jews in schools, professions, etc. To what number, this limitation? The ratio of the number of all Jews to the number of Romanians in Romania. That is, if there are 15 million Romanians and 3 million Jews in Romania, the proportion is 20%. According to the "numerus clausus" formula, Jews must be admitted to schools, medical professions, bars, etc. in proportion of 20%: "numerus clausus" means limiting the number of Jews to the proportion between their number and the total number of Romanians.

"Numerus clausus" is just a formula for redistributing Jews within nations, not a formula for solving the problem. This formula solves almost nothing, as it deals with respectable proportions, but it does not reduce the high proportion of Jews. If the Jews are 3 million, that's what they remain. Especially, it does not treat the cause of this high proportion, and does not show the means by which it may be lessened; finally, it does not in itself constitute the means to solve the Jewish problem.

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THE NUMBER OF JEWS

The large number of Jews raises a series of problems: 1. The
Romanian land problem; 2. The
problem of cities; 3. The
problem of the Romanian school and the ruling class;
4. The problem of national culture.

All these are dealt with impeccably by Professor AC Cuza in his writings.
People, Nationality in Art, Articles, Parliamentary Speeches, Political Economy
Course. The ideas I present below essentially belong to Professor Cuza's thinking.
The number of Jews in Romania is not exactly known.
This is because the collected statistics were done with the greatest disinterest on the part of Romanian politicians so that they could cover up their work of national betrayal and because Jews everywhere run away from the truth of the statistics. A proverb says: "Jews live on lies and die when they come in contact with the truth." Incidentally, for a long time the Director of State Statistics at the Ministry of Finance was Leon Colescu, whose real name was Leon Coler. And from their point of view they are right, because if the Romanians were faced with the exact number of the Jewish population, they would realize that they are faced with a real national threat and would rise up to defend their homeland. in other words, in the face of statistical truth, Jewish power falters, dies. He can only live by hiding the truth, falsifying it with lies.
We believe there are 2 to 2.5 million Jews in Romania. If there were just a million - as they claim - the Romanian people

face mortal danger. Because it is not just the number itself that matters, the quantity, but also the quality of that number, particularly the positions occupied by Jews in the functional structure of the State and in the life of the nation in all its aspects.

Our land has been a land of invasions. But never, throughout its long history, has an invader reached such formidable numbers as the Jews of today.
The invasions passed over us; today's invaders never leave. They settle here in our land in more unknown numbers than ever before and they keep like scabs on the body and people of this land. When did this Jewish invasion begin? Only several thousand Jews were found around 1800 in all of Moldova. In 1821, there were 120 families in Bucharest.

This late settlement in our land is due to the fact that Jews have always been involved in commerce, and commerce requires freedom and security to develop.

These two conditions were lacking in Romania: on the one hand, the freedom to exploit Romanian soil, therefore any prospect of expanding trade, and, on the other, stability and security. Romanian land was the most insecure land in the world. The Romanian peasant had no security of home, livestock, work or crops from year to year. Our country has been ravaged by invasions and served as a theater of war for centuries, often with the aftermath of foreign domination and bloody tributes.

What were the Jews supposed to do in this land? Fight the Huns, Tartars, Turks?
The Jewish invasion started just 100 years ago. As a result of the peace of Adrianople in 1829, freedom of trade was granted and at the same time the horizons of a more peaceful life began to appear. It was then that their invasion began, increasing year by year over our Romanian heads, especially those of the Moldovans, draining us of riches, destroying us morally and threatening us with extinction. In 1848, Moldavian merchants and industrialists began to complain to Mihail Sturza, the ruler, demanding measures against Jewish merchants and their dishonest competition.

Since then, the invasion has steadily increased. "Invasion" may not be the right term, as it presupposes the idea of violence, of moral and physical courage.
"Jewish infiltration" is more

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apt term, as it better encompasses the idea of astute penetration, cowardly and perfidious penetration. For it is no small thing to steal the land and wealth of a people, without justifying the battle, the facing of risks, the great sacrifice, the conquest achieved. Little by little, they conquered the small Romanian trade and industry; then, using the same deceitful tactics, they attacked big business and big industry, thus gaining control of the cities in the northern half of the country. The attack on the Romanian middle class was carried out with that precision found only in the case of some predatory insects, which, to paralyze the enemy, sting him in the spine.

They couldn't have chosen a more suitable location. Successfully attacking the middle class meant breaking the Romanian people in two. It is the only class that has a double contact: low, with the peasant class, superimposed on it and exercising authority over it by virtue of its better economic condition and education; with the ruling class it holds on its shoulders. A successful attack on the middle class, i.e. its destruction, brings in its wake a fatal consequence, no further effort being required on the part of the attacker: a) The collapse of the ruling class (This ruling class will eventually collapse) , b) The impossibility of its reconstitution, c) The confusion and animalization, the defeat and enslavement of the peasant class. Ultimately, the Jewish attack on the Romanian middle class is intended to be death. The death of the Romanian people does not mean the death of the last Romanian, as some imagine. This death means life in bondage. The reduction to slave life of several million Romanian peasants, who would work for the Jews. Here are Professor Nicolae Iorga's conclusions about the number of Jews and their arrival in our parts. Professor Lorga in "The History of the Jews in our Principalities", a paper presented at the Romanian Academy on September 13, 1913, expounding this question, specifies, among other things:

“in Neamt, several Jews settled on the Monastery lands between 1764-1766” (p. 18).

“In Botosani, no document from the ruler like the one from 1757 mentions Jews among the other inhabitants of the city” (p. 17).

"Sometimes a Jew appears in Suceava as a tavern keeper on church lands; sometimes as small traders in Ocna, Harlau, Siretiu, Galati, Barlad (there was a time when Barladian Christians could be said to have been involved in trade more than in any other occupation) "(p.10); "then in Roman where in 1741 only 'Moldavians' and 'Armenians' were known; in Targul Frumos where in 1755 'two taverns' and a Jewish woman are mentioned as existing there" (p.17-18).

In Bucovina, at the time of its annexation in 1775:

“In the Cernauti and Campulung regions, to which parts of Hotin and Suceava were annexed - in all these regions - before the Austrian imperial domination there were only 206 Jewish families.
In 1775, due to the Galician flood, their number reached 780-800 families.
The first governor of the country, General Ehzenberg, learned that they are mainly dedicated to the creation of taverns, with wine, whiskey, beer ...
They are, says the general, 'the most perverse people, inclined to laziness, living, without much trouble, on the sweat of Christian workers'. "

A commission operating in 1781 shows that:

"In this country the Jews are in the habit of buying from the peasant the chick in the egg beforehand, the honey in flower, the lamb in the mother's womb, for a pittance, and by means of this usury suck the inhabitants entirely to dryness, leading them to poverty, so that the peasants thus burdened with debts do not find any resources for the future to save themselves, but fleeing the country. We see the administration of this country (Moldova), then the boyars, in particular Constantin Moruzi, defending themselves desperately from them.

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"... As the Kabals offered Enzenberg in writing 5,00.0 gold coins annually to put up with the old state of affairs, corrupting our ruler was also tried, but he rejected the MONEY rather than expose his country to total destruction" * , (p.20).

And later, around 1840-48, this is what Professor Iorga tertnines:

“One could count these establishments of exploitation and depravity on account, tavern by tavern, with bottles of wbiskey potatoes and other poisons, across Moldova, exhausting a race to feed the civilized vices of the ruling class” (p. 34).

And Professor Iorga writes about:

“Even so, the intervention of foreigners, promoted by Jewish elements in the country, did not cease. In 1878, they imposed conditions before recognizing Romania's independence (won with so much Romanian blood sacrifice) and heaped indignities on the question of independence: how much do the current Kahals pay Romania's leaders?
Romania, which cannot help committing suicide by politically ceding half of itself to the power of Moldovan Jews... And since Kogalniceanu defended the villages from alcohol and Jewish usury, Mr. Maiorescu defends Romania's dignity from the insult of granting civil rights to foreigners in the country as a result of pressure from his coreligionists abroad. ”(p.39).

I cite these examples as reported by a great, recognized and undisputed scientific authority, to shed light on the beginnings of Jewish settlements on Romanian soil.

THE PROBLEM OF THE ROMANIAN LAND - THE LAW OF THE TERRITORY

There can be no people in this world, even if it were but a tribe of savages who, faced with a foreign invasion, would not regard with rending pain the plight of their land. All peoples of the world, from the beginning of history until today, have defended the soil of their homeland. The history of all peoples, like ours, is full of struggles in defense of their lands. Was it an anomaly, a disease state of ours, the Romanian youth, that we were counted in the defense of our threatened land? Or an anomaly if we didn't defend him when we saw him in danger? It would be an anomaly for us not to defend it, that is, not to do what all nations have done. To place ourselves in contradiction with the whole world and with our entire history would be an anomaly and a state of illness.

Why is it, I ask myself, that all peoples have fought, fought and will always fight for the defense of their lands? Land is the foundation of a nation's existence. The nation has its roots like those of a tree deep in the soil, whence it derives its food and its life. There are no people who can live without land, just as there are no trees who can live suspended in the air. A nation that has no land of its own cannot live unless it establishes itself on another nation's land—in its own body, undermining its livelihood. There are laws given by God that order the lives of peoples. One such law is the territorial law. God has given each people a defined territory in which to live, grow and in which to develop and create their own culture.

The Jewish problem in Romania, as elsewhere, consists in the violation by the Jews of this natural law of the territory. They invaded our territory. They are the offenders and it is not we, the Romanian people, who are called upon to bear the consequences of their offence. Elementary logic tells us: the offender must bear the consequences of the offense committed. Will he have to suffer? Let him suffer!
All offenders suffer. No logic in the world will tell me that I must die for the infraction committed by others.

Thus, the Jewish problem does not arise from "racial hatred". It stems from an infraction committed by Jews against the laws and natural order in which all peoples live.

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of the world. The solution to the Jewish problem? Here it is: the re-entry of offenders into the universal natural order and their

respecting natural law. But the laws of the land also forbid Jewish invasion.
Article 3 of the Constitution says: "The territory of Romania cannot be colonized by a population of foreign origin."
What does the fact that two million Jews settle in Romanian territory mean, if not colonization? But this territory is the inalienable and irrevocable property of the Romanian people. And as someone wrote, not after 50, not after 100, but even thousands of years later, we will claim the right to this land as we reconquer the lands of Transylvania after 1000 years of Hungarian occupation.

WE AND OUR LAND

All the people around us came from somewhere else and settled in the land they now live in. History gives us precise dates about the arrival of Bulgarians, Turks, Magyars, etc. Only one people came from nothing: ours. We were born in this land in the mist of time along with oaks and firs. We are linked to it not only by the bread and existence it provides for us as we work on it, but also by all the bones of our ancestors that sleep in its soil. All our parents are here. All of our memories, all of our wartime glory, all of our history here, in this land, is buried.

Here are the ruins of Sarmisegetuza with the ashes of the immortal King Decebal, because whoever knows how to die like Decebal never dies. 'Here rest the rulers Musatins and rulers Basarabs; here in Podul Inalt, Razboeni, Suceava, Baia, Hotin, Soroca, Tighina, Cetatea Alba, Chilia, sleep the Romanians fallen there in battle, nobles and peasants, as numerous as the leaves and blades of grass.

In Posada, Calugareni, on the rivers Olt, jiu e.Cerna, in Turda; in the mountains of the unfortunate and forgotten Moti de Vidra, to Huedin and Alba-Iulia (the place of torture of Horia and his brothers in arms), there are testimonies of battles and tombs of heroes everywhere. In all the Carpathians, from the Oltenian Mountains in Dragoslavele and Predeal, from Oituz to Vatra Dornei, on the peaks and in the bottom of the valleys, everywhere Romanian
blood flowed like rivers. in the middle of the night, in difficult times for our people, we heard the call from Romanian soil urging us to battle. I ask and expect an answer: by what right do the Jews wish to take this land from us?

On what historical argument do they base their pretensions and, above all, the audacity with which they challenge us, Romanians, here in our own land? We are connected to this earth by millions of tombs and millions of invisible threads that only our soul feels, and woe betide those who try to snatch us away from it.

THE PROBLEM OF CITIES

But within the scope of this Romanian land, the Jews did not settle anywhere, haphazardly. They settled in cities, forming within them true islands of compact Jewish populations. At first, it was the trading cities and towns of northern Moidavia that were invaded and conquered: Cernauti, Hotin, Suceava, Dorohoi, Botosani, Soroca, Burdujeni, Itcani, Briceni, Secureni, etc.

Before them, the Romanian merchant and merchant gradually disappeared - today one street, tomorrow another, the day after tomorrow a sector. In less than 100 years,

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Romanian centers of ancient renown lost their Romanian character, taking on the resemblance of true Jewish strongholds. The other cities in Moldova also fell quickly: Roman, Piatra, Falticeni, Bacau, Vaslui, Bariad, Husi, Tecuci, Galati; and Iasi, the second capital of Moldavia - after the first, and our former Suceava - has quite simply been transformed into a dirty Jewish nest, which surrounds the poor and glorious ruins of Stefan the Great's fortress.

Now, in Iasi, you can walk through entire streets and sectors without ever meeting a Romanian or see a

Romanian house or a Romanian shop. People walk past famous churches, now in ruins and decay :. the Church of Talpalari* built by the guild of Romanian shoemakers, the Church of Curelari* built by the guild of Romanian harness makers. Everything is falling apart. In the great city of Iasi, there is no longer a Romanian shoemaker or harness maker.

The Church of Saint Nicholas the Poor, of the old Moldavian nobility, has completely collapsed; and on the tombs around them Jewish restaurants still dispose of their rubbish, rubbish and rubbish. The Church in the Main Square, where the biggest crowd is located, is closed due to lack of people. And it is the Jewish population that constitutes this agglomeration of people now. On Lapusneanu Street, the palace of Cuza Voda, which almost groans as if in pain, has been turned into a Jewish bank, and in its former garden a Palestinian-style Jewish theater can be seen. The foreign invader tramples on everything we hold most sacred. Our hearts groan in anguish. We children, with a torn soul, ask ourselves: how can there be Romanians who behave with such enmity towards their people? How can there be so many traitors? How come they weren't lined up against the wall or burned alive at the moment of their betrayal? How come everyone is impassive? How come we don't do anything?

They are problems of conscience that weigh on us, that bother our soul, disturb our life. We know that we will never find our peace except in battles, in suffering or in the graves. Our silence covers us with cowardice and every minute of delay seems to kill us.

We do not even mention the trading towns and villages of Bessarabia which are open wounds in the weary and squeezed body of the country.
We have not even mentioned Maramures, where Romanians, in a state of slavery, die daily. There are no words that can describe the great tragedy of Maramures. But the rot spread like a cancer; reached Ramnicul-Sarat, Buzau, Ploesti and penetrated the capital. In 15 years, Vacaresti, an ancient Romanian neighborhood, fell; Dudesti fell entirely; likewise the Romanian merchants at Calea Grivitei. The famous merchants of the Obor neighborhood die and are replaced by Jews; Calea Victorieil * fell. Today, in reality, it has become just a Romanian road of "defeat"; for three quarters of the properties in Calea Victoriei are now owned by Jews. In the last ten years the Jews have spread westward across the Danube plain into Oltenia and into the capital of Craiova, the capital of Michael the Brave; they went to Ramnicul-Valcea, Severin, under the protection of Romanian politicians who, well paid, pretend that there is no Jewish problem.
This betrayal by these politicians of their people is so appalling that if they are still alive, the people must gouge out their eyes; if they are dead, their bones must be dug up and burned in public squares. Their children and grandchildren were to be prosecuted, their wealth confiscated and they were to be stigmatized with the epithet “sons of traitors”. The loss of our Romanian cities has devastating consequences for us, as cities are the economic center of a nation. All the wealth of the country is accumulated in them. So that whoever controls the cities controls the means of subsistence, the wealth of a nation. Would it be indifferent to us Romanians who are the owners of our national wealth? Ourselves or the Jews? For anyone in the world, this could be a matter of indifference. Because a population reproduces and develops within

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means of subsistence at its disposal, The fewer these means, the smaller the growth of the population in question and the smaller the chances of its development, and vice versa. These truths about the law of population have been studied by all economists and formulated by Professor Cuza with unrivaled clarity. The passage of Romanian riches into the hands of Jews does not only mean economic or political dependence on Romanians - for those who do not have economic freedom do not have political freedom - but it means more: a national threat that crushes our very ability to grow in population. As our means of livelihood disappear, we Romanians will perish in our land, leaving our places in the hands of the Jewish population, whose numbers increase day by day, both because of invasion from abroad and because of the seizure of our means of livelihood. subsistence, our riches.

* Plural for shoemaker and harness maker, respectively. ***(Tr.)***

Second, cities are the cultural centers of a nation**. Here in cities are schools, libraries, theaters, classrooms, all serving the city's inhabitants. A Jewish family can easily support five or six children in school, while the Romanian peasant, in some remote village far from the city, can hardly send a child to school to the end. And in this case, he is completely exhausted in strength and wealth to the point of endangering the well-being of the other four or five children at home. Thus, whoever controls the cities controls the possibilities of participating in culture. But that is not all. It is through cities and schools that a nation fulfills its cultural mission in the world. How is it possible for Romanians to fulfill their cultural mission through Jewish voices, pens, hearts and minds?

Finally, cities are the political centers of a nation, nations follow the lead of cities. Whoever controls the cities, directly or indirectly, has the political leadership of the country. What remains of the countryside outside the cities? A multitude of several million peasants, without human means of existence, exhausted and impoverished, without culture, poisoned by drink, led by the enriched Jews who now become lords of the Romanian cities, or by the Romanians (mayors, mayors, police, gendarmes, cabinet ministers) who are nominal administrators only because they are nothing more than supine executors of Jewish plans. These officials are supported, flattered, showered with gifts, co-opted into administrative councils, paid monthly by the judiciary economic power (Judas was paid only once); their lust for money is aroused, they are driven into luxury and vice, and when they disobey Jewish directives and ordinances, they are quite simply expelled, though they are cabinet ministers. Their salaries and allowances are cut, their thefts revealed and shady deals exposed, implicating them in order to compromise them. This is what remains of the Romanian homeland since we lost our cities: a dishonest ruling class, a people of peasants without freedom and all Romanian children without a country and without a future.

THE PROBLEM OF THE ROMANIAN SCHOOL

Whoever controls the cities controls the schools, and whoever controls the schools today controls the country tomorrow. Here are some statistics from 1920:

The situation at the University of Cernauti

School of Philosophy.

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Summer semester, Romanians: 174; Jews 574.

Scbool of Law.

Summer semester, according to denomination: Orthodox:
237 (Romanians and Ruthenians)
Catholics: 98
Lutherans: 26

Other religions: 31
Hebrew: 506

De Situatia demografica a Romaniei (The Demographic Situation in Romania) by Em. Vasiliu-Cluj p. 84

* The Victory Way, a fashionable shopping avenue ***(Tr.)***
** See AC Cuza, Apararea Nationala ("The National Defense") No. 3, May 1, 1922.

in Bessarabia

Rural primary schools: Boys:
72,88,9 Romanians, 1,974 non-Romanian ethnic Christians Girls: 27,555 Romanians, 1,302 ，1,281 Jews.
non-Romanian ethnic Christians ，2,147 Jews.

Urban Elementary Schools: Boys.

6,385 Romanians, 2,435 non-Romanians, of which 1,351 were Jews. Girls:
5,501 Romanians, 2, 435 non-Romanians, of which 1,492 were Jewish.

Secondary and vocational

schools: 1,535 Orthodox, 6,302
Hebrew,

Mixed secondary schools: 690
Orthodox, 1341 Hebrew.

(Op.cit, pp. 84-5)

in the ancient kingdom
romanian jews
Lyceum of Bacau 363 198
Botosani High School 229 127
Botosani Women's Lyceum 155 173
Lyceum of Dorohoi 177 167
Lyceum of Falticeni 152 100
National Lycee, Iasi 292 201
Alexander the Good Gymnasium, Iasi 93 215
Stefan the Great Gym, Iasii 94 120
Lyceum of Roman 256 157
Lyceum of Piatra-Neamt 343 179

Private schools:
Bucharest 441 781
Iasi 37' 108
Galati 1.90, 199

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(0p.cii. Pp. 85-7)

* Moldavia and Wallachia before the unification of Romania in 1918. (a)

The situation at the University of Iasi
Romanian Jews
School of Medicine 546 831
School of Pharmacy 97 299
School of Arts 35 1 100
School of Science 722 321
School of Law 1,743 370

(0p.cit. Pp.87-8)

The Romanian education system, being thus destroyed by the large number of Jews, raises two problems:

1. The problem of the Romanian ruling class, because schools form tomorrow's leaders, not just politicians, but all leaders in all fields of activity.

2. The problem of the national culture, because the school is the laboratory in which the culture of a people is molded.

In order to underline the tragedy of this Romanian school system oppressed by Jews, I consider it particularly important to quote below the painful discoveries of one of our nation's most distinguished pedagogues, Professor Ion Gavanescul of the University of Iasi: We no longer want to see the
spectacle offered by National Lyceum of Iasi, where the overwhelming majority of students are made up of the Jewish element. The few Romanian students feel strange; during recess, they retreat restlessly into corners. They constitute the tolerated minority.

Most live apart, talk to each other about their concerns, their games, societies, Macaby, Hacoah, Macoah, etc., their meetings and lectures, their sports, work plans and good times. And when in doubt as to the Romanians' discretion, the Jewish students (a majority in the school, though a minority in the country), whisper among themselves or switch directly to Yiddish....

Too bad Romanian teachers face these student souls!
Involuntarily, he remembers the hen that hatched duck eggs. Look at her, as she stands cackling, frightened, on the edge of the lake, as she desperately calls to her ducklings, her young ones of another species that have jumped into the water, sliding to the other side where she cannot follow. What school of nationalism can you teach this audience? Can you speak, if you feel in yourself the flame of patriotism, Romanian aspirations and ideals? Can you even open your mouth? Their jaws lock, their words freeze on their lips.

The great Kogalniceanu, in front of pews so full of foreign students...could he have delivered his famous speech introducing the history of Romanians he delivered in this very place, where today the Romanian 'National' Lyceum has become a Jewish 'National' one?

He would have lost the inspiration that derives its strength from sympathy from bright eyes full of understanding and faith.

1. Gavanescul, Imperativul momentului istoric, ("The Imperative of the Historic Moment") p.67.

And more:

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"And to confine ourselves to just one aspect of national life, where has anyone ever seen in England, France, Italy a school at any level, where the preponderant number of pupils belong to a people other than the people who constitute the indigenous population of country and which founded the National State in question? "One might imagine, for example, that in some law school in some English university there might be 547 Jews against 234 Britons, the same ratio of Jews to Romanians in Cernauti's School of Law in 1920? "Or that, in a school of philosophy in Italy, there could be 574 Jews against 174 Italians, the same ratio of Jews to Romanians in Cernauti?

"Are these proportions normal? Are they not inadmissible and inconceivable monstrosities of ethnic biology? Are they not an indication of criminal unconsciousness on the part
of the responsible ruling class of the Romanian people? "(I. Gavanescul, op.cii,)

THE PROBLEM OF THE ROMAN LEADING CLASS

But who are the students and students of today? The students of today are the teachers, doctors, engineers, lawyers, mayors, congressmen, ministers of tomorrow, in a word, the future leaders of the people in all fields of activity. If the current students are 50, 60, 70% Jews, tomorrow we will logically have 50, 60, 70% Jewish leaders for this Romanian people. It may still be questioned whether a nation has the right to limit the number of foreign students in its universities?
Here's how that question is answered at Harvard University. Bulletin of Morris Gray, a liar graduate (1906) after studying the Jewish problem there - as quoted by Professor Cuza in "Numerus Clausus" p. 11. Morris Gray began by formulating the problem in principle, asking: "First, what is the function of a university? What are its functions?

“If his duty is towards the individual, admission to the university must be based, frankly and manifestly, on the democratic principle: every candidate must be admitted on condition that he passes the entrance exam and pays the first period of tuition, And that without any serious inquiry into the candidate's personality or latent possibilities of advancement, ability or usefulness to himself or others.

But if the university's duty is a duty to the nation, its attitude to the admission of students must naturally rest on a different principle.

In my opinion, the duty of a university is to train men in the various domains of human thought in such a way that at least some of them can become leaders in their respective fields, and thus serve the nation.

This is a well-established principle , adds Professor Cuza:

"The duty of universities is to their nation, for which they must prepare leaders in all fields and these must necessarily be ethnically native." For it is intolerable for a nation to educate foreign leaders in its universities. "

From the previous numbers one can deduce the serious problem of tomorrow's Romanian ruling class. One well-established truth remains: Romania should be led by Romanians. Does anyone claim that Romania should be led by Jews? if not, then one
must admit that the young Romanian student is right and that all the campaigns, all the mistakes, all the infamies, all the provocations, all the conspiracies, all the injustices that are heaped and will be heaped on

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this young Romanian, find their justification in the war waged by the Jews for the extermination of the Romanians and their best fighters.

THE PROBLEM OF NATIONAL CULTURE

A people, considering this the most serious of all problems, is like a tree worried about the problem of its fruit. When he finds himself oppressed by caterpillars, he can no longer fulfill his mission in this world, he cannot bear fruit; then she would have to face the saddest problem, greater even than the problem of life itself, for, seeing her purpose in life destroyed, it would be more painful for her if he were dead. The greatest pains are those of useless efforts, because they are the pains resulting from the frightening awareness of the futility of life.

Isn't it scary that we, the Romanian people, can no longer bear fruit? That we don't have a Romanian culture of our own, of our people, of our blood, to shine in the world side by side with that of other peoples? That we are condemned today to present ourselves to the world with products of Jewish essence? That today, at this moment, when the world is waiting for the Romanian people to appear to show the fruit of our blood and national genius, we present ourselves with a

infection of Jewish cultural caricature?

We look at this problem with a heavy heart of anguish and there will be no Romanian who, seeing his whole history in danger, does not take up his weapons to defend himself. I reproduce here from "The Imperative of the Historic Moment", by Professor I. Gavanescul, these immortal lines:

“The main concern of the Romanian people, as important to their being as their physical preservation, is their assertion in the realm of humanity's ideal of life - the creation of a culture specifically Romanian in character. It is impossible for a
Romanian culture to evolve from a school or an economic or political organization of an alien character. "

"An institution, as a function of national life, has a Romanian character only when the human factor that originated it is Romanian."

Faced with this sad situation, faced with the large number of invaders that are crushing us, Professor Gavanescul, posing the question of a national school and culture, asks himself full of anxiety:

“Where can Romanian souls seek refuge? Where can they escape the painful and obsessive impression of being exiled in their own country?” Except the church, where they enter to collect their thoughts in silence, under the protection of the saving cross, their only refuge is the school.
The school is the ideal nest where the national genius gathers his progeny to feed them, raise them, teach them to fly, show them the way to heights that only this national genius knows and only must reach. “The school is the place of refuge where the nation's heartstrings and people's spiritual organs are tuned to sing a new symphony as yet unheard in the world, the first symphony of its natural talents predestined by God uniquely to its being.

The school is the sanctuary where the great mystery of the life of a people unfolds, where the ethnic soul distills its immortal essence into drops of light so that it can be molded into the ideal form that is exclusively predetermined for it by the creative thinking of the world.

The melodic instruments of other ethnic souls cannot harmoniously participate in the symphony of our culture. By virtue of their composition, they only know how to bow to sound the note of their people.
What kind of Romanian symphony could they produce?

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The essence of the national genius of other ethnic souls cannot crystallize in a form other than that determined for them by the creator of peoples. How can a Romanian image be produced from the Jewish, Magyar or German national essence? "

(1. Gavanescul, "The Imperative of the Historic Moment", pp. 64-8).

Not only will the Jews be incapable of creating Romanian culture, but they will falsify the one we have and serve it poisoned. The Romanian school being thus macerated, we are placed in the position of renouncing our mission as a people, of renouncing the creation of a Romanian culture and of dying with the Jewish poison.

THE RETURN TO ROMANIA

Unlike our colleagues at other universities, we Iasian students knew all this from Professor Cuza's lectures, from the writings of Professors Paulescu and Gavanescul, from our studies and research done at the Association of Law Students, and from what we saw. with our own eyes and felt with our own souls. A problem of great conscience has arisen for us. Each day brought us additional evidence. We recognize the perfidy of the Jewish press, we have seen its bad faith in all circumstances, we have seen its incitements behind everything anti-Romanian; we saw the work of flattery and praise of political figures, officials, authorities, writers, Christian priests, who bent to do the bidding of Jewish interests; we saw the ridicule heaped upon those who

adopted an attitude correct and worthy of Romania, or those who dared to denounce the Jewish danger; we saw the indecency with which we were treated in our land, as if they had been lords here for thousands of years;

we watched with growing indignation at the daring intrusion of these unwanted visitors into the most intimate problems of Romanian life: religion, culture, art, politics, as they sought to draw lines along which the destiny of the Romanian people should move.
As young as I was, almost a child, I was troubled by these thoughts for a long time as I searched for a solution.
The elements that impressed me the most, which then determined my struggle and which comforted and strengthened me in moments of suffering, were: 1.
Awareness of the mortal danger in which our people and their future found themselves.
2. My love for the land and pain for every sacred and glorious place,
today ridiculed and desecrated by the Jews.
3. Pity for the ashes of those who fell for their country.
4. The feeling of revolt against the offenses to, as well as the ridicule and
trampling by this strange enemy of our dignity as human beings
and as Romanians.

Therefore, when on December 10, 1922, I heard the great news: the volcanic explosion of the student movement, I decided to return home so that I too could fight side by side with my companions. A short time later, the train was taking me home. From Cracow I sent a telegram to the Cernauti students who were waiting for me at the station. I stayed there for two days. The university was closed. The students who guarded him looked like soldiers serving their country, with the

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soul illuminated by God. No trace of self-interest clouded his beautiful and holy action. The cause for which they united and fought as one went far beyond themselves and their constant hardships and needs.

In Cemauti, the main fighters were: Tudose Popescu, son of the old priest of Marcesti, Dambovita County, third year student of Theology; then Danileanu, Pavelescu, Carsteanu, etc. I asked about the battle plan. It was decided to declare a general strike until victory, that is, until the government satisfactorily resolved the points raised in the motion of December 10, starting with "numerus clausus". To me, that plan felt wrong.

In my head, another one started to form: a) The student movement must reach all the Romanian people. Limited now to universities, it should be extended to a Romanian national movement, because on the one hand the Jewish problem is not limited to universities but involves the whole Romanian nation, and on the other hand universities alone cannot solve it. b) This national movement must be incorporated into an organization under a single command. c) The purpose of this organization should be to fight to bring the national movement to power, which will solve both the "numerus clausus" and all other problems, as no other rule of political parties outside this movement will solve the national problem. d) With these points in mind, the students should organize a large national assembly of Romanians from all walks of life, which would then mark the beginning of the new organisation. c) For the implementation of this assembly, each university must provide as many flags as

counties in each province, the cloth for each then being given by a delegation of students to a known nationalist whom the delegation would consider the person most qualified for the task of gathering around it a group of city and country leaders. Then, on receiving the telegram announcing the date and location of the rally a week in advance, he would leave for that location with the flag and all his men.

f) So that the government does not try to prevent the demonstration, all preparations must be made discreetly, keeping the date unknown until the last minute.

I described this plan to about 50 fighters in one of the dorms. They considered it good. So we all pooled our money, bought the necessary fabric, and immediately the students started making flags for the Bucovina counties.

AT IASI

In Iasi, I met all my former teammates. I laid out my plan for them as well. Here, too, the flags were made on the first day, by schoolgirls, for all counties in Moldova and Bessarabia.
I couldn't find Professor Cuza. He had left for Bucharest with Professor Sumuleanu and my father to attend a meeting in the capital.

IN BUCHAREST

The next day I left for Bucharest. Here I went to see Professors Cuza and Sumuleanu and my father, who for more than a quarter of a century have been fighting together against the Jewish threat, being crushed by ridicule, blows and even wounds, and who today experience the great satisfaction of seeing all the youth country, numbering over 30,000, raising battle flags for the faith they served a lifetime.

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But in Bucharest my thoughts were not received with the same enthusiasm. First, because I encountered some opposition from Professor Cuza. Presenting my plan, proposing the creation of a national movement, led by him as head, at the rally to be held, he did not consider my plan good because, he said. “We don't need to organize ourselves, our movement is based on a formidable mass current”.

I insisted, comparing a mass movement to an oil well, which, disconnected from an oil pipeline, comes to nothing even when it gushes, because the oil overflows. I left, however, without success, but the next day, Professor Sumuleanu and my father convinced him.

But I was soon confronted with a difficulty I had not expected. It was around the beginning of February. The large body of students was brimming with enthusiasm; Although all the dining halls were closed and the gates of all the dormitories closed against us, thus being left outside to starve in the middle of winter, the students were enthusiastic, admirably protected by the Romanians of the capital, who the next day opened wide the doors of their homes, sheltering and feeding more than 8,000 struggling students.

There was, in this gesture, approval, an eagerness to fight, solidarity, comfort for the wounded. But I had no contact with this mass. I didn't know anyone there. Through the student Fanica Anastasescu, who was the manager of the magazine Apararea Nationala ("The National Defense"), I got to know some of them. I had the impression that the leaders of the student movement in Bucharest were not sufficiently oriented, because although elements of the elite endowed with distinct intellectual qualities, a fact verified by the functions they later occupied in society, unexpectedly found themselves at the head of a movement which for then they they hadn't thought. In fact, as there were many, each had a different opinion. Among the valuable elements of leadership, on the front line are: Cretu, Danulescu, Simionescu, Rapeanu, Roventa and others. The mass was bellicose, but some of the leadership thought it best to calm such high spirits. On the other hand, both his insufficient familiarity with the Jewish question and

inadequate contact with politicians led at least some of them to try, to some extent, to reposition the movement on a material plane, something that in my view was inadmissible. For that would have been as if someone had said, 1. We fight to recover our country from the Jews.
2. We fight for white bread on our tables.
3. We fight over two-course meals.
4. We fought for a more comfortable bed.
5. We fight for equipment in our laboratories, for dissecting instruments, etc.
6. We fight for more dorms; so that in the end the authorities would say to us aloud: "The students' demands have been satisfied; the government has recognized the lamentable state of the students, their great misery, etc. Of the six required points, five were allowed: dissecting instruments, laboratory, two white breads a day, two coursemeals , three students " dorms with comfortable beds, etc.
As for the first point: saving the country from the Jewish bands, nothing would be said, on the pretext that the government awarded five points out of six. From the beginning of the student movement, the entire Jewish press sought to shift it to this material plane: that the aim of the movement be 'a piece of bread'.

Thus, the real target - the Jew - would escape unnoticed. In fact, if one. problems, to reread the newspapers, it is observed that Romanian politicians also put the problem in similar terms. students should be given dormitories, better food, etc. As I said, part of the student leadership in Bucharest was inclined to this propensity. Had the students taken this course, they would have been distracted from their true mission. My opinion has always been against

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this point of view - against any intrusion of a material order in the formulation of the students' demands.

For, I was saying, as I also say today, it was not immediate needs or material desires that drove the students. this great movement, but on the contrary it was the abandonment of preoccupation with these things, of selfish interests, of their own or family sufferings: it was the forgetfulness of all these things on the part of the Romanian students, the identification of their whole being with the preoccupations, needs and aspirations of its people. It was that selflessness and that alone that lit the holy light in her eyes.

The student movement was not one of material demands. She rose above the needs of a generation, intertwining with the higher aspirations of the nation. On the other hand, here in Bucharest, the idea prevailed that the student movement should stay within the confines of the university, remain an academic movement, not become a movement of a political nature. But this opinion was wholly incorrect, as it coincided with the design of the Jews and the political parties who had the greatest interest in restricting this ardent movement to the university so that there, one way or another, it might be extinguished.

Our opinion was not that we had formed a movement to agitate, but to gain victory. Our student forces being insufficient for this, we needed to unite with all Romanians.

Furthermore, the leaders of Bucharest opposed the proclamation of Professor Cuza as president of an eventual organization, claiming that he was not good for such active leadership. I insisted that we should support him, just as he is.
Finally, those in Bucharest had great reservations about me. This pained me, for I was coming to them with a man's purest and holiest in his heart, with a burning desire to cooperate as best I could for our country. Perhaps, not knowing me, they were justified in having reservations.

For these reasons, I encountered opposition in Bucharest. So I started working out of commission and we only made 3 or 4 flags.

AT CLUJ

I left for Cluj together with Alexandru Ghica, one of the three children of Mrs. Constanta Ghica, from Iasi, who were the ruler's great-grandchildren who during the student campaign acted admirably.
The president of the Cluj student center was Alexa, a moderate and good person. Fle received me with the same arguments regarding both the student orientation and the proclamation of Professor Cuza as president of the new movement. The student mass was firm and full of enthusiasm. It was then that I met Mota, an agile and talented young man. He had the same views as Alexa. I tried to convince him, but to no avail. I had a tough time. I did not know anyone. Even so, I found some students on my side: Corneliu Georgescu, Pharmacy student; Isac Mocanu of Letters; Crasmaru, in Medicine; justin Iliesu, etc.

We only made one flag, so at Captain Siancu's house, who from the very first moment very enthusiastically agreed with our plan of action, we swore an oath to this flag,

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THE ASSEMBLY OF IASI, MARCH 4, 1923. THE FOUNDATION OF THE NATIONAL DEFENSE LEAGUE

After returning to Iasi, I had two roads of parallel activity before me: 1. Laying the foundations for the rally for which the flags were made at all universities.

2. Continue the student movement and maintain the general strike.

Regarding the first point, the greatest difficulty was not the lack of men, nor the lack of organization, nor the government measures. This time, the biggest obstacle came from Professor Cuza himself, who, while not disapproving, lacked enthusiasm.

Professor Cuza was not sufficiently convinced of the need to organize himself and did not believe in the possibility of success of the projected rally.
As for the second point, I faced serious difficulties with the leaders of the centers in Bucharest and Cluj, difficulties that prevented an agreement on a single point of view towards a battle plan around which the perfect unity of this new world would be realized, raising up with all your united strength in defiance of the enemy and all of our past mistakes.

Neither the leadership nor the body of these student centers:
a) knew the Jewish problem, particularly did not know the Jew; they did not know the Jewish power, its way of thinking and acting. They began to wage war without knowing the opponent. b) They believed that the then liberal government, or eventually the successor, to which we pledged our support, would meet our demands. On that basis, they preferred to engage in diplomacy, believing that they would ultimately convince politicians of the justice of our cause. I believe there is nothing more distressing than discussing a problem with men who are not even familiar with its most elementary aspects. Regarding this situation, I took the following measures:

1. That several good delegates from the center of Iasi regularly participate in the meetings of the central committee in Bucharest (The meetings of this committee were held regularly two and three times a week. They started at 9 pm and lasted for 3, 4, 5 and even 7 hours morning„ in contradictory discussions. For many of the participants, the only memories of the student movement were of these meetings with their rhetorical encounters within the committee).

2. That in Bucharest and Cluj a group of the best fighters from the student body be formed to work independently of the directives of their respective centers.

In Cluj and Bucharest these groups formed very quickly; in Bucharest, they were present at the committee, where the leadership met with strong opposition at every meeting. In Bucharest,

Ibraileanu, the delegate from Iasi, was a great help. Likewise, the firm attitude of Simionescu, the leader of the medical students, kept the student body in true spirit.

As for the assembly preparations, according to news received from Iasi, the prospects were as follows: In just two weeks, more than 40 flags were issued in 40 counties, to trusted persons. It was natural that, after two months of student movement, of general strike in all universities, the soul of Romanians was bubbling and they were ready to appear everywhere, just waiting for the word. The flags and news of the demonstration arrived in time.

Professor Cuza wanted to set the date for the rally in May so that more people would attend. I opined that the rally should be held as soon as possible for the following reasons:

1. All the people, on their feet, gathering around the student movement, expected to hear an order from somewhere, to form a unit, to know that there was a plan they could follow.

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2. I was afraid that the Jews and Freemasonry, learning of the situation, might start a pseudo

nationalist organization in order to exploit the people and thus divert the movement into a dead end.

In any case, this would have created such confusion in the minds of Romanians that it was not to be contemplated.
3. I felt that it was necessary to support the front line of the student movement, because waging war is not easy, with blows coming from all directions: government, local authorities, parents, teachers; with poverty, hunger, cold. A mobilization of the Romanian masses coming to their defense, sending them a word of encouragement, would reinvigorate the entire front of this movement.
4. Finally, because thousands of students were inactive, not knowing what to do; they demonstrated once, twice; they held one or two meetings. But two months had passed. These young people had to have something to do. Once the new organization was born, all the crowd that couldn't think of what to do next would have a wide field of activities.

They could start work the next day, going to the villages to organize and win them over to the new faith.

MARCH 4, 1923

Professor Cuza decided that the rally should be held on Sunday, March 4, 1923; the place, Iasi.
He invited me to dinner. There the question arose of what name should be given to the new organization. Captain Lefter said: The National Defense Party, as in France. I thought it appropriate. Professor Cuza added: “It is not a party but a league – 'The Christian National Defense League'. And so it was called.
So I sent telegrams to Cemauti, Bucharest and Cluj, containing the same message: "Wedding in Iasi on March 4th." Then I got busy organizing the smallest details of the preparation for the rally. it was determined by Professor Cuza in agreement with Professor Sumuleanu and my father: in the Cathedral - prayer; at the University - homage to Simion Bamutiu and Gh. Marzescu; at Salão Bejan - public meeting.

Posters were printed announcing the large national assembly. The news of a large Romanian assembly in Iasi, with the aim of founding a fighting organization, spread like lightning among the students of the four universities and then among Romanians in general.

On the night of March, the 3 full trains began to arrive, led by leaders who brought the cloth for the flags. In the morning, 42 groups with 42 flags arrived. The cloth of these flags was black - a sign of mourning; in the center a white and round spot, signifying our hopes surrounded by the darkness they will have to conquer; in the center of the white, a swastika, the symbol of anti-Semitic struggle around the world; and around the flag, a band of the Romanian tricolor - red, yellow and blue. Professor Cuza approved while in Bucharest the shape of these flags. Now we fixed them on poles, wrapped them in newspapers and we all left for the Cathedral, where the service was held before a crowd of over 10,000 people.

All 42 flags, when they were to be blessed, were unfurled in front of the altar. Once blessed, they were to be taken across the country, each with a veritable fortress of Romanian souls gathering around it. These flags, sent out to each county, would be coagulants to bring together all those with similar thoughts and feelings. With its solemn blessing, its impressive symbolism, and its placement in each municipality, a major problem of organizational and popular orientation was being solved.

From the Cathedral, thousands of people, flags unfurled, formed a procession through Union Square, Lapusneanu and Carol Sts., towards the University. There, in one

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In a gesture of homage and veneration, wreaths were laid for Mihail Kogalniceanu, Simion Barnutiu and Gheorghe Marzescu, the latter a defender of Article 7 of the 1879 Constitution and, ironically, the father of liberal minister George Marzescu, a defender of the Jews.

There, in the amphitheater of the University, the founding document of the “League of National Christian Defense was signed.

That afternoon, the meeting took place in Bejan Hall, chaired by General Ion Tarnoschi.
Many

people who could not be accommodated in the corridor were on the street. Professor Cuza was proclaimed president of the Christian National Defense League with great enthusiasm. The speakers were: Professor Cuza, Professor Sumuleanu, General Tarnoschi, my father, each municipal delegate and those from the university centers: Tudose Popescu, Prelipceanu, Alex. Ventonic, Donca Manea, Novitchi, Sofron Robota. Among these, me. At the end, after reading the motion, Professor Cuza, at the end, entrusted me with a mission, saying: “I take care of the organization of LANC young lawyer CZ Codreanu”.

* for the whole country under my direct leadership, the

Then he named the county leaders. The rally ended in perfect order and with great enthusiasm.

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* The Romanian abbreviation for "Christian National Defense League" (Tr.)

OTHER ANTI-SEMITIC AND NATIONALIST ORGANIZATIONS

Small anti-Semitic organizations of an economic and political character existed even before 1900, as well as after. These were feeble efforts by people with vision and love of country to oppose the ever-increasing Jewish invasion. But the most serious anti-Semitic organization was "The Nationalist-Democratic Party" founded on April 23, 1910 under the leadership of professors N. Iorga and AC Cuza. This party had a whole administrative program. His article #45 gave the solution to the Jewish problem:

"The solution to the Jewish problem must be achieved through the elimination of the Jews, the development of the productive powers of the Romanians and the protection of their enterprises."

After enumerating these points, read this solemn declaration:

“We will maintain, publicize and defend this program with all our firmness and strength, considering this our first duty of honor”.
AC Ciiza N. Idrga

This organization brought together all veteran fighters since 1900. Among the prominent ones, one counted: Professor Sumuleanu, Professor Ion Zelea-Codreanu, Butureanu in Dorohoi, Toni in Galati, CN lfrim and later Stefan Petrovici, CC Coroiu and others.

In 1914 they all led the movement demanding that Romania enter the war for the liberation of Transylvania; and by 1916 most of them were on the front lines, doing their duty brilliantly. Since 1910-11, the municipalities of Dorohoi, under the leadership of Advocate Butureanu; Iasi, under the command of Professor Cuza; and Suceava, under my father's direction, became a stronghold of the renaissance
romanian .

In 1912 the current in these counties was so powerful that in elections the government could not avoid a solid defeat without the use of terror. On that occasion, my father was seriously injured.

Immediately after the war, when the peasants returned from the front, resolutely desiring a new life, the first elections brought Professor Cuza to Iasi and my father to Suceava to Parliament. There they engaged in a fierce parliamentary struggle applauded across the country. The fight was fought against the peace that the Germans, whose armies invaded our country, wanted to impose on us.

The echo of these truly remarkable clashes gathered the country's hopes around the Nationalist-Democratic Party so that in the elections that followed, real formidable victories were recorded. In Suceava the victory was incomparable. Of the seven deputy seats, the administration got one, the other groups none, and my father's list six. In Dorohoi and Iasi, about the same. The trains took 34 nationalist deputies to Bucharest. But, unfortunately for the Romanian people, all these troops coming from all corners of the country ended up in a big defeat.

It struck like lightning over the Romanians' heads. The Jewish-Masonic forces managed to divide the two party chiefs, Professor Nicolae Lorga of AC Cuza. Nicolae Lorga did not oppose the treaty that imposes the "minority clause" on us, declaring himself willing to sign it. Professor Cuza, at the opposite barricade, points out that this infamous "minority clause" represents a

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defiance of all the blood shed by Romanians, an unacceptable meddling in our national affairs and the beginning of misfortune for us. In effect, the imposition was placed on us, to guarantee political rights to the Jews in
pasta.

For some time, N. Iorga was not an anti-Semite. it was clear that the rupture was irreparable. And this unhappy Rumanian nation was again heartbroken over its hopes of salvation.

Most party members and parliamentarians sided with Professor Nicolac Lorga, believing that Professor Cuza's position put them further away from any chance of gaining power. With Professor Cuza, only Professor Sumuleanu and my father were left.

"THE ROMANIAN NATIONAL FASCIA" AND "THE ROMAN ACTION"

In 1923, during the student movement and under the impulse of the wave of nationalism, "The Romanian National Fascia" emerged under the leadership of Vifor, Lunguiescu, Baguiescu, and in Cluj, "The Romanian Action" led by professors Catuneanu, Ciortea, Iuliu Hategan, attorney Em. Vasiliu-Cluj and a group of students led by Mota.
The first published the well-written and witty weekly "Fascism". But they didn't know about the Jewish problem. The latter published "Romanian Action" bimonthly and then "Romanian Brotherbood", also very well written, but limited themselves to publishing only. They could not initiate any action or create a solid organization.

During this time, student Mota translated "The Protocols" from French, which were commented on by Professor Catuncanu and Em. Vasiliu-Cluj, then published in booklet form, Also at that time In. Vasiliu-Cluj published his work "The Demographic Situation of Romania", in which he statistically showed the terrible state of Romanian cities.

These two organizations did not have the power of action, organization, or doctrinal competence like that of the "League of National Christian Defense", lasting only until 1925, when they merged with the latter.

After the founding of the "National Christian Defense League" my activity was to continue along two lines: that of the student movement as a separate unit organized by centres, having as its immediate objective its own battles in which it was involved for three months, and that of the LANC where I took on the role of organizer for Professor Cuza.
On the student side, I should strive for:

a) Maintaining the general strike posture that involved the students' honor, quite difficult work considering the attacks, blows, pressures, baits that flowed over the students' heads everywhere. In addition, there were defeatist students, supporters of defeated believers, who needed to be controlled.

b) Systematically use available student elements to recruit from all the Romanian masses, organizing them into a single army. LANC

On the LANC side, we had leaders and flags in about 40 counties. We need:

a) The completion of the flags for the remaining counties.
b) Contact as close as possible with the respective leaders, c) The immediate establishment of precise guidelines in the organizational context, until now. non-existent but requested by county heads who didn't know med. pm ,, In

short: defensive on student lines; offensive on LANC lines.

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The great mass of students acted, guided by their healthy instinct for our race and the spirit of the dead. followed his glorious path overcoming many difficulties.

With the League the problems were a little more serious. County chiefs asked for clarification and guidelines for the organization. People who were moved by this current had to be strengthened in their faith, indoctrinated, fully informed about the organization and the goals they were supposed to achieve in their struggle.

They had to learn discipline and trust from their superiors. We were not then giving birth to a movement, but we already had a complete movement that needed to be organized, disciplined, indoctrinated and led into battle.

When I went to Professor Cuza with the letters and orders received, he was disarmed by them, by

they introduced him to a strange new world. Shining like a sun and unchallenged on the heights of the theoretical world, when he was brought down to earth on the battlefield, he became powerless. "We don't need regulations.
Let them organize themselves."
Or:

"We are not in the barracks to need discipline" - he told us many times. So I started writing a bylaw myself, down to the last detail. But realizing that it was difficult work for my age, I took it to my father and, working on it for several days, effected the necessary modifications in form and content. The organization system was simple, but different from that of political parties until then. The difference was that, in addition to the political organization itself, based on county village committees and members, I separately formed a youth corps organized by tens and hundreds. Our political organizations until then had nothing like this. Later they also adopted them in the form of Liberal Party Youth, National Peasant Party Youth, etc. He didn't want to hear about such a thing. Then an embarrassing argument ensued, for several hours, between Professor Cuza and my father, which literally froze me. Suspecting that this would possibly lead to an unfortunate conflict, I am sorry to be the cause of this thread. My father, a violent and rude man, took the statute and went to the printer to publish it without Professor Cuza's approval.

But the latter, exercising more tact and calm, however inflexible he was in certain matters, was just as malleable in cases like this, and knew how to smooth things over. He called my father back, telling him:

"Okay, let's print it out, but give me a chance to take a look." He corrected it, rearranged it, added a doctrinal section of appeals, manifestos, then sent it to the press. This then became "The Good Romanian's Guide" and later that of LANC, the fundamental book of the League until 1935. I was satisfied that something good and absolutely necessary for the organization had actually been accomplished, but in my heart I said to myself :
" Things are going to get difficult if we need that much discussion for these elementary questions. In an organization, neither a boss's lack of understanding nor a lot of discussion is good.

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MODIFICATION OF ART. 7 OF THE MARCH CONSTITUTION 1923.

THE GRANT OF CIVIL RIGHTS TO THE JEWS

The rumor had been spreading for a long time that the Liberal Parliament, which was also the Constituent Assembly, with the mission of rewriting the Constitution, intended to modify art. 7 in the sense of granting "citizenship and political rights to all Jews present in Romania. Until now, this article of the old Constitution prohibited the granting of citizenship to foreigners and, therefore, constituted a true shield of defense against the invasion and interference of the Jews in the administration of our own Romanian destiny. Giving this privilege of meddling in the public affairs of Romania to up to two million Jews, and to the Jews newly settled in our land, the right of equality with the Romanian who has lived in this land for millennia, it was an injustice crying out to the heavens and a great national threat that could not but worry and deeply shake every Romanian who loved his country.

Faced with this situation, Professor Cuza had written a series of immortal articles showing the threat that threatened the future of this nation and the League distributed petitions throughout the country to be signed by Romanians, by which this art. 7 of the Constitution be maintained as such. Petitions were filled with hundreds of thousands of signatures and forwarded to the Constituent Assembly.

I thought it indicated that we students, while this serious issue was being deliberated, should go from all centers to Bucharest, where together with local students and the population we would demonstrate to stop the act that enslaves our future. I left for Cernauti, Cluj and Bucharest. The students accepted my proposal and began to organize themselves for the match. In order to indicate the date of departure, it was agreed that I should send a casual telegram. But the plan failed. We expected that the deliberations around this issue would last at least three days, during which we could reach Bucharest. But on March 26 the deliberations lasted less than half an hour. The Liberal government, as well as the Assembly - apparently aware of the act of great shame they were about to commit, sought to cover it up, passing it off as inconspicuously as they could.

The next day, after this great act of national betrayal, the so-called Romanian press, as well as the Jewish one, treated the infamous act with silence. "Dimineata" ("The Morning"), "Luptall (" The Fight "), Adevarul (" The Truth "), daily printed in bold the conflict between landlords and tenants in Bucharest and in a corner several words by which they announced simple and perfidious: Article 7 of the old Constitution was replaced by Article 133.

The Liberal Party and the infamous Assembly of 1923 thus placed in the grave and sealed the tombstone over the future of this people. No curse from our children, from our mothers, from our elders, from all Romanians suffering on this earth, now and forever, will be adequate to punish these traitors of their nation. Thus, in silence and in an atmosphere of widespread cowardice, this great act of national betrayal was consummated. Only the voice of Professor Cuza, the personality now dominating the entire Romanian nation, could be heard:

"Romanians, the Constitution of March 28, 1923 must be abolished immediately. Protest against its enactment. Demand free elections. Organize to ensure your victory. A new constitution must guarantee the priority rights of the Romanian nation, as the dominant people in the state."

When I heard the news in Iasi, I started to cry. And I said to myself: "It can't be! At least the people should know that we are protesting. For if the people on whose neck such a yoke is placed do not protest, they are a people of imbeciles."
Then I edited a manifesto addressed to Iasians, calling all Romanians to a protest meeting at the university. The news of the civil rights granted to the Jews spread like lightning. The city was seething.

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By government order, the local authorities brought in the army, gendarmes, police; provocations arose followed by the interdiction of movement.
So the plan was changed. 'The rally, instead of being held at the university, took place at 14 points in the city. That's when the demonstrations and clashes that lasted all night began.
The local authorities, the army and the police forces were completely baffled by the abrupt change in our battle plans, our meeting point and by running from one end of the city to the other, as they were informed by their agents of the demonstrations that had erupted every half hour at opposite points. The group under my command met at the most difficult point: Podul Rosu (Socola) and Tg. Cucului, where Jewish impertinence claimed that an anti-Semitic demonstrator will never set foot and walk away alive. No Romanians live there.
Thousands of Jews woke up and ran to and fro like a nest of worms. When we were met with fire, we responded with fire.
We did our duty, knocking down everything that stood in our way and showing the Jews that Iasi, the former capital of Moldova was still Romanian and that there, it is our arm that governs, that can allow or forbid, that keeps the peace or war, which punishes or pardons.

The next day, Bariad's cavalry arrived in the city to help the two local regiments, the police, the gendarmerie and the Jews, and the Bucharest newspapers came out in special editions with headlines like: "Iasi lived a night and a day of revolution ."

That's what we could do, just kids; this we knew how to do, and for the moment the yoke was laid on our shoulders. We do not accept it with serenity, with the resignation of a slave, with cowardice. We did all this and took a sacred oath to break this yoke for life, no matter how many battles and sacrifices were expected of us.

I went to the police hall the next day to bring food to the prisoners. There, Iulian Sarbu was being questioned as he was suspected of being the author of the manifesto. Seeing this, I went to the investigator and said: "Sarbu is not the author of the manifesto, I am."

MY FIRST ARREST

At the police station they told me: "Mr. Codreanu, you must go to the Court accompanied by the agent".

"Why the agent?" I answered back. "I go alone." This was the first time my word was called into question. I felt offended. "No, I'm not going with the agent. He can, if he wants, walk 60 feet behind me. I'm going alone. My word is worth more than 20 policemen." I left, with the agent walking 20 feet behind me.
I arrived at the Court. The agent came and took me to Juiz de Instrução Catichi who told me: "You are under arrest and I must send you to the penitentiary."

When I heard that, I saw black before my eyes. At that time, “imprisoned” was a degrading thing. No one among the Iasians has ever been arrested and no one has heard of a nationalist student being arrested. Much less me, with the background of a patriot? I approached his desk and said, "Your Honor, I don't accept being arrested and no one is going to pick me up and take me to the penitentiary."

The poor man, to avoid further discussion, ordered the agent to take me to the penitentiary and advised me not to object. Then he left. The agent tried to take me. I told him, "Go home, man, and

leave me alone. You can't get me out of here."
Then other agents entered. I was there from 11 am to 8 am. All efforts to eliminate me were unsuccessful.
I was thinking, "I am
not guilty of any wrongdoing. I have done my duty to my people. If there is a guilty party that must be arrested, it is those who wronged your people: the Parliament that gave civil rights to the Jews."

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Finally, all the Court officials went home, one by one, to the gatekeepers. Only the agents beside me and me remained.
Around 8:00, three policemen arrived.
"Mr. Co.dreanu, we have orders to evacuate this
Court." "Alright gentlemen, I'm leaving."
We go down the stairs and leave the building. To my surprise, I saw there a company of gendarmes in a semicircle, prosecutors, judges, policemen.
With that, I went ahead and sat down in the middle of the courtyard. The authorities came to me and said:

"You must go to the
penitentiary." "I will not go."
They lifted me up, put me in a vehicle and I was slowly transported to the penitentiary, followed by the gendarme on foot. At the last moment, when we were passing through the prison gate, our boys tried to free me, but the agents' guns stopped them.

Was it a protest against the laws? No. It was one against the yoke of unrighteousness.

My stubborn refusal to let myself be arrested seemed to me to be a presentiment of much suffering that would come my way once I walked the path that led me inside the cold prison walls. I stayed there for a week, until the eve of Easter. My first days in prison! Morally speaking, I took them very hard, as I could not understand that someone could be arrested when fighting for his people and by order of someone who fights against the people.

Upon being released, I went home. Many Romanians came to meet me at the railway stations, showing their sympathy for me and encouraging me to continue the struggle, which is the struggle of the people, which in the end will be won.

The whole nation, in all its best elements, from the peasant to the intellectual, received the sad news of the Art with great pain. 7 modification; but there was nothing he could do, as he woke up exhausted and betrayed by the leaders. I wonder what curse is on our heads and what sins doomed us Romanians to be part of such evil leaders?

We are here facing two historical moments in two different Romanies, with two groups of people and with the same problem: The Constituent Assembly of 1879 in Little Romania, very small, which had the courage to resist pressure from Europe, and the Constituent Assembly of 1923, in Greater Romania, emerged from the sacrifice of our blood, which out of venal servility, under the pressures of Europe itself, does not hesitate to humiliate and endanger the life of an entire nation.

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THE VEIL OF FORGETTING

In the pages that follow, readers of this book will be somewhat surprised to find a series of excerpts from the works of various pinnacles of thought, patriotism and character of our people, who in 1879 fiercely fought for the right to Romanian people burdens and , all over Europe, Although the inclusion of these extracts complicates the normal unfolding of the present volume, in defiance of the rules usually followed in such matters, I include them not so much wishing to use them as historical arguments, but to bring to light again these pearls of reasoning and expression of these great ancestors, to whom the conspiracy of Jewish-Masonic occultism

persecuted, locking them up under heavy seals and plaques of oblivion, just because they wrote, thought and fought like true Romanian giants.
Our generation of students, leaping over fifty years of political abdication from the Jewish peril, identifies with the same convictions, feelings, and character as those of 1879, and at the moment of this sacred union bows the head in gratitude and reverence to the shadow of his greatness.

VASILE ACCOUNT

Consider the attitude our great Account held in the House in 1879.
Fifty years earlier, the Romanian philosopher demonstrated with unshakable scientific arguments, framed in an impeccable system of logic, the solidity of the racial truths that must be at the base of the national State; a theory adopted fifty years later by the same Berlin that forced us to grant civil rights to Jews in 1879.

From this, one can see the fragility of the arguments of those who attack the national movement as inspired by the new German ideology, when in reality, after so many years, it was Berlin that took the line of Vasile Conta, Mihail Emineseu and the others.

We, if we do not fight the Jewish element, will perish as a nation. It is a recognized fact, even by those who attack us today, that the first condition for a State to exist and prosper is that the citizens of that State are of the same race, of the same blood, and this is easy to understand. In the first place, individuals of similar race generally marry only among themselves, for only thus can they retain the unity of race; then, marriage creates the family feelings which are the strongest and most enduring bonds between individuals; and when we consider that these family ties extend to embrace all the citizens of the State, we see that these are attracted by a general feeling of love, by what is called racial sympathy. Furthermore, bearing in mind that the same blood runs in the veins of all the members of a people, it is understood that all these members will have, by heredity, the same feelings, the same tendencies and even the same ideas; so that in perilous times, on unique occasions, their hearts beat as one, their minds adopt one opinion, the action of all will seek the same purpose; in other words, the nation formed by a single race will have only one center of gravity; and the State made of such a nation, which and only that one will be in the best conditions of resistance, durability and progress. Consequently, as in the maintenance of a species, the first requisite for the existence of a State is that its people be of the same race. Well then, this is the truth on which the principle of nationalities is based, on which so much is based being said in the civilized world. This principle of nationalities, of course, only refers to race and not to what is called 'the subjects of the State irrespective of race, for then the principle would have no application.

Well, this principle is now so ingrained in the conscience of all people, whether statesmen or simple citizens, that today all States in the civilized world come into existence or are reconstituted solely on this basis.

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So let Jewish publicists or Jewish lovers no longer say that the basis of the State is just a common material interest of its citizens, because, on the contrary, we see that it is precisely this, our century, that gave rise to the beginning of nationalities; which today prevails more and more ... It is true that this does not prevent foreigners from acquiring the citizenship of a State, provided that they assimilate the dominant nation; namely, to blend together so that, in the last analysis, the State remains of the same single blood. "These are the only scientific principles of naturalization. For naturalization to be useful, rational and in accordance with scientific criteria, it should be granted only to foreigners who assimilate or are willing to do so through marriage with the indigenous person. Otherwise, it can easily be understood that granting citizenship to individuals who lack, or cannot have, this inclination to assimilate into the blood of the dominant race, would result in a country subject to perpetual struggles between opposing tendencies.

I am not saying that it is impossible for several races which would exist in any country to sometimes have a common interest, that the hereditary tendencies of one race should be as favored as those of another under the same circumstances.
As long as this state of affairs lasted, indigenous and naturalized people would certainly live in peace. But circumstances change, and with them the interests of the various races may also change; and if not today, then tomorrow; if not tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, the tendencies of the naturalized will conflict with those of the natives, and then the interest of some will be opposed to that of others, and then the interests of some cannot be satisfied without sacrificing those of others; and then we would have a struggle for existence between two races, with fierce battles which could only be ended either with the total abolition of the State, or when one of the races was utterly crushed so that again only one dominant race remained in the State.... Well, our national history and everyday experience have proved to us that among all the foreigners who come to us, the Turks and particularly the Jews are the ones who never marry us, while other

foreigners: Russians, Greeks, Italians, Germans marry and merge with us, if not in the first, then during the second or third generation, but finally there comes a time when there is no distinction between these foreigners and us, either as regards blood or love of country. But it is not the same with the Jews….

"...No matter how this question is put, or how it is interpreted, we, if we do not fight the Jewish element, will perish as a nation."
(From the speech against the revision of Art. Of the Constitution, delivered in the Chamber of Deputies, Extraordinary Session, held on September 4, 1879 and published in Official Monitor No. 201 of Wednesday, September 17, 1879, pp. 5755- 6)

VASILE ALECSANDRI

While in the Chamber, Vasile Conta delivered the aforementioned speech to the , at the Senate, Vasile Alecsandri, the poet of the Union, expressed the feeling of the Romanians as follows.
Today Romania comes to us with its History Book in our hands so that we can write in its pages the humiliation and loss of our people or their dignity and liberation...

Faced with this situation, unparalleled in the historical annals of the world, we must know how to raise our hearts and minds to the height of our duty, without passion, without violence, but with a calm spirit, with enlightened patriotism and the noble courage that is expected of men called to decide the fate of your country...

What is this new impasse? What is this new invasion?
Who are the invaders? Where are they from? What they want? And who is the new Moses who leads them to the new promised land, located this titne on the banks of the Danube?

What are the invaders? It is an active and intelligent people, never tired of fulfilling its mission; adherents of the blindest religious fanaticism; the most exclusive of all the inhabitants of the earth, the most unassimilable with other peoples of the world...

"What do they want from us?

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To become owners of the lands of this people, converting the former lords of this country into slaves, as the peasants of Galicia and part of Bucovina are today.
This country is beautiful and rich; it has big cities, radroads, advanced institutions and a somewhat unpredictable people like all those of Latin origin... What's easier than replacing the inhabitants of this country and thus turning it all into Israeli property?

If this is the plan of the current invaders, as everything leads us to believe, it once again proves the enterprising spirit of the Israeli people and, far from deserving blame, is likely to attract applause and admiration from practical men.
We Romanians would be to blame if, through our indifference or the application of some fatal and absurd humanitarian theories, we were ourselves helping to fulfill this plan. The blame would fall on our heads, if deceived by these theories, understanding them from the inside out, or gripped by an imaginary fright under the influence of imaginary threats, we would forget that the Romanian homeland is a sacred deposit entrusted to us by our fathers. be transmitted whole and without blemishes to our children...

What then would the whole country say if we created such a situation for it? What would the Romanians who happily fought for the independence of the ancestral land say?
Our country would look away from us in pain.
The Romanian would say: Do not ask for my blood from now on, if the blood that has been shed only serves to fragment my country and lower national dignity.

For these considerations, when Romania stands before us today holding her History Book in her pack so that we can inscribe our veto on its pages, for me I tear up the page destined for the inscription to humiliate our country, and on the other page I write with my heart, your dignity, your deliverance! "

(From the speech against the revision of Art. 7 of the Constitution, delivered in the Romanian Senate, Extraordinary Session, assembled on October 10, 1879, and published in Official Monitor No. 230, Thursday, October 11/23, 1879, pp. 6552-8.)

MIHAIL KOGALNICEANU

Here is the dignified attitude towards the Jewish problem and the pressure exerted from abroad by Mihail Kogalniccanu, Minister of the Interior in 1869, titular head of that same ministry which today has become the place from which the orders to torture those of us who still we fight to defend our people:

"All those who have an active stake in their country have been concerned to prevent the Jews from exploiting the people.
In Romania, the Jewish question is not religious, but national and, at the same time, economic.

In Romania, Jews not only constitute a different religious community; they constitute, in the full sense of the word, a nationality, foreign to Romanians by virtue of their origin, language, dress, customs and even sentiment.

It is not, then, a question of religious persecution, because if that were the case, the Israelites would face interdiction or restriction in the exercise of their worship, which is not the case. Their synagogues would not be allowed to stand freely near Christian churches; his religious instruction, the publicity of his cult, would not be tolerated either.

All those who visited the Principalities, Moldavia in particular, were frightened by the sad aspect, not to say worse than sad, revealed by the Polish Israelis who populated our cities. When they looked more closely at the commerce, industry, and livelihood of this multitude, these travelers were even more frightened, for they saw that the Jews are only consumers, not producers, and that their greatest, and I may say their main, industry is alcohol retail...

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I have not expelled any Jew from his domicile for the simple reason that, according to all the laws of the country, Israelis in Romania do not have the right of domicile in villages, as is also the case in Serbia.
I restricted the future renting of taverns and nightclubs by Jews, especially by those called Galicians and Podolians. This measure was justified in the Organic Statute and in the law voted by the General Assembly, then sanctioned by Prince Mihai Sturza, which no subsequent law has abolished to this day, but, on the contrary, a law of all Ministers of Home Affairs before and after the convention, maintained and executed. Proof of this are the orders of my predecessors, namely: of June 17 and 28, 1861 during Minister Costa Foru; of February 5, 1866 signed by Gen. Florescu; on March 11 and April 11, 1866, issued to the prefecture of Ramnicul-Sarat by Prince Dimitrie Ghica, etc., etc.

Under these conditions, no minister, not even ten succeeding each other in office, could do anything but myself and my predecessors.
Ministers of Romania, a country with a constitutional regime, we cannot govern except according to the will of the people.
We have a duty to take into account the needs, desires and, to some extent, even the prejudices of this nation...
This justifies the great irritation of the Romanian population, stemming from deep suffering and legitimate concern, as it is the voice of a nation that feels threatened in its own nation; and its economic interests. Foreigners can drown out that voice, but it is not permissible for a Romanian minister, of any party, not to hear it. That is why, not just today, but always, at all times and under
all administrations, all rulers, all statesmen in Romania, all those who have a real interest in their country, have been concerned with the need to stop the exploitation of the Romanian people by a foreign people, the Jews. "

(From the communication of the Minister of Internal Affairs Mihail Kogainiceanu, addressed to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, June 1869, on the Jewish question. Published in Collection of Old and New Legislation for Romania, Enacted Up to 1870, By Loan M. Bujoreanu, Bucharest 1873, The Romanian workers' new printing press, Part F. Title 'Provisions and Circulars', Chapter X, pp.813-6.)

MIHAIL EMINESCU

"If today, when they still do not have full civil or political rights, they have taken over all commerce and all small industry in Moldavia; if today they show themselves frighteningly on the Romanian plains; if today they are nesting in the heart of the industrious Oltenians ; what will it be like tomorrow, when they will be granted equal rights, when they will be able to call themselves Romanians, when they will have inscribed in the laws the formal right that this homeland is theirs as much as it is ours! "

(Complete Works, The Israelite Question, p. 489, Iasi, The Lonescu-Georgescu Bookstore, 1914. Quoted by Alex Naum).

And on page 481:

"By what labors or sacrifices did they earn the right to aspire to equality with the Romanian people? Were they the ones who fought the Turks, Tatars, Poles and Hungarians? Were they the ones who were punished when the old treaties were broken? from your efforts that the fame of this country spread, that this language was unearthed from the veils of the past? Was it by one of them that the Romanian people won the right to sunlight?"

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ION HELIADE RADULESCU

“Don't you see that the Kikery in England and France do not just demand rights of citizenship in Romania for their co-religionists, but privileges, a supremacy; they want to establish an aristocracy of money, of the Golden Calf?
They demand what we cannot give if we die to the last man.
Do the Kikerys in England and France believe, I wonder, do you gentlemen believe with them, that the Rumanians will calmly watch as among them they liquidate the most sordid and filthy, the most vulgar of aristocracies, the rule of clowns, Jews, Mammon ruffians?

By what title and by what right could such abominable domination be established before the court, before the gates of the twentieth century, where all mankind, except the sons of perdition, will come as a bride before the divine Bridegroom?

Would the Kikerys of England and France dare to present the Right of Man based on equality and yet have the audacity to pretend privilege and supremacy for themselves?

And because they cannot invoke that right, do they dare, at their fancy, to coin the Romanian paradox of the Israelite rite - to push their specifically Jewish audacity to the point of threatening us in the name of the monarchs of Europe?
With what then will the Jews conquer us? By your numbers, your strength?
For the good we wish and wish them, in the name of the regeneration of the peoples and of the Jews themselves in the land of Palestine, we pity them and advise them as a Christian desirous of the salvation of all mankind, through the wounds of Christ, who from the cross forgave his own tormentors - not to attempt anything of the kind, or dare to even contemplate it, much less claim anything in our present age of unrest caused by Satan's angels who tempted them; they better not dare such a thing, for God only knows how far the Romanians can go in their rightful and holiest of all stormy rages defending their rights as a nation with an instinct for self-preservation! "

(Taken from The Equilibrium Between Antitheses or Spirit and Matter, by 1. Heliade Radulescu, Bucharest, published 1859-69; Part III, entitled "The Israelites and the Jews", Chapter X, pp. 380-3).

BOGDAN PETRICEICU HAJDEU

Thus, two forms of Jewish behavior towards us are specified in the Talmud:

"If you are stronger than Christians, exterminate them."

"If you are weaker than Christians, praise them..."

"But someone weaker than me, to become one day stronger than me, first has to pass through an intermediate stage in which he is equal to me."

"Do you now understand, I wonder, what it means to grant so-called political rights to Jews?"

(Extracted from "Studies in Judaism. The Talmud as a Profession of Faith of the Israelite People", by BP Hajdeu, Director of the Historical Archives of Romania, President of the Moral and Political Sciences section of the Romanian Athenaeum, Bucharest. Publisher Theodor Vaidescu, Bossel House No. 34, 1866; pp. 30-1.)

COSTACHE NEGRI

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"The Jews, one-seventh of our total population, are the saddest leprosy against which our weakness, our lack of foresight, and our venality have condemned us."
(From the letter to Lupascu sent from Ocna, dated January 12, 1869, published in the volume Versos, Prose, Cartas de C. Negri with a study of his life and writings by E. Garleanu, Editora "Minerva", 3 Academiei Blvd ., Bucharest 1909, p. 1 16).

AD XENOPOL

We allow ourselves to present in the same selection of extracts the opinion of the great historian AD Xenopol, professor at the University of Iasi; this in view of the undeniable authority of the scientist who lived and saw with his own eyes the painful reality of his discoveries: "If a Romanian decides to open a shop, no Jew will cross his threshold. That way he would be bypassed by a large clientele, while Romanians are not averse to buying from Jews. It is clear that even without price manipulation, the resistance of the Romanian merchant and merchant can be broken. "A Jew will never accept a Romanian into his establishment if the latter means 'learn something from it; for Romanians are received into Jewish homes only as servants or porters. This exclusivity system strongly persists. In the countless Jewish workshops and shops that cover Moldova from one end to the other, there is not a single Christian or Romanian apprentice - worker, foreman, accountant, cashier, salesman, "the Jews practice against the Romanians the most rigorous economic exclusivism that they do not may renounce, as it is prescribed by their own religion."

(Taken from La question israelite en Roumanie by AD Xenopol, a study published in La renaissance latine, 25 rue Boissy-d'Anglas, Paris, 1902, p. 17).

THE STUDENT GENERAL STRIKE CONTINUES

After Easter, the fighting resumed. On the LANC front, Professor Cuza continued the action through the newspapers, while the rest of us took care of the organization.
The series of meetings in cities and towns began. In front of the student, the modification of art. 7 of the Constitution brought with it changes. Student leaders in

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Bucharest and Cluj, who believed that a student movement would eventually persuade the government to recognize the just demands of the students, were bitterly disappointed to see that not only does the government not recognize any of their demands, but it also grants Jews rights, so they each more and more they thought of capitulating.

In Cluj, the president called a meeting where he suggested that the best thing to do was to go back to school. The student mass rejected his proposal, declaring that they were fighting to preserve their honor, and that the fight must be fought to the last limit of resistance. The supporters of this thesis were: Ion Mota, Corneliu Georgescu, Isac Mocanu and all our groups.
Alexa resigned, and to replace him as president of the Petru Maior student center, Ion Mota was elected along with a new commission.
The government's attack to get students back to classes also failed this time, but the leaders were sacrificed: Ion Mota and six others were expelled forever from all universities for their intransigent attitude.
In Bucharest, a group led by Simionescu and Danulescu began to replace a leadership that was becoming increasingly indecisive and weak. Here, too, the government failed to open classes after Easter.

JUNE 1923

Two more months of heroic resistance, misery and pressure passed, with the students exhausted. In Bucharest, the University has reopened for examinations, if only for Jewish and renegade students. On the opening day, the army was stationed at the university. Student clashes took place at the front, but they were too weak to prevent its opening any longer. The government's plan was to open the universities one by one, leaving Iasi for last and presenting Iasi with the fait accompli of three functioning universities. A week later in Cluj, several days later in Cernauti, universities were opened with the army present under the same conditions as in Bucharest. in another week, Iasi's hard time would come. It was isolated by the government, alone, with its student forces considerably reduced.

On the eve of opening, knowing that tomorrow morning the army would enter the University, we planned to occupy it ourselves during the night.
Before dark I sent a trusted student who entered the hall and drew the bolts of two large windows so that they could not be detected, so that, being pushed from outside, they would open. Still not sharing this plan with anyone, I called a 9 am meeting of 100 students at Bejan Hall. At 10 am we occupy the University. We raised the flag with the swastika on its façade, shortly afterwards the Rector of the University, Professor Sin-donescu, arrived. He was admitted. He talked to us urging us to leave the University. We responded by explaining to him our motives. Several hours later, he left. We organized for guard duty and stayed there all night.

The next morning, students arrived at the University in large numbers.
Reinvigorated, they unanimously resolved to continue the fight.

Jewish newspapers were furiously attacking us. Two days later, Cluj, in a struggle, tried to retake its University from the gendarmes. After two more days, Bucharest and Cemauti followed suit. These struggles led to new student revolts and the closure of all universities. The school year is over. The young Romanian passed a unique test of endurance, character and solidarity.

Honor to the student body that, for its firmness, receiving so many blows, has given an example of collective will still unsurpassed in the history of world universities. No country has ever witnessed students, united in one soul and assuming all the responsibilities and all the risks, being able to maintain

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a general strike for a year to prove their faith, seeking through their manifestation to awaken the conscience of a whole. nation, faced with the most serious problem of its existence.

This is a beautiful page, a heroic page written by this young man's suffering, in the book of the Romanian nation.

The Plans of Judaism Against the Roman Nation

AGAINST THE ROMANIAN PEOPLE

Anyone who imagines that the Jews are poor unfortunates, who arrived here at random, brought by the winds, pushed by fate, etc., is wrong. All Jews throughout the world form a large collective united by blood and the Talmudic religion. They are constituted in a very strict state, having laws, plans and leaders making those plans. At the bottom is the Kabal. So we don't face

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a few isolated Jews, but a constituted power, the Jewish community. In every market town or village where several Jews settle, the Kabal (the Jewish community there) is immediately formed. This Kahal has its own leaders, separate court system, taxes, etc. and it holds the entire Jewish population of that locality firmly united around it.

It is here, in this tiny Kahal of a market or city, that all the plans are made: how to win over local politicians and officials; how to infiltrate certain circles of your interest, such as magistrates, officials, high officials; what plans to use to take such and such a branch of commerce from the hands of a Romanian; how to destroy a local anti-Semite; how to destroy an incorruptible representative of local authority who may oppose Jewish interests; what plans to apply when, squeezed beyond resistance, the population revolts and explodes in antisemitic movements methods are used:
, we will not delve into these plans here. in general, the following

I. To win over local politicians: 1.
Gifts; 2.
Personal favors; 3.
Financing the political machine for propaganda, leaflet printing, travel expenses, etc. If there are several bankers in town or wealthy Jews, each is assigned to a specific political party.

II. To conquer local authorities: 1. Corruption,
bribery. A policeman in the smallest town in Moldova, in addition to the salary he receives from the state, receives another salary or two monthly. Once he accepts a bribe, he becomes a slave to the Jews and if he doesn't follow orders, then they use the second weapon on him:
2. Blackmail, if he doesn't obey, his acceptance
of a bribe is revealed.
3. The third weapon is destruction. If they see that you cannot be dominated or subjugated, they will try to destroy you by looking for your weaknesses. If you drink, they will look for an opportunity to compromise you through alcohol; if you are a skirt chaser they will send a woman who will compromise you or destroy your family; if you are violent by nature, they will send you another violent man who will kill you or whom you will kill and then go to prison; 4. If you don't have all these faults, they will use the lie, whispered or printed slander, and report you to
your superiors. In towns and market towns invaded by Jews, local authorities are in a state of bribery, blackmail or destruction.

III. To infiltrate various circles or around a few highly placed people they use:
1. servility; 2. boards of directors; 3. basis of personal
favors; 4. flattery.

So all politicians get Jewish secretaries, because they are useful for shopping, shining shoes, rocking babies, holding briefcases, etc., while flattering and ingratiating themselves. A Romanian will not be as good because he is less refined, he is not perfidious, he leaves the plow and, above all, because he wants to be a faithful soldier, a caretaker

his honor by refusing to be created.

IV. Plans to ruin a Romanian merchant.
1. Flanking the Romanian with a Jewish merchant or two.
2. Sale of goods below cost, the loss being offset by special funds provided by Kahal.
That's how the Romanian merchants ruined themselves one by one.

To these may be added:

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a) The commercial superiority of the Jew, resulting from a commercial practice much older than that of the Romanian.
b) The superiority of the Jew competing under the protection of the Kabal. The Romanian does not enjoy the protection of the Romanian State, but only miseries imposed by local authorities, corrupted by the news. The Romanian does not fight against the Jewish neighbor, but against the Kahal, which is why it is readily understood that the individual will be in a hurry if he fights against the coalition. The Romanian has nobody, a parent state to raise him, advise him and help him. He is left alone, left to his fate, as he faces the powerful Jewish coalition. It is easy to repeat the formula of all politicians of Mihalache's category: "May the Romanian become a merchant".

Let these Romanian politicians show us a single Romanian merchant who was assisted by the state, a single school meant to actually educate merchants, not bank clerks or clerks. Let them show us but one institution built by them which helped with a little capital or guided a young graduate of a business school on the path of commerce.

It was not the Romanian who abandoned the path of commerce, but these politicians who abandoned their duty as leaders and advisers to the nation.
The Romanian, abandoned by his leaders, was left alone to face the organized Jewish coalition, fraudulent maneuvers and honest competition, and he was defeated. But the time will come when these leaders will have to give an account of
your mistakes.

AGAINST THE ROMANIAN LAND

I repeat once more, we are not looking at some poor individuals who wandered here, alone, in search of shelter.

We face a Jewish State, an army that enters our land to conquer us. The Jewish population movements are effected against Romania according to a well-established plan, the Jewish grand council probably seeking to establish a new Palestine on a section of land stretching from the Baltic Sea to parts of Poland and Czechoslovakia, then covering half of the Romania to the Black Sea, from where they could easily establish water contact with the other Palestine. 'Where is the naive person who can believe that Jewish mass population movements occur unplanned? They come as planned, but they don't have the courage to fight, to face, to take risks, to shed their blood to justify, at least by these traits, some right to this land.

How do we know these plans? We know them for sure by drawing conclusions from enemy movements. Any troop commander who closely follows enemy action realizes the plans he is pursuing. It's an elementary question. Was there a leader in all the wars of this world who knew the adversary's plans because he participated in their elaboration? No! He knew them perfectly by what the enemy did.

In order to break all the power of resistance of the Romanian people, the Jews will apply a truly unique and diabolical plan: 1. They
will try to break the Romanian's spiritual bonds with heaven and earth.
To sever our ties to heaven, they will engage in a wide spread of atheistic theories in

command to separate the Romanian people or at least some of God's leaders; separating them

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of God and his dead, they can destroy them, not by the sword, but by cutting off the roots of their spiritual life.
To break our bonds that bind us to the land, the material source of a nation's existence, they will attack nationalism, labeling it "old-fashioned", and everything related to the idea of homeland and soil, in order to cut the thread of love that ties the Romanian people to its groove.
2. To succeed in this they will strive to gain control of the press.
3. They will take every opportunity to sow discord in the Romanian camp, spreading misunderstandings, quarrels and, if possible, dividing them into factions that fight each other.
4. Will seek to gain control of most Romanian livelihoods.
5. They will systematically incite Romanians to licentiousness, destroying their families and their moral fiber.
6. They will poison and stun them with all kinds of drinks and other poisons.
Anyone who wishes to conquer and destroy a people can do so using this system: Breaking their ties with heaven and earth, introducing quarrels and fratricidal disputes, promoting immorality and licentiousness, by material ruin, physical poisoning, drunkenness, everything it destroys a nation more than being blown up by thousands of cannons or bombed by thousands of planes.

Let the Romanians look back a little to see if against them this system was not used with precision and tenacity - a truly murderous system. May Romanians open their eyes to reading the press for the past 40 years, since it has been under Jewish control. Let them re-read Adevarul ("The Truth"), Dimineata ("The Morning"), Lupta ("The Struggle"), Opinia ("The Opinion"), Lumea ("The World"), etc. and see if from each page, that plan does not constantly emerge.

May Romanians open their eyes to see the disunity in Romanian public life today; let them open their eyes and see well. The Jews use these plans like poison gas in a war, to be used against the enemy, not against their own people. They propagate atheism to Romanians, but they are not atheists themselves, since they fanatically claim to respect their most minute religious precepts. They want to separate the Romanians from their love of the land, but they take the land. They rise up against the national idea but remain chauvinistically loyal to their own nation.

AGAINST THE STUDENT MOVEMENT

Anyone who believes that Jewish power forces have no plans for the student movement is mistaken, so far mistaken in their expectations, the Jews were momentarily disoriented. They tried to oppose the students by maneuvering the workers of the communist movement, that is, other Romanians, but they were not successful, because on the one hand these workers were powerless and on the other hand they also began to realize that we fight and suffer for their rights and by the Romanian nation. Many of them were, in their hearts, on our side.

The Jews, realizing their failure to put the workers in our way, turned the government and all politicians against the students.
By what does it mean?
Political parties need money and loans from abroad; and when in power, votes; favorable press when in opposition. Jews threatened to cut funding needed for electioneering by various political parties; threatened with the cooperation of Jewish international finance to reduce government borrowing; threatened to control a large mass of votes by means of which, now that they had civil rights, they could decide victory or defeat through the democratic system; threatened to manipulate the press, which they control almost entirely and without whose support a political party or government can be defeated.

Money, press and votes determine life and death in a democracy. The Jews control them all and through them the Romanian political parties have become simple tools in the hands of Jewish power.

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So that we who started out fighting the Jews suddenly find ourselves fighting the government,

political parties, local authorities, the army, while the Jews sit silently on the sidelines.

JEWISH ARGUMENTS AND ATTITUDES

"What will foreign countries say about the Romanian anti-Semitic movement that takes us back to barbarism? What will men of science, civilization say?"
Our politicians will repeat to us at every step this Jewish "argument", printed daily in all newspapers, when finally, after eight years, Germany, despite all its civilization and culture, rises up against the Jews and defeats the hydra through Adolf Hitler, this argument is abandoned. Then they bring another one: "You are in the service of Germany, paid by the Germans to engage in anti-Semitism. Where do you get the funds?"

And again Romanian politicians - soulless, personalityless, honorless - imitate the melody of the Jewish press: "Where does the money come from? You are paid by Germany."

In 1919, 1920, 1921, the entire Jewish press was attacking the Romanian state, unleashing disorder everywhere, inciting violence against the regime, the form of government, the church, the Romanian order, the national idea, patriotism.

Now, as if by a miracle, the same press, controlled by the same men, has become the defender of state order, of laws; declares itself against violence. While we become: "the enemies of the country" right-wing extremists "," in the pay and service of the enemies of Romania ", etc. And in the end we will also hear this: that we are financed by the Jews.

I ask myself: when will that day come when every Romanian will understand the lies and perfidious arguments of the Jews and reject them as something of satanic origin? I wonder, when will the time come when they will understand the perversity of this race?

Here is how three Romanian university professors, AC Cuza, Paulescu and Sumuleanu were treated in the Israeli Post, official organ of the Union of Naturalized Jews of April 23, 1922 in the editorial entitled "The Phantoms": “A clique of clowns and public criminals gathered to form a band of evildoers. And to the shame of the country, among them are three professors from our universities.

"And these specimens, these backward specters want to revive anti-Semitism... and some backward clowns will succeed in this, now, when official anti-Semitism is fading away and universal suffrage will also inevitably bring about the democratization of our public and social life No! It is in vain that they work! These ghosts will not stop mankind in their march, nor will it be necessary to pierce their hearts with a sharp rod;* the ridicule of their treachery will end them for
good...
"We have previously reported on the savage action brought about by the so-called "National Christian Union" (composed of about five and a half silly characters) to fix

them once and for all in their infamous stance, and call the attention of the Jews that there are still evildoers. out there, against which they must defend themselves."
So: clique of clowns, public offenders, bunch of malefactors, specimens, late ghosts, betrayal, wild action, infamous posturing - tbis is what Professors Cuza, Paulescu and Sumuleanu, professors of Romanian; and what is your action to save the nation!

We took outrage after outrage, ridicule after ridicule, slap after slap, until we found ourselves in this frightening situation: Jews are considered defenders of Romanian, protected from any displeasure, leading a life of peace and plenty, while we are considered enemies of our nation with our

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liberty and life endangered and hunted like rabid dogs by all authorities
Romanian.

I witnessed these times with my own eyes and lived through them, and I was saddened from the bottom of my soul. It's terrible to fight years on end for your homeland, your heart as pure as tears, while enduring misery and hunger, and suddenly find yourself declared an enemy of your country, persecuted by your own kind, told you are right because you are paid by foreigners, and see

all Jewish people dominate their land, assuming the role of defender of the Romanian and caretaker of the Romanian State, threatened by you, the youth of the country.
Night after night, we were troubled by these thoughts, occasionally feeling disgusted and immensely ashamed, and filled with sadness.

Would it not be better for us, we reflect, to go out into the world, or would it not be better fit to seek the revenge for which we would all die: both us and the Romanian traitors and the heads of the Jewish hydra.

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***** Popular superstition, according to which, to prevent a ghost from disturbing the peace of the living, the "head is dug up and its heart pierced with harm. ***(Tr.)***

THE CONGRESS OF STUDENT MOVEMENT LEADERS IASI, FROM AUGUST 22 TO 25, 1923

In a limited committee in Bucharest, it was decided that a first congress of the student movement leaders and delegates would be held after a year of struggle.
This congress took place in Cluj on the 22nd and 25th of August 1923. Mota, the president of the student center of Petru Maior, wrote us that the local authorities informed him that they had an order to ban this congress. We Iasians replied to Cluj as well as the other centers that we would take responsibility for this congress to be held in Iasi even if the government wanted to ban it. Our offer was accepted, and we did our duty to arrange for the 40 known delegates to be quartered. On the morning of 22 August we went to the railway station to receive the delegation from Cluj led by Ion Mota, then that from Cernauti led by Tudose Popeseu and Carsteanu, and that from Bucharest led by Napoleon Cretu, Simioneseu and Rapeanu. At 10 o'clock we went in corpore to the Cathedral to pray and

have a Requiem celebrated in memory of the students killed in the war, one of whom was the former president of the student center, Cap Stefan Petrovici.

But, to our great sadness, we found the cathedral gates locked with chains and guarded by gendarmes. In the meantime, old professor Gavanescul also arrived. Then, uncovering our heads, we knelt in the middle of the street in front of the church that not even the infidel Turks had closed to those who wanted to pray. When Father Stiubei happened to pass by, seeing us kneeling, he approached us and read some prayers.

So, bareheaded, silent and very sad, we covered the distance to the University, walking down the middle of the street, with Jewish glances shooting at us like arrows from their doors and shop windows.
The local authorities, flanked by numerous police forces, who were waiting for us on the steps of the University, informed us that the Ministry of International Relations had prohibited the congress from taking place. The prosecutor stopped and warned us to disperse. Annoyed, I replied: "Mr. Attorney, I
know that we live in a country governed by laws. The Constitution guarantees us the right to assemble, and you, Sir, know better than I do that a Minister cannot revoke these rights guaranteed by the Constitution, therefore, in the name of the law that not we, but you, have disobeyed, we ask you to step aside."

Hardened by the sacrilege committed an hour before, when the church gates were chained and we were prevented from praying; now facing a second unjust and humiliating provocation, of being prevented from entering our own home, the University; The dimensioning
of these measures constituted a blatant illegality, we burned everything in our path and, after some struggles, we occupied the University by force.

The 13th Regiment, arriving a moment later, surrounded the university. We took cover, guarding all entrances, while outside each window we saw three soldiers posted, bayonets drawn.
The congress was inaugurated in the auditorium of the Faculty of Law at 12 noon, under a heavy climate in this unfavorable situation. The delegates, pale with indignation, silenced by the pain of what happened in the Cathedral and here, felt in the deserted corridors an air of deep sadness. Everyone was worried about a possible army attack on the University and the inevitable consequences.

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We didn't make any speeches. Congress misjudged the seriousness of the situation and feared serious repercussions.
I was chosen as president on the first day. We started denouncing the events of the day. Several asked for the floor to protest. So we started discussions about the movement.

What attitude do we take when the new school year opens. Do we capitulate? Difficult!
A whole year of struggle without result. On the contrary, embarrassed, humiliated, beaten.
We carry on? Again, difficult! Students are exhausted; they cannot continue a second year of battle.
Still, Mota, Tudose Popescu, Simionescu and I begged to continue our fight; beg for sacrifice, for nothing would come of capitulation but shame and humiliation. And it was impossible that, because of the sacrifice, something better should not bear fruit for our nation. At 8 o'clock it was already dark. Out in
the city, we hear noise and commotion.
Constantin Pancu, the veteran wrestler from 1919, surrounded by students, stood outside. A large number of townspeople, gathered at the Café Tufii carrying torches, tried to advance up the hill towards the University to bring us several bags of bread.

We all jump to the windows to look out. Protesters broke the Tufli Café cordon and ran up the hill. A second cordon on Coroiu Street was also broken in a hard fight. We hear bursts of "Hurrah's". In the same way, a third cordon was overcome. We prepared to attack from the inside, to get out, but our people from the outside were unable to break through the fourth cordon. Pancu's voice could be heard, his bag of bread at his feet: "They are our children."

We were crying tears of joy. It is for these people that we fight, and that would not let us down. At 9 o'clock
negotiations began between us and the authorities through Napoleon Cretu. All the students were promised immediate freedom as long as I was handed over to them. The students refused. Around 11 they let us know that we could leave in groups of three, naturally intending to arrest me as we left. We accept. Every minute, a group of three departed. At the door, they were closely examined by four commissioners and agents. I quickly took off my national dress, gave it to a comrade and put on his clothes. I left with Simionescu and a third student. When the door opened, I took some coins out of my pocket. Upon reaching the pavement, all the stewards looked down and asked:

"What have you lost, gentlemen?"
We, also with our heads tilted, looking for the
coins, replied: "No change."

Simioneseu stayed talking to them, looking for money by striking matches, while I ran away.

We scheduled the continuation of our congress for the second day outside the city at the Monastery of Cetatuia in the utmost secrecy. I crept there disguised as a locomotive stoker and was lucky not to be recognized even by the marshals.
Ion Mota presided.

With our sentries placed in strategic positions, we could detect the approach of anyone from a kilometer away. We worked in silence and stayed there late that day. Proposals were made, decisions

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sockets. It was also at this meeting that December 10 was proclaimed a national holiday for Romanian students.

On the third day, deliberations continued in a small forest on Mount Galata. By majority, it was decided to continue the strike. A five-person action committee was elected to direct the actions of the entire student movement in all universities. The committee members were: Ion Mota in Cluj, Tudose Popescu in Cernauti, Ilie Gameata in Iasi, Simioneseu in Bucharest and myself. By forming this committee, the old student leadership in Bucharest, insufficiently informed and indecisive, fell for good. He continued in the name, but he no longer led. For the first time, it was officially decided to give the movement a new orientation: on the one hand, to fight against political parties, which we considered far from our nation, and on the other hand, to strengthen faith in a new Romanian movement that should be officially supported by students. to achieve victory, "The Christian National Defense League."

The congress concluded its work on the fourth day at the home of Mrs. Ghica on Carol Street. In the evening everyone left for their university and I left for Campul-Lung to organize the LANC congress in Bucovina in which Professor Cuza and all the leaders of the movement were to participate. I had difficulty getting there as a warrant had been issued for my arrest.
As I traveled, I was delighted with all the congress decisions that were in the spirit of our opinions, but above all because we won a man to our side: Ion Mota, the president of the Petru Maior Center in Cluj.

THE LANC CONGRESS IN CAMPUL-LUNG

The congress at Campul-Lung took place on Monday, September 17, 1923.
We only kept it after a hard battle, because the government had forbidden it, and to enforce its decree it sent troops from Cernauti under the command of a colonel. Strong cordons of troops were placed at each entrance to the city.
We concentrated all our forces on the western entrance to the city, from Sadova, Pojorata. There we broke the cords, thanks to the archers of Vatra-Dornei and Candreni, giving us a full hour to get the entire convoy of several hundred wagons through.

The congress was held in the city cemetery. The speakers were: Professor C, Uza, my father, Dr. Catalin, President of LANC for Bucovina, Tudose Popescu; then the brothers Octav and Valerian Danieleanu, who enthusiastically organized this imposing congress with the help of Dr. Catalin. Those proud mountain peasants with their long hair, dressed in white shirts and coarse cloth coats, upon hearing the sound of the long mountain horn, flocked to their city, many in number and stormy as never before. They thought that the time had come, awaited for centuries, for the Romanian to trample the hydra that was sucking him in and for him to emerge to assume his rights as lord of his country, its mountains, its rivers and its cities. They carried the burden of war. Your blood sacrifice on all fronts created Great Romania. But, much to their chagrin and disappointment, Greater Romania did not live up to their expectations.

Because Greater Romania refused to break the chains of Jewish slavery that tortured them for so long.
Greater Romania abandoned the myth for further Jewish exploitation" and brought down on their heads the lashes of politicians who would send them to prisons when they tried to claim their stolen historical rights.
A forest in Bucovina, all those mountains laden with former belonging to the Orthodox Church, which were now steeped in politics and far away, were given to the Jew Anbaub to exploit firewood for the unheard-of price of 10 lei per cubic meter, while the Romanian peasant had to pay 3.50 lei.

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Mountain forests fall under the merciless Jewish axe. Poverty and sadness spread through the Romanian villages, the mountains turn to barren rock, while Anhauh and his kin constantly and tirelessly carry their gold-laden coffers across the border. The Jew's partner in crime in exploiting the misery of thousands of peasants was the Romanian politician who gorged on his share of that fabulous profit.

The demonstration delegated 30 important peasants to Bucharest under the leadership of Dr. Catalin and Valer Danieleanu, see the Prime Minister and ask him to take action against the devastation of their mountains, revoking the contract of the Anhauh Church and thus show their love and gratitude to the young people who have awakened them to battle, pray ask him to put "humerus clausus" in the schools, Tudose Popescu and I were also chosen by the rally to accompany the 30 peasants to Bucharest.

* The Romanian monetary unit. ***(Tr.)***

I left before them for Bucharest, in order to ensure that these peasants who came to their country's capital for the first time would be well received by the students. These peasants approached Bucharest with so much purity of heart, with so much pain and so many expectations, to defend our cause as well as theirs. The expense of travel was disproportionately large compared to their meager resources.

Upon arrival in Bucharest, the students received them royally - these all-time kings of the Romanian people - and they got off the train in their holy capital with eyes full of tears. But behind the train station, prosecutor Rascanu, police commissioners and strings of gendarmes were waiting to prevent them from passing. The gendarmes and police commissioners were ordered to attack us.
Rifle bodies and sticks rained blows on the peasants' white heads and serene faces. The furious students then, placing the old peasants in the midst of their group, attacked e. broke the first cordon, rushing towards the Polytechnic School, where they broke the second, then a third, and fled to Matache Macelaru Square. The peasants wept. One of them, seized by uncontrollable indignation, tore his shirt. The next day we all went to Rua Gogu Cantacuzino to the ministerial presidency to be welcomed by the prime minister.

We were postponed to the next day; finally we were told that we would be welcomed on the third day. We came. We went into a hallway and waited for about an hour, in silence, talking in whispers and tiptoeing. The head of the office appeared.

"Gentlemen, go home, the Prime Minister cannot receive you. He is entering the Council of Ministers."

"But we've come a long way," we try to say. The door was closed in our faces. I was thinking: each man spent 1,000 lei on his ticket alone. Are we going to go home without doing anything? They can no longer stay in Bucharest. I grabbed the door with both hands and started to shake it with all my might. shouting at the top of his lungs, "Let us in, or I'll break down the door and come in by force."
I kicked the door open with my foot. The peasants gave a clamor and leaned their shoulders against the door. The door opened and about ten startled individuals appeared, hair standing on end, faces yellow. I think they were

journalists: "What do you want, gentlemen?" they asked.
"Tell the prime minister that if he doesn't let us in we'll break everything here and force our way in." Several minutes later, the doors opened in front of us and we entered. We went up a flight of stairs. There in a hallway, standing tall and

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straight as a pole stood Ion Bratianu; behind him, ministers Angelescu, Florescu, Constantinescu, Vintila Bratianu and others.

"What do you want, good men?" he asked.

We two young students were still indignant and would have liked to appear more fierce, thus conveying the truest note of the group's mood, but the peasants having trodden their country shoes on marble stairs and plush rugs, softened.

“Your Highness, Prime Minister, we kiss your hands and stand respectfully at your feet. What do we want? roof leaks, for we lack even tiles to cover them. We can no longer keep our children in schools. The Jews have also filled our schools, and our children will become their indentured laborers."

Then other peasants spoke. Ion Bratianu listened, made no mention of our confusion in the antechamber, and finally, after the peasants added: "We also ask university students, our children, that the numerus clausus be implemented as they requested", he replied: "Go home and have patience because I will have the forest issue examined; as for the numerus clausus, this cannot be done.

Show me just one single state in Europe that introduced it. This measure and I will also present it.

But Europe would wake up just ten years later and introduce numerus clausus, thus recognizing our just cause. However, Ionel Bratianu would not live long enough to keep his promise, and his successors would only be low-ranking servants of Judaism who would raise their fists to strike us and

kill us by order of your alien masters.

We all leave, without hope. Nothing will be done. As an immediate aftermath of the hearing, several hours later, Dr. Catalin, who headed the delegation, and Valer Danieleanu were arrested. That night, a group of students staged a hostile demonstration outside the home of the Minister of the Interior. Student Vladimir Frimu was arrested and imprisoned in the Vacaresti prison. The rest of us left for Campul-Lung.

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THE STUDENT'S WORK OF OCTOBER 1923

AN ATTEMPT AT REVENGE TO SERVE AS AN EXAMPLE FOR GENERATIONS FUTURE

Mota also came to Campul-Lung to join me, going up to Petru's hermitage on Rarau mountain - the mountain I particularly love. As Rares climbed, Mota shared with me his inner turmoil:

"Students can no longer continue next fall, and rather than all of us accepting a shameful capitulation after a year of struggle, it would be better to urge them to resume classes and we, who lead them, end the movement nobly by sacrificing ourselves and taking with us all those we consider most guilty of having betrayed Romanian interests.

"Let's look for guns and shoot them, setting a terrible example to be remembered for a long time throughout Romanian history. What will become of us after this, whether we die or spend the rest of our days in prison, would no longer matter. "

I agreed that the final act of our struggle would be, at the price of our downfall, an act of punishment for the Pygmies who, abandoning the positions of great responsibility they held, humiliated and exposed the Romanian nation to unspeakable dangers.
At that moment, we felt the blood bubbling in our veins demanding revenge for all the injustices and for the long chain of humiliations to which our people had been subjected.

Shortly afterwards, they met at the home of Mr. Butnaru at 12 Saveseu St. Ion Mota, Corneliu Georgescu and Vernichescu frorri Cluj; Ilie Gameata, Radu Mironovici, Leonida Bandac and I from Iasi; and Tudose Popeseus of Cernauti. The first problem we had to face was deciding who the main culprits were; who were most responsible for the state of misery that took over the whole country: the Romanians or the Jews? We unanimously agree that the first and greatest culprits were the treacherous Romanians who, for the silver coins of Judas, betrayed their people. The Jews are our enemies and, as such, they hate, poison and exterminate us. The Romanian leaders who enter your camp are worse than enemies: they are traitors. The first and most violent punishment must fall first on the traitor, then on the enemy. If I only had one bullet and was faced by an enemy and a traitor, I would let the traitor have it. We agreed on the names of several people who betrayed their country, namely six cabinet ministers, George Marzescu heading the list.

After all, it was a remarkable time for those scoundrels who never imagined they would have to account for their deeds in a country where they considered themselves absolute masters of a people incapable of any reaction - the time when they would have to answer with their lives. This time, the Nation was sending its avengers through the invisible bonds of the soul.

Then we assume the second category: the Jews. Which should we choose between the two million? We pondered, discussed and finally concluded that the real leaders of the Jewish attack on Romania are the rabbis, all rabbis in every commercial town and village.

They lead the entire Jewish mass into the attack and wherever a Romanian falls, he doesn't fall by chance. He falls because he was marked by a rabbi. Behind every politician who sold out is the brain of a rabbi who laid the groundwork and ordered Kahal or the Jewish banker to close the deal and pay him off. Behind every Jewish newspaper to inspire slander, lies, instigation, there is a rabbi. But we are few, so we choose only "the big cats" from Bucharest. If we had numerical strength, we would have taken absolutely all of them.

Then we chose the bankers. Aristide and Mauritiu Blank, who corrupted all parties and all Romanian politicians by putting them on boards of directors and showering them with money; Bercovici, who financed the Liberal Party (Blank took charge in particular of the National Peasant Party, he felt able to buy out the Liberals as well). but if

Next, we look at the Jews in the press. The most insolent, the poisoners, of souls:

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* Ruler of Moldavia, 1527-1538; 1541-1546. ***(Tr.)***

Rosenthal, Filderman, Honiginann (Fagure), directors of the newspapers Dimineata ("The Morning"), Adevarul ("The Truth"), Lupta ("The Fight"), all these, the enemies of Romanianism.
We left for Bucharest in groups, saying goodbye to Iasi forever. I left a letter for the students in which I explained the justification for our gesture, said goodbye to them and urged them to return to classes, but to keep the faith until the final victory.
We all write to our parents and comrades in arms.

In Bucharest, we meet again at Danulescu's house. We had known him for some time and he made a good impression on us. He was not included in this team, but he hosted us with pleasure. We left his house that night at 8 o'clock to go to Dragos at 41st September 13th Street, where we were to clarify details and determine when our action should begin. We were barely assembled when a pale-faced Dragos entered the room, saying, "Brothers, the police have surrounded the house."

This was on the night of October 8, 1923, around 9 o'clock - a time of confusion when we didn't even have time to talk. We just direct our searching gazes at each other.

Then I went out into the hall where I could see the figure of General Nicoleanu and his commissioners who were forcing the door. In the next second, the door gave way and the house was filled with commissioners. General Nicoleanu shouted,
"Hands in the air!"
But we didn't have time, as each of us was grabbed by two stewards and put on the line: me on the right flank, then Mota, Corneliu Georgescu, Tudose Popescu, Radu Mironovici, Vernichescu, Dragos. "Turn over your revolvers!"
“We don't have any,” we replied. Only Mota had a Browning 6.35 and Vernichescu.
Then they took us out of the house, one at a time, each with our arms gripped by two flight attendants, and put us individually in waiting cars.

Behind us, in the house, Dragos's old mother was crying. The cars started. Where were they taking us, we wondered? We didn't say a word. We didn't ask questions to those who held us prisoner, who themselves also kept silent. After walking through some streets, we arrive at the Police Headquarters. They made us leave and go to a room where they searched our pockets. They took everything we had with us, including our collar and tie. This turning around, this ripping off our collars, this treatment as if we were pickpockets was very humiliating. But we were only at the beginning of this path of humiliation. With our faces to the wall, unable to turn our heads and 'held in this position for some time, we thought: "Free men several hours ago, proud and determined to break the chains of our people, look what we have become - some poor , impotent wretches staring stiffly at a wall on the orders of some miserable police officers, searched like thieves, stripped of our personal belongings."

It was with this humiliation that our great suffering began, which gradually broke our hearts. I think there is no greater suffering for a fighter who lives with dignity and honor than being disarmed and then humiliated. Death is always sweeter than that.

Then we were taken to a room and seated five meters away on benches, with the agents next to us, being forbidden to look at each other. We sat like that for hours until we were called in for questioning. Participants in those long and painful hours were, in addition to myself, Mota, Tudose Popescu, Radu Mironovici, Corneliu Georgescu, Vernichescu and Dragos. After a while, one by one, we were called to be questioned, in a large room with the prosecutor, the investigating judge, General Nicoleanu and some government representatives there. It was my turn at dawn. There they placed before me some of my

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letters and two baskets containing all our revolvers which were hidden in a supposedly very secure place. I couldn't figure out how they got there. I could understand that we got caught, but who said where the weapons were hidden?

My questioning began. I had no idea what the others had declared, and we had no prior understanding between us as to what to declare, as we had not dreamed that we would find ourselves in such a situation. So I considered the situation and made the decision I thought was best.

One minute at the crossroads. When the first question was asked of me, even though three minutes had passed since I entered the room, I still hadn't assessed the situation well enough to make a decision. I felt oppressed by weariness and deeply shaken. And when I was asked to respond, I said, "Gentlemen! Please give me a minute's thought before I respond."
The question was - to deny or not to deny? In that minute, I strained all the powers of my mind and soul and decided not to deny anything. Tell the truth. And not with timidity or remorse, but with courage:

"Yes, these are our weapons. We wanted to shoot Jewish ministers, rabbis and big bankers with them."
They asked me their names.
When I started giving them their names starting with Alexandru Constantinescu and ending with the Jews Blank, Filderman, Bercovici, Honigmann, everyone present looked more and more wide, terrified. I suspected that the comrades, questioned before me, denied everything.

"Then why kill them?"
"The former because they betrayed their country. The latter as enemies and corrupters." "And you don't regret it now?"
"No, we don't regret anything... Although we fell, it doesn't matter... Behind us are tens of thousands who think the same way!"
Saying this, I felt freed from the rock of humility that I would have sunk even deeper under if I had denied everything. Now I was standing firm in the faith that had brought me here, proudly facing my destiny and those who seemed to have a life-or-death right over me. Had I denied everything, I would have had to be on the defensive against the accusation leveled at me, begging for leniency, winning the goodwill of my inquisitors. At the trial that was to follow, and on the basis of the written evidence in his possession, we would have to pass a painful and shameful test, denying our own writing and our own beliefs, denying the truth, which went against our conscience and the honor of our movement.
Representatives of a great student movement, must we lack the courage to take responsibility for our actions and faith?

In that case, the country and our comrades outside would not have learned our intentions, while the only fruit of our suffering - no matter how long it was - was precisely that the country enlightened itself to at least know its enemies better.

Then they demanded that I put these statements down on paper in my own handwriting. I did. At the end I added: "The date had not yet been decided. They caught us while we were discussing this. I proposed to move in a week or two." Whereupon the interrogators prevented me from insisting more and more that I not write down these details.

It was only later that I realized the reasons for this insistence - because my last sentence exploded the legal value of the entire complaint, being our defense, because a conspiracy requires four elements:
1. An association of individuals with an objective in mind.
2. The designation of victims.
3. The acquisition of weapons.
4. An established date for the action.

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But as we hadn't yet decided on a date to put the plan into action, we were still in the discussion phase. The fixing of the date was of capital importance, because in two weeks we could have fallen ill, the victims could have died, the government could have fallen or given in, etc. Our entire legal defense was based on this point.

After my testimony, the agents took me to a basement, where I was placed alone in a cell. The door was locked from the outside. I imagined that my comrades were occupying the neighboring cells. I banged the wall with my fist wondering who else was there. I received an answer: "Mota." I then lay down
on the boards to get some sleep as I was dead tired but not having a

heavy coat I shivered from the cold. Then the lice started biting me. They swarmed over me in thousands. I turned the boards over to the other side, the lice came on top, I repeated this operation several times until I thought it was daylight.
I heard a noise at the door. It was opened, and those of others, and we were all taken out; then placed in cars, each accompanied by two gendarmes and two commissioners. The cars left one after the other. And the same question crossed our minds.. "Where to?"

IN VACARESTI PRISON

We passed several unfamiliar streets, on which curious passers-by looked at us. We left the capital behind and the cars stopped in front of some big gates with the words "The Prison of Vacaresti" written on them.
We got out of the cars, flanked by soldiers with bayonets, ten meters apart. A creak of locks and chains was heard and the great gates were thrown open. One by one we crossed paths and, entering, we were led upstairs to the prison offices, where our arrest warrants were handed to us. We realized that we were arrested for conspiracy against State Security, with forced labor as a specified punishment.

We were then taken into another court, in the middle of which stood a tall church. All around were walls and along them cells. I was put in a cell at the back, four feet wide and two feet deep, then locked from the outside.
There was only a wooden bed inside, and near the door was a small iron-barred window. I wondered where my comrades were. So I laid my head on the boards and fell asleep. I woke up after two hours, shaking. It was cold and not a single ray of sunlight penetrated the cell. Stunned, I looked around and could hardly believe where I was. I looked well and saw the misery of the cell.
I said to myself, "Difficult situation." A wave of pain ripped through my heart. But I consoled myself: "It's for our people".

So I started doing gymnastic arm movements to warm up. Around 11 am I heard footsteps. A guard opened the door. I looked at him. Perhaps I met him at some point, I hoped. But he was a strange and ill-tempered man. He looked at me with evil eyes. He gave me a piece of bread and a plate of borsch. I asked him: - Guard, could you smoke a cigarette? "No not me!"

He locked me again and left. I broke the black bread and swallowed a few spoonfuls of borsch. So I placed them on the cement floor and started to collect my thoughts. I couldn't understand how they found us. Was one of us careless enough to talk about our project with anyone? Did someone betray us? How did they find our revolvers?

Again, I heard footsteps. I looked out the window, a priest and several men were approaching my cell. They said, "Well,
gentlemen, is it possible that you educated young people could do such a thing?"

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"If it is possible for this Romanian people to perish invaded by Jews and being oppressed by the treachery, licentiousness and ridicule of their leaders, then what we have done is also possible."
"But you have so many cool means!"
"We've gone through all the legal paths so far. If only one had been opened for us, we might not have landed in these cells."

"And now, is that good? You will have to suffer for your actions!"
"Perhaps out of our suffering will come something better for this people" They left.
Around 4 o'clock a guard came bringing me a shabby blanket and a big bag full of straw instead of a mattress. I evetied-up the bag as soon as I could. Then I ate some more bread and lay down. I was meditating on the conversation I had with the priest and thinking: “A people never gain anything from their children's celebration and coexistence. It was always the suffering that

resulted in good earnings for him. "
I managed to find a purpose for our suffering and at the same time some moral support for these sad hours. So I got up, knelt down and prayed, "Lord! We take all the sins of this nation upon us. Receive this suffering of ours now. Make a better day for this people come through this suffering."

Then I thought of my mother and the people back home who might have heard of my fate and might be thinking of me. I prayed for them and lay down to sleep.

Although he was dressed and covered with a blanket, he was cold and slept badly on that straw mattress. I was woken up at 8 am when a guard opened the door and asked me if I wanted to come out for a few minutes. I went out and did some gymnastics to warm up.

The row of cells, of which mine was one, was slightly higher than the others, so I could see the whole courtyard. Suddenly, I saw someone wearing a national costume walking among the inmates. It was my father. But I couldn't believe it. What was he doing here? Was he arrested too? I made some signs and he saw me. The guard stopped me: "Sir! You are not allowed to signal." "He's my father," I replied.

"Could be, but you are not allowed to signal"
I looked at him and said, "Comrade, leave us alone to God's care with the suffering He has given us; add no more." And I went back to my cell.
After lunch they took me out again. They flanked me between bayonets and led me out of the prison, where, on the road, we were all placed in a single file 10 meters apart, each between two bayonets. My father led the column between two soldiers, bayonets in hand.

There were some new inmates; Traian Breazu from Cluj, Leonida Bandac from Iasi and Danulescu. We weren't allowed to turn our heads or signal to each other. For just a second, I caught a glimpse of the sunken faces of my poor suffering comrades. What tormented my heart was the injustice my father was being subjected to. He wasn't guilty of anything. A lifelong fighter for this nation, a teacher in secondary schools, a major, former battalion commander on the front lines throughout the war, several times a member of Parliament, not an obscure one, he was now paraded through the streets of Bucharest between bayonets. . So we left in a column marching towards the Court. The Romanians looked at us with indifference. But when we got to the Jewish quarter, all the Jews left through doors and windows. Some threw us outrageous looks and laughed; others commented aloud, others spat.

We bow our heads and walk like this, all the way, with our hearts full of pain.

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In court, our arrest warrants were upheld. We were defended by attorney Paul Iliescu, who was the first attorney to step forward to plead our case. We were then sent back in the same formation', on the same path. We could see on newsstands the headlines of Dimineata ("The Morning") and other Jewish newspapers, "Student Conspiracy. Conspirators Arrested." And again I got to my cell phone. I stayed there in the cold for two weeks, not knowing more about the others or news from outside.

After two weeks that felt like two centuries, we were taken out of our cells and placed in heated rooms, in groups of three. We were allowed to cook and eat together.

When we saw each other again, it was like a real holiday. I was supposed to share a room with Dragos and Danulescu. Meanwhile, Garneata, the president of the Student Christian Association, turned himself in so that our number would increase to 13. My father, free from all blame; Mota, Garneata, Tudose Popescu, Corneliu Georgescu, Radu Mironovici, Leonida Bandac, Vernichescu, Traian Breazu and myself, charged with conspiracy; Dragos and Danulescu, arrested for taking us in.
In addition to these, there was Vladimir Frimu, who had been arrested when we demonstrated in front of the Minister of the Interior's house. We got a primus stove on which we cooked food sent from abroad by relatives and friends. The regular prison food was something frightening, and the misery in which the prisoners lived, indescribable.

My father obtained permission from the prison administration for us to go every morning at 7 o'clock to the courtyard church to pray. We all knelt before the altar saying the "Our Father" and Tudose Popescu sang Prea Sfanta Nascatoare de Dumnezeu ("Most Holy Virgin Mary").

There we found solace for our sad prison life and hope for tomorrow. Each of us has established a work schedule for ourselves. Mota busied himself with matters related to the approaching trial; Danulescu studied for his medical exams. I was working on plans for organizing youth in the national struggle .. organizing student centers, youth in villages and students in secondary schools. I worked it out to the smallest detail, up to Christmas time, so that if we got out of prison, we could put it into practice; if not, we decide to find someone from the outside to implement it.

This should be done within the framework of the League which would be the political arm, while our section would be for youth education and struggle.
On November 8th, feast of the Holy Archangels Michael and Gabriel, we were discussing a possible name for this youth organization. I said, "Let it be 'Michael the Archangel'."

My father said: "There is in the church, on the left door of the altar, an icon of St. Michael."
"We will see!" Mota, Garneata, Corneliu Georgescu, Radu Mironovici, Tudose and I went to look and we were really amazed. The icon appeared to us of unsurpassed beauty. I have never been drawn to the beauty of any icon. But now, I felt connected to this one with all my soul and I had the feeling that the Archangel was alive. Since then, I have come to love this icon. Whenever we found the church open, we went inside and prayed in front of that icon. Our hearts were filled with peace and joy. The torture of our trips to the Tribunal resumed. On foot, between bayonets, in the mud, with worn-out shoes and wet feet. Some Jewish criminals who had defrauded the state of several hundred million lei were driven into the courthouse as we walked. Many times our trips were made unnecessarily, just to annoy us. I was called into court 25 times, only to be questioned by the investigating judge twice.

We have not changed any part of our initial testimonials.
One thought constantly worried us: "Who betrayed us?"
Night after night we tried to solve this riddle. We got to the point where we suspected each other. One morning I went to church to pray before the icon to

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reveal the traitor. That night, as we sat down to dinner, I said to my comrades: - I am obliged to bring sad
news. The traitor has been identified. He is among us sitting at the table with us. Everyone was looking at everyone else. Mota and I followed everyone's faces in hopes of a lead. I put my hand in my shirt pocket saying, "Now I will show you the proof."

At that moment Vernicheseu got up, hesitated a moment, gave Bandae the key to the food box and said: "I'm leaving."

We were puzzled by his departure, but resumed our discussion of the evidence which I refused to produce as I had none. When we left the table, we found Vernichescu alone. He addressed the US, "Codreanu suspects me."

I told him I didn't suspect anyone; thus we were reconciled.

Weeks and weeks passed and our prison life dragged on. We marked in pencil on the wall every day that passed. Life in prison was difficult, exhausting for the man who was born free, who lived with dignity. It was horrible to feel chained, inside high and hostile walls, far from your loved ones that you don't hear anything from. And even here you can't move much, as three-quarters of the time we're locked in our cells. Every night, the ominous noise of bolts being drawn on his door plunged him into a mood of sadness. The enemies of this nation were free outside, enjoying respect and the good life, while we, in addition to the moral indignities, often went to bed hungry and shivering all night long on beds of boards and straw. But finally happy days came our way. After two months of imprisonment, we received the news that the order for the release of my father and Danulescu had been received. For us, yes, a great joy. We helped them pack and soon they were taken away. We watched as they walked out until they passed

the first gate. I asked my father to tell my mother and the others not to worry.

The deliverance of any person is an occasion of great joy for those left behind. Everyone is happy. Perhaps, by the release of someone, each will be strengthened in the hope of obtaining their own freedom. After a while, Dragos, Bandac, Breazu, and Vernichescu left, having been dropped from the case, as were my father and Danulescu.

Only six of us remained, accused of "conspiracy against the security of the State". Several days later, Dragos sent word that it was Vernichescu who had betrayed us; he also made copies of the latter's testimony, which was on file.
We received this news with a heart full of bitterness. Ournation has always had its share of traitors.

OUTSIDE

At all universities, students returned to classes. There seemed to be a moment of disorientation. For two months they lived under the terror of the Jewish press which incessantly exaggerated the gravity of our attempt at revenge and its "disastrous" consequences for the country. It screamed that we had lost the trust of the "civilized world"; that we were a Balkan state. They constantly asked: "What will Berlin say?" "Vienna?", "Paris?" And so, transformed into defenders of "the permanent interest of the State", the Jews daily exhorted the country's leaders to take radical measures against the national movement which must be suppressed "with the utmost violence".

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A year earlier, when Max Goldstein planted the bomb in the Senate building and the police were arresting Communist Jews, the same press screamed: “A state cannot maintain itself against popular will by the use of violence.
Where is the Constitution? Where are the laws? Where are the constitutionally guaranteed freedoms? What will foreign countries say when a state takes such restrictive measures? A state cannot survive through arrests, prisons, bayonets, terror. For this violence the State uses will be returned by the crowd or isolated individuals. Force will be answered by force.
Terror, with terror. And they will not be blamed, but the State that provoked them."

And now, with a shame that only the blindfold fail to see, the same press wrote: “It is not enough that these terrorists are arrested. They must be condemned in such a way as to make an example of them. Even so, it is not enough: all those who propagate such anti-Semitic 'ideas' that cause so much damage to our country, must be arrested. This anti-Semitic weed must be pulled out, roots and all. And this matter must be dealt with ruthlessly and without leniency. "
To this torrent of hostility, the national press met with fierce resistance.
In addition to Universul ("O Universo") which always expressed a correct attitude towards manifestations of national conscience, the nationalist movement had the support of the following newspapers. Cuvantul Studentesc ("Voice of the Student") of the students of Bucharest, who only recently became an editor for our indefatigable comrades who were free: Simionescu, Rapeanu, Fanica Anastasescu, Danulescu and others whose names escape me. Dacia Noua ("New Dacia"), the students' organ in Cluj, conducted by Suiaga, Mocanu, Iustin lliesu, the poet and author of "The Students' Hymn".

Cuvantul Iasului ("The Word of Iasi"), organ of the Iasi students. Disapta-te Romane ("Awake, Ye Romanian"), organ of the students of Cernauti, recently moved to Campul-Lung, directed by Dr. Catalin and Danieleanu. Apararea Nationala ("The National Defence"), official organ of the LANC in Bucharest, with the unsurpassed articles of Professor Paulescu, from which we reproduce the following lines:

"... The same constraint through cold, hunger and terror, successfully used by Bolshevik Jews, was used on students."
"Who would have thought that the time would come when our children, the flower of the Romanian nation, would be obliged to celebrate the holiday of unification of all Romanians locked up in

the cellars of some prison or chased in the cold, without shelter, without food? "
"Probably you didn't realize you were waging a war against the entire Romanian nation." Unirea ("The Union"), organ of LANC, Iasi, directed by Professor Cuza, containing articles of immortal logic. Nationalistul ("The Nationalist"), popular organ of the League in Iasi. Libertatea ("Freedom"), Orastie's popular newspaper, belonging to Father Mota, which revealed our gesture in its true light, thus being the first to cut without hesitation the curtain of silence that enveloped us in those first moments.

The student body understood our sacrifice. That is why the student movement is increasingly mobilizing around these walls of the Vacaresti prison, where each student center had its representatives imprisoned.

The peasants also began to worry about our fate. They sent us money, held masses for us in churches, especially in the mountains of Bukovina and in Transylvania, where Libertatea ("Freedom") crept in.

Here is a small example:

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THE MOTI MITE FOR VACARESTI STUDENTS

(Cuvantul Studentesc No. 7, Year II, March 4, 1924)

Among the gifts of money received by the students imprisoned in Vacaresti prison from the peasants of all regions, there is one brighter and more precious than all the others, it is that sent by the Moti of the Apuseni Mountains. Scraping the bottoms of the pockets of their leather belts or the ends of their handkerchiefs, they gathered their 2, 3 or 5 lei to send their vouchers along the paths trodden by lancu, their former defender, and sent them along with their hearts, over the top the long, long way to Vacaresti through the mountains, where they heard that their children were imprisoned for wanting to save them from misery and injustice, from poverty and heartbreak. These contributions were sent from the poorest corner of our country, of which the song says with such bitterness and sadness, 'Gold is in the center of our mountains' as we ask from door to door.

' "The most precious gift was sent to the students of Vacaresti: a handful of coins and a fragment of the soul of a beggar 'starved and naked, without lodging', a soul that hides under a rag, his greatest treasure, moral health , that inexhaustible source of strength from which in times of great tribulation flows the salvation of the people!

Moti thinks about the students! Your soul begins to understand, to move, to forge a new ideal. This is the best and most eloquent sign! Hear some of their names, from the town of Risca, near Baia de Cris: "Nicolae Oprea, 2 lei; Nicolae Florea, 3 lei,. N. Haragus, Aron Grecu, Tigan Adam, A. Hentiu, N. Bulg, Ion Asileu, Al. Vlad, N. Borza, N. Leucian, Antonie Florea, A. Leucian, each 5 lei; N. Ciscut, A. Riscuta, Ion Ancu, Saliu Faur, each 10; N. Florea, priest and N. Rusu, each 15 lei; N. Baia, notary and Dutu Riscuta, each 20 lei. Total 210 lei. "

The peasants will soon understand and will come to our side with their strong and long-suffering souls, in anticipation of the hour of Justice.

THOUGHTS OF A NEW LIFE

Christmas holiday is here. There, in Vacaresti prison, we constantly think about our families back home and, especially during the long sleepless nights, we are relentlessly worried. When will our side win, we wonder? When do we get out of here? If we are sentenced to 10-15 years, will we be able to resist prison or will our suffering and worries undermine our health day by day until we die?

We float into the unknown. This state of uncertainty consumed us.

We would like the date of the judgment to be fixed once and for all so that we may know as soon as possible what fate awaits us.

The suffering and common destiny we had in store brought us closer and closer together, and discussions on the numerous issues raised led us to the same conclusion, gradually molding a uniform pattern of thought. The smallest questions about the national movement preoccupied us for hours and days. That's when we learned to think deeply and pursue a problem in all its ramifications, down to the smallest details. We resumed the study of the Jewish problem and its causes, its chances of solution. We establish plans of organization and action.
After a while, discussions were closed and we moved on to laws, indisputable truths and axioms.

We saw Romanians on the outside of our group, groping their way into our national problem and giving birth to a newspaper or a parody of an organization. We could see that they were coming to false conclusions on matters of doctrine, were uncertain on matters of organization, and totally lacked original ideas on matters of action. As a result of deeper reflection, we then perceive better and better that:

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1. The Jewish problem is not a utopia, but a serious life and death problem for the Romanian nation, the country's leaders grouped by political parties becoming more and more like toys in the hands of the Jewish manipulators.
2. This current political system, through its concept of life, its immorality and its democratic configuration from which it originates, constitutes a veritable curse that has fallen on the Romanian people.
3. The Romanian people will not be able to solve the Jewish problem unless they first solve the problem of their political parties. The first objective to be achieved by the Romanian people on their way to overthrow the Jewish power that oppresses and strangles them, will have to be the overthrow of this political system. A country has only the Jews and leaders it deserves. just as mosquitoes can only settle and thrive in swamps, so the former can only thrive in the swamps of our Romanian sins. In other words, to overcome them, we will first have to root out our own defects. The problem is even deeper than Professor Cuza showed us. The mission of this fight had been entrusted to the Romanian youth who, if they want to face the challenge of this historic mission, if they want to continue living, to continue to have a country, they must prepare and gather all their strength to lead the fight and victory. We decided that when we should get out of prison, with God's help, we would not be separated, but would remain united to dedicate our lives to this one goal.

But before we concern ourselves with the faults of our people, we begin by examining our own sins. We had long meetings in which each of us shared the faults he noticed in the others. And we strive to fix them.
It was a delicate matter, for man is also made: he does not take lightly criticism of his own shortcomings. Each one believes or wants to show that he is perfect. But we say: first we must know and correct our sins and then we will see whether or not we have the right to strive to improve others.

So the holidays passed and then the winter. Spring has come. We still didn't know anything about our future fate. But a great popular current in our favor was born outside supporting our cause, despite all the desperate efforts of the Jewish press to stop it. This current was steadily growing among students, townspeople and peasants, uniformly strong in Transylvania, Bessarabia, Bukovina and the Old Kingdom. Now we received letters of support and encouragement from all over the world.

Spring has finally brought us great joy. The trial was set for March 29 at the Court of Assizes in Ilfov. We started to prepare. But what kind of preparation could we do? We admit everything. We said everything we had to say. Lawyers who signed up to defend us came to visit. They called our attention to the seriousness of our position regarding our testimony, suggesting that we change it, as well as our whole attitude; which it would be wiser to deny. We categorically refused and asked them to defend us within the framework of our testimony, which we had no intention of altering in the slightest, whatever the outcome of the trial.

If by chance we are acquitted, how could we do without the icon before which we pray every morning? We searched through all the inmates until we found a painter. We asked him to make us a copy, and in three weeks he made an exact replica, six feet tall, and a small one for me.

continue my person, and a medium-sized rosary for my mother. Mota also had one made for his parents.

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Then we found out that, based on our testimony, we would certainly receive at least five years, and we knelt before the icon: "Lord Almighty! We consider these
five years lost for ourselves.
If we are acquitted, we pledge to consecrate them to the cause of our nation."
We decided that 91 of us would move to Iasi, if we were acquitted, to establish our center of activity there. From there, following the plans we had drawn up, we would start to organize all of the country's youth, starting with the high school boys and girls and working our way up to the youngest students; those in normal schools, professional schools, seminaries, business schools and finally youth in the villages. After that, university centers would be reformed. All these young people, we hoped, will grow up in the spirit of the faith that animates us, so that, as young adults, they will enter the political arena, where the fate of our struggle is to be determined and, being further augmented by new graduates year after year, they would be like waves of assault that approach without stopping.

THE ISOLATION OF POLITICIANS

The political system has infected our national life. Youth organization is needed, as is emphasis on the need for their further self-education, to protect and separate them from the infection of the political system. Allowing the infection of Romanian youth to continue means annihilation for us and a definite victory for Israel.

In addition, our organization of this youth will take care of the problem of our political system itself, which for lack of young recruits will starve. The slogan of the entire younger generation should be:

No young person should ever walk through the door of a political party; to be the one who does this is a traitor to his generation and his nation. For indeed, with his presence, name, money, work, he strengthens the power of politicians. Such a person is a traitor, just as he is a traitor who leaves his brother's side and goes to his enemy's camp. Although he cannot fire back with a gun if he only brings water to the shooter, he is an accomplice in the slaughter of those who fall among his betrayed comrades, consequently a traitor to his cause.

The theory that urges us all to join political parties to improve them - if we pretend they are bad - is false and perfidious. As it has been since the beginning of the world, day and night without interruption, it is only fresh water that has flowed into the Black Sea from thousands of rivers, never resulting in the salty sea water being sweetened, but rather the opposite: the same with us entering the cesspool. of political parties, not only will we not improve them, they will corrupt us.

These were the thoughts and resolutions that were most in our minds to implement when we were acquitted. Our organizational setup was ready. Our action plan was established down to the last detail. Everyone's part was set. The newspaper that would be launched would be called Generatia Noua ("The New Generation") and our organization as a whole would be called Archangelul Mihail ("The Archangel Michael"). All our flags should bear the image of St. Michael the Archangel from the Vacaresti prison church.

This organization, in our view, of the entire young generation, would be the youth section of the LA, NC political organization, having as its objective the education of this youth.
For us, this programme, conceived within the walls of Vacaresti prison, was the beginning of a new life. it represented something complete in inspiration, organization and action plan, unlike anything we had previously thought of. It was the beginning of a new world, a foundation on which we could build for years to come.

When we leave prison, we should go to all the university centers and share our decisions with the students, showing them that street demonstrations and clashes no longer have any reason to exist in the face of our new plan. We would still cling to our past expressions, not denying them as our own,

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don't be ashamed of them. But your time is up. We must all now engage in a great organizational task that will bring us victory.

AVOIDING BETRAYAL AND JUDGMENT

We saw Mota thoughtful. He was constantly telling us that once out, we wouldn't be able to make any progress unless we punished the traitor. It has always been treason that has undermined the strength of the nation, but we Romanians have never turned our guns against traitors; this is why betrayal took root and traitors multiplied in all spheres of life; that is why Romanian public life was nothing more than a permanent betrayal of the people. If we didn't solve this problem of betrayal, our work would be compromised.
We were very excited the night before our trial started.
At last, our fate was to be decided. In the morning we were taken to the office so that our families could see us. Corneliu Georgescu's parents were from Poiana Sibiului. Shortly after, Vernichescu entered. Mota took him by the arm as if he wanted to say something to him and the two went into a nearby room. Several minutes later, we heard seven shots and screams. We go out into the hall. Mota shot Vemichescu to punish him for his betrayal.

I jumped to Mota's side to defend him as he was surrounded by police and officials threatening him. When the commotion subsided, we were immediately taken away and placed in separate cells. Through the small windows we could see Vernichescu taken out of the ward on a stretcher on his way to the hospital.
In our cells, we all started whistling "Christian Students of Greater Romania", our struggle anthem, to accompany him until he disappeared through the prison gates. Two hours later, investigating judge Papadopol arrived. He led us up, one by one, to appear before him. We all made common cause with Mota.

The next day, after spending the night sleeping on cement floors, we were taken to court. Our situation was now very serious, but we, in the basement of the Court, sang our fight songs all the time.
The trial was supposed to start at one o'clock. From 10 am, thousands of students and citizens gathered around the Court. Around noon, all the capital's regiments were called up to control the crowd. At one o'clock we were conducted to the Court of Assizes. The presidency was Mr.
Davidoglu and the promoter was Mr. Racoviccanu. On the defense bench were professors Paulescu, Paul Iliescu, Nelu Ionescu, Teodorescu, Donca Manea, Tache Policrat, Naum, etc. After drawing lots of jurors, the definitive warrant was read in the midst of great silence. We listen. We realized that our fate was being decided. Then it was our turn to speak. The interrogation began. We admit everything but a final decision. We do not determine the date, but we show the reasons that led us to this action. We show the threat of the Jewish problem and accuse politicians of corrupting and betraying the nation. Despite many interruptions from the presiding officer, we continued our testimony to the end. There followed a severe, often unfair and insinuating accusation by the prosecutor. We felt the balance was tipped in your favor. But the prosecution's success was short-lived. Professor Paulescu read his statement in the ecclesiastical silence imposed by his great prestige and saintly figure: It was a short statement, but for the prosecutor who seemed to sink embarrassed in his armchair, a devastating statement.

A recess was made; it was already 8 pm. Outside, the crowd waited in ever-increasing numbers. Nelu Ionescu, Tache Policrat and others, and at the end, Paul Iliescu, spoke brilliantly. It was already 5 o'clock in the morning at this time. The prosecutor, through a new accusation, tried to regain the position and conquer the Court.
Our lawyers responded to him. At 6 o'clock we had our last word. Then we were taken out. The jurors began their deliberation. We waited more than half an hour, which felt like half a year. A little later we hear "Hurrah's". An officer brought us the news: "You are acquitted!"

We were then taken back to the courtroom where the acquittal verdict was read to us. Outside, people were still waiting. Knowing that we were

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acquitted, they began to sing "Hurrah's". We were loaded into a car which took us through unfamiliar streets back to Vacaresti for the

completion of the usual discharge formalities. We gather our belongings and icons, ready to leave that tomb with its long nights of turmoil and its sufferings. But poor Mota had to stay, who knows how long, to suffer alone from now on. We say goodbye to him. We hugged him with tears in our eyes and parted from him in deep pain. We set out to be free; he entered his cell again, in solitary confinement. Oh, how many more weeks would he have to lie alone in that cement!

As soon as we left, the first thing we did was go to Danuleseu and Dragos to ask their families for forgiveness for the trouble we had caused them and to thank them for their concern for us during our imprisonment.
Then we left for our homes, where our mothers and the whole family were waiting for us, rejoicing with eyes full of tears.

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AT IASI

At Iasi I was impatiently awaited by the younger comrades. I didn't meet any of my classmates there anymore; since last fall, they all spread out to their hometowns. I took my icon to the Church of St. Spiridon, where I placed it inside the altar. One after another I found all my friends and we were glad to see each other again. But our joy did not last long, for while I was strolling along Lapusneanu Street with my two sisters and about ten students, the police jumped us out of the blue sky, hitting us on the head with their rubber truncheons and hitting us with their butts. of their rifles.

Provoked in this way and hit for no reason in the Iasi where we had seen so many battles? In the Iasi where we defeated Jewish-communism at the university in 1919, 1920 and 1922? In the Iasi where we put in their place and held back for years crushing Judaism and its press? Struck in my own house?

Then I turned to give an answer. Indignation seemed to give me the strength of a lion and I would have been able to take on the entire police force, but my student friends clung to me, some to my arms, some to my legs. field like this, I received several additional blows with rifle butts. Bystanders began booing and yelling for the police. I returned home dejected, furious with whoever held me. But they were telling me.

"They have orders to provoke you, if you retaliate, to shoot and get rid of you." In the afternoon, together with Garneata and Radu Mironovici, I went to a student dormitory where the student leaders were gathered in a large room. They told us how, during the six months we didn't see each other, they fought and how much it took; how they returned to class and how they managed the situation so as not to be humiliated; how on November 1st, the opening day, a religious service was held in the auditorium in front of all the students and teachers and what the student Lazarescu said at the time: “We are going back to classes, but not now. a memorandum to our professors and the University Senate, awaiting a satisfactory response. "

He then told us how this memorandum was introduced and how the university professors headed by Pro-Chancellor Bacaloglu conceded most of the points in the memorandum. On November 6, students resumed classes. The teachers knew how to avoid an unfair humiliation of the students who fought for an entire year for their beliefs.

They went on to tell us how Marzescu, the Minister of the Interior, brought in his own man as Prefect of Police, giving him free rein to crush the student movement and the national movement in Iasi; how this man, with the help of his entire police force, engaged in this work.
Because the students went back to class and silence was restored, and not knowing how to earn his laurels and get paid, he began to tease them.
They also told us how, on December 10, the female students heading to the Cathedral were met by drunken police officers who beat them with their rubber truncheons, grabbed them by the hair - in full view of the teachers - and dragged them through the mud in the road; how, one by one, the students were beaten; how on December 10 the student Gheorghe Manoliu, the choir director, was beaten on the ankles with rods and then arrested; like him, kept by the police in a state of great misery,

contracted jaundice and died in hospital.
Iasi's students have had a hard time these six months.
We, in turn, told them our tribulations, reminding them that it was our duty to get Mota out of prison. in the end, we gave an account of our plans for the future.

How should we organize our entire generation, raise and educate them in a heroic spirit; how we would have to isolate the political system so that no young man would ever enter its ranks, and how he could be defeated and how the LANC with Professor Cuza could enter; as only through a nationalist government, the expression of our Romanian conscience, strength and health, the problem

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Judaism could be resolved by taking legal action to protect the Romanian element and halting the Jewish invasion. As our generation has the great and sacred mission of reviving this

consciousness, this strength and this vitality. That we, the "vacarestians", decided that we should all come to Iasi and establish here the center of this action that we would place under the protection of Saint Michael the Archangel. Our comrades heard and received our plans for the future with great joy. After the meeting, we visited Professors Cuza, Gavanescul, Sumuleanu, etc., sharing our thoughts with them as well.

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A YEAR OF GREAT TESTS MAY 1924 - MAY 1925

THE CHRISTIAN CULTURAL HOME

Our meetings, in view of the plan we were trying to follow, were held with difficulty, because we did not have our own place. All of us being poor, we couldn't afford to rent at least two rooms to start organizing the youth. We find ourselves in a wooden barracks left over from the war in Mrs. ghica. One day we decided to build a house with several rooms.

But how should we do this? On May 6, 1924, I gathered about 60 young people, college and high school students (members of the first Brotherhood of the Cross* founded in Iasi). And this is how I spoke to them: "Dear comrades, how long are we going to sweat holding our meetings in this barracks? Until now, Romanian students had the right to meet in their own university buildings. But we were expelled.

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Until yesterday we had the right to meet in our grantees. We were also expelled from here. Today we find ourselves in a degraded barracks, where it rains. In all cities, students receive help in their noble pursuits.
Here, there is no one to help us, because the population around us is made up of multitudes of enemy Jews and politicians devoid of feeling. Our Romanians are pushed to the outskirts of cities where they live in black misery. We are alone. The power to carve out another destiny for us, now as tomorrow, we will only find in ourselves.
We must get used to this idea, that between God and us, there is no one to help us. "That's
why there is no other solution but to build the house we need with our own hands. It's true that none of us built houses or made bricks. I can understand that we first need courage to break the mentality in which we grew, the mentality that makes the young intellectual who, on the second day after becoming a student, is ashamed to carry a package in the street, we need courage and will to start from scratch, mill to uproot obstacles and overcome difficulties. "

Olimpiu Lascar, a small builder with a big heart, who owned a house at Ungheni on the Pruth River, encouraged me in my idea, saying to us: "Gentlemen,
I suggest you come and make the bricks at Ungheni, where I have land
that I will leave let them stay. I also place my house at your disposal."

We accept your proposal. But we didn't have the money to pay our ticket to Ungheni. We needed about 300 lei for about 20 people. This money was also given to us by Olimpiu Lascar.

* The "Irmandades da Cruz" are the "nests" in which young "brothers of the cross" gather in secondary schools. See also the chapter "The early beginnings of the organization" in the section "The Legion of the Archangel Michael" p.244; see also footnote on p.248. ***(Tr.)***

THE FIRST WORK CAMP May 8, 1924

On the 8th of May we left for Ungheni, some by train, others on foot. There were 26 of us. We had nothing: no shovels, no tools of any kind, no money, no food. Lascar, who was waiting for us, welcomed us. "Welcome, gentlemen! The market town of Ungheni is full of Jews, like a beehive. Perhaps, seeing you, they act less impertinent. We Christians, only a handful, are terrified for them.
" Finally, we formed some delegations to go to the Christians' homes, trying to borrow shovels, shovels and other necessary tools. The next day, we went to a plot of land on the banks of the Pruth River. The local priest said a prayer for us. We worked for more a week to reach the good soil, as it was our bad luck that for more or less so many years the city's residents dumped their garbage there, forming a layer almost two meters thick in some places. which I fondly remember old Chirosca, we started working with clay and making bricks.We were divided into teams of five, each making 500 bricks a day, reaching a total of 3,000 a day.

Later, when our numbers grew, we earned even more, working from 4 am to night. The big problem was

Food. In the beginning, it was the Ungheni people who helped us; later on groceries were sent to us from Iasi as well. Our former teachers, Cuza and Sumuleanu, looked at our undertaking with some suspicion. They thought it was childish, thinking we wouldn't succeed. However, after some time, they began to appreciate our efforts and even helped us.

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When Corneliu Georgescu left the University of Cluj, where he had completed a year in pharmacy, and came to Iasi, in agreement with the others, we handed over to the pottery the 17,000 lei donated while we were imprisoned in Vacaresti, which he had kept for us. However, as the feeding problem was serious, Mrs. Ghica lent us a two-acre plot, which was planted by other teams of students, to grow the necessary vegetables in Ungheni. Our work was now in two places, one group of students working at Ungheni, another at Iasi in the garden, changing every three or four days. Our first fieldwork had the effect of generating a revolution in the thinking of the time. Everyone from everywhere - peasants, workers and no less intellectuals came to observe us, full of curiosity. These people were used to seeing students strolling, smartly dressed, on Lapusneanu Street or singing songs of joy around tables in beer halls in their free time.

Now they saw them working clay with their feet, muddy to their waists; hauling river water in buckets from the Pruth River; bending over the shovel in the heat of the sun. These people were witnessing the collapse of a hitherto dominant concept, namely that it is shameful for an intellectual to work with his hands, especially in heavy work, previously attributed to slaves or despicable classes. The first to understand the value of the countryside, from this point of view, were precisely the members of the humble classes. Peasants and workers, socially separated from other categories, shy because their work was not appreciated, showed their charm on their faces, seeing in this at first sight a sign of appreciation for their exhausting work and esteem for them. They felt honored and perhaps imagined better days for themselves and their children in the future.

Therefore, from the little they had, they brought us food daily, with joy.
Student life passed calmly. There were no more street demonstrations and incidents. We worked full of joy, hope, thinking that we would soon have: our own house,

A NEW BREATH

One day my father went to Iasi and I met him there. Around 10 pm I was on my way home. In Union Square I heard a noise in a restaurant and stopped to see what was going on. Two students, the Tutoveanu brothers of Barlad, were having an altercation with Professor Constantinescu-Iasi. The prefect of police arrived at the scene, handcuffed the students and took them to the police station, beating them. I, without saying anything, just watched this scene with sadness. Then I noticed that Commissioner Clos accompanied by 3 or 4 policemen were coming towards me. Two steps away from me he shouted: "What are you doing in the street at this hour, you good-for-nothing?"

Perplexed, I just looked at him. Because he had known me for so many years, I couldn't imagine that he would address me like that. I thought he took me for someone else. But I felt grabbed by the neck and pushed back. Then again: "Are you already staring at me? Tramp... crook!"

I didn't say anything but stood my ground looking at them. So, blow after blow, pushed by the four policemen, I was "taken" more than 30 meters to the corner in Smimov. Here, I took off my hat, saluted them and said, "I thank you, gentlemen."
Deeply hurt, crushed by pain and shame, I returned home to spend that night in torment. it was the second time in my life that I had been hit, both times in the same month. I controlled myself. But you oppressors of the whole world lack the power of self-control. He who controls himself will one day explode terribly. The next day I told my father what happened to me. "Leave him alone," he said. "Do nothing. Two slaps to such a person's face only gets their hands dirty. The time for their justice will come, rest assured. They are probably doomed to

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tease you. But you must control yourself and try not to go out alone anymore. "
I took your advice, but it seems that a man who has been beaten and does not retaliate is no longer a man. He feels ashamed, disgraced. I carried this dishonor like a big stone in my heart. But the worst was yet to come several days later.

SUPPRESSED BY BLOWS IN THE GARDEN

The garden was all devastated. We came from Ungheni to put tomatoes. At 5 am on May 31, 50 students were ready to start work.
Still in formation, as we finished roll call, I noticed several soldiers at the back of the garden. Then over 200 of them burst into the courtyard carrying their weapons.
They surrounded us. I told the boys,
"Everybody stay still. Don't react."
At the same moment, I saw like a black cloud a group of about 40 men around the gate, running at a pace, revolvers in hand, shouting and cursing.
It was Mayor Manciu and his police. They were at our side in no time. Two commissioners and the chief of police put three gun barrels against my forehead. They looked at me with bloodshot eyes, cursing. Manciu yelled, "Tie your hands behind your back!"

He hit me. Two others lunged at me, yanked my belt and tied my hands tightly. Then a blow from behind caught me in the right chin. Another, Vasiliu Voinea, approached and whispered in my ear:

"Before nightfall, we'll kill you! You won't live to drive out the Jews!"
He cursed and kicked me; then blows rained down on my face and some spat in my face. Our entire front, now blocked between rifles and revolvers, stood immobilized, staring helplessly to come to my aid.

Dona Ghica came down, demanding:
"What does this mean, Mr. Mayor?"
And he replied:

"I'll arrest you too!"
A little to the side, I saw the Buzea prosecutor, witnessing the scene. Guns in hand, those in custody were searched. Anyone who moved was hit and knocked to the ground. After that, flanked by eight gendarmes with fixed bayonets, they had me 10 yards ahead; the others were likewise flanked by 200 gendarmes. And they took us away. I was in front, hands tied behind my back, my face spit, followed by the others. We were thus escorted along Carol Street, before the University, on Lapusneanu Street, Union Square, on Cuza-Voda, to the Prefecture of Police.

The mayor and his officers walked along the sidewalks rubbing their hands. The Jews, jubilant in front of their shops, greeted them respectfully.
I, sad, could barely see in front of my eyes, I felt that from now on everything was over.
Several high school students passing by
stopped and tipped their caps at me. They were immediately arrested, mistreated and placed with the rest of the US. After being paraded like this more than a kilometer through the middle of the city before the Jewish population, in this state of utter humiliation, we were taken to the Prefecture of Police. They threw me tied as I was, into a filthy hut; the others were kept in the backyard.

UPSTAIRS, AT THE MAYORS' OFFICE

One by one, the young prisoners were taken to the mayor's office for questioning. The mayor was sitting at his desk and the other interrogators, more than 30 of them, sat in chairs around him. "What did Codreanu tell you?" he demanded.

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"He didn't tell us anything, Mr. Mayor," replied the student or young college student. "You will declare now everything he told you!"

The interrogator's shoes were taken off and his ankles chained. A gun was thrust between them and he was lifted upside down, the gun being held on his shoulders by two soldiers. Manciu, without his coat, began hitting the soles of the victim's feet with an ox tendon. Poor children, with their heads down, thus beaten on their feet, unable to bear the pain, began to scream.
Realizing that they faced these henchmen-commissars who gustofully mocked the appalling picture - in which the children of the Romanian nation were being tortured by some scoundrels paid by the enemy - far from any heart that could cry for them and intervene on their behalf, they cried out :

"Help!"

Then Commissioner Vasiliu lowered their heads into buckets of water so that their cries of pain and despair could not be heard outside. When finally the pain became unbearable and they felt their bodies couldn't take it anymore, they screamed that they would admit everything. The prefect went to his desk in anticipation of his confession and the victims, their legs free, looked around in a daze. Then they burst into tears, falling to their knees before the mayor: "Forgive us, sir, but we don't know what to declare."

"No? Don't want to? Lift him up again!" he ordered his commissioners and gendarmes. And each poor child, with a frozen heart, watched the preparations for his agony begin anew. Again raised upside down on the gun, again beaten in the feet. Again, they felt one by one the mayor's blows falling on their feet. Her feet were bloodied, black as ebony, swollen so that they could not wear shoes. Among those tortured were: the son of the current Ilfov county prosecutor, Dimitriu; Major Ambrozie's son, with a broken eardrum, who later became a commissioner at the same prefecture of police.

Beaten in this way, they were carried into a separate secret room.
Around 9 o'clock I was called. With my hands still tied and anesthetized, two gendarmes accompanied me to the mayor's office. There, he sat behind a table and around him sat more than 30 men, commissioners, auxiliary commissioners and agents. I looked into her eyes. Perhaps among them I can find a compassionate heart. But I found nothing but general satisfaction; Everyone was smiling: Botez, the Chief of Security, Dimitriu, the Director of

Prefecture,

Commissioner Vasiliu, Clos and the others. The mayor took out a sheet of paper. I wrote down my name, then:

"What exactly is your name?"
"I'm Corneliu Codreanu, legal doctoral candidate and barrister in the same bar as you."
"Take him down!"
Three individuals, servile scoundrels, lunged at me and knocked me down in front of their desk. "Take his shoes off!"
They took them off, one man for each shoe. "Put chains on him!"

They chained my feet. I said to them: "Lord

Mayor, now you are the strongest, master of life and death; but tomorrow, when I leave here, I will take revenge on you and on the one who cursed me."

At that moment, I heard noise and voices in the hallway.
Professor Cuza was arriving with Professor Sumuleanu and the children's parents: Colonel Nadejde, Maj. Dumitriu, Butnariu, Maj. Ambrozie and others, accompanied by the prosecutor and medical examiner, Professor Bogdan.

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The mayor and the others jumped out of their chairs and into
the hall. I heard the mayor say.
"What do you want here? I ask you to
leave!" Then Professor Cuza's voice:
"Who do you think you are expelling? We came to see you so that you would expel
us? We came accompanied by the prosecutor as whistleblowers against you."
"Gendarmes, throw them out!" ordered the mayor.

Professor Sumuleanu stood at the door of the room where the victims were locked and
said.

"Mr. Prosecutor, we will not leave this room until this room is
opened for us." Several commissioners.
"There is no one in this room. It is
empty. Professor Sumuleanu:

"Let this room be opened now!"
With the intervention of the attorney, the room was opened and six young people were
helped by their parents and taken to the City Hall. The coroner, Professor Bogdan, examined
them all, issuing medical certificates. Several hours later, all those in the yard
were released. I was held for two more days, after which I was sent to the investigating
judge.

He released me. I said to him,

"Your Honor, if justice is not done, I will do it myself."
I went home Professor Cuza with Liviu Sadoveanu came to see me.
"We heard you said you wanted to take the law into your own hands. Don't do any of that.
We will report this to the Home Office demanding an investigation. It's impossible that we
won't receive satisfaction."

ON RARAU MOUNTAIN

I was morally devastated. All my plans failed. I left the pottery and the garden to fate and
boarded the first train to Campul-Lung in Bucovina, where, along the green paths, I slowly
climbed the mountain, carrying with me the burden of my soul and the humiliation of
yesterday, as well as the enigmatic torments regarding the future. It seemed I had no friend
in the world except the mountain - the Rarau, with its hermitage. When I was about 4500
feet up, I stopped.

I looked at mountains and hills for hundreds of miles, but no sight before my eyes could replace

the image of infamy and humiliation to which I was exposed along with my comrades; I
could still hear her sobs and it hurt. It was getting dark. Not a living soul around. just trees
with vultures screaming around the barren cliffs.
I only had my heavy coat and a loaf of bread with me. I ate some bread and drank some of
the water that flowed from the rocks. I gathered pieces of wood to make myself a shelter, a
hut. I lived here in this room for a month and a half. The little food I needed was brought to
me by the shepherds from old Piticaru's pen.
I was sullen and ashamed to go down among people. I asked myself: what sins could I have
committed that God would send this misfortune on my head just now, when I was ready to
launch such a grand and beautiful plan? I wrote Mota:

"I don't know what ails me; it seems I'm not myself! Luck has abandoned me. Misfortune
has followed me for some time, step by step; in whatever I start, I fail. And when fortune no
longer serves you in battle, all those around you start to abandon you. You rally them at the
cost of 30 wins,
and one loss is enough for them to leave you."

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My soul was plagued with doubts. I was at a crossroads. We fought for the good of the country and were treated as enemies of the people. We were hit mercilessly by the government, police, gendarmes, army.
Should we also use force? They are the State; by tens of thousands, by hundreds of thousands. We, a handful of young people, physically exhausted by hardship, hunger, cold, prison, what strength do we represent to hope for even a small chance of victory? If we tried, we would be crushed. And in the end, the country, stunned by the Jewish press, would say we were crazy. Not use force and violence as they do? They provoke, torture your men, scatter them and kill you. Should we allow ourselves to be killed? But at our age we still haven't written anything and we don't even know why they killed us, it's better that we all leave the country. To go out and curse; for

roam all over the world. Better for us to beg country after country than to be so utterly humiliated here in our own land.
Or come down from this mountain, gun in hand, and exact justice, so that I can put an end to the beast that blocks the road and chokes the life out of our nation. But what about our plans later? I will die in my effort or I will die in prison; for I cannot bear a regime of imprisonment. I love freedom. If I don't have it, I die. But what about Mota? For such a move means both my martyrdom and that of Mota, whose chances of acquittal will completely disappear. Our entire group will be crushed. All our well-meaning thoughts, all our organizing plans, will have been in vain - because they would all have ended up here.

For six weeks, up on the mountain, I was plagued by these thoughts, unable to find a solution. Under the weight of my worries and anguish, my chest began to ache and I felt my powers waning.

I had been an impetuous man who never gave in to anyone. I was sure of myself and confident in my powers. Wherever I went, I won.

This time, the present difficulties have bent me! I came down from the mountain. I left it all to fate; I couldn't find any solution. But I have since carried with me a revolver which I intended to use at the first, slightest provocation; no one would move me away from that resolution. I went to the pottery. There, Grigore Ghica, left in charge of the work, had fulfilled his responsibility exemplarily. The number of stored bricks has increased considerably.
Two new kilns, each with a capacity of 40,000 bricks, were built.
That was around July 15th. The boys welcomed me warmly. Nothing unusual happened in the backyard.

In Iasi, however, I found changes. Police commissioners who previously barely wore shoes were now outfitted from top to bottom by Jews who felt they were absolute masters. The Prefecture of Police had at its disposal a car provided by the Jews.

They displayed an impertinence not seen since 1919, during the communist movements, when they imagined themselves on the eve of revolution and when every little Jew, in Iasi or on the Pruth, assumed the air of a people's commissar.

EFFORTS TO DIVIDE OUR BLOCK

The Jewish-Liberal power had heard about our group, about our vote made in Vacaresti, realizing that around this bloc the students would unite. Nothing frightens Jews more than perfect unity in others: unity of feeling in a movement, in a people. That is why they will always be in favor of "democracy", which has only one advantage, and that for the enemy of the nation. For democracy will break the unity and spirit of a people who, in the face of the perfect unity and solidarity of Judaism in Romania and the rest of the world, once divided into democratic parties, thus fragmented, will be defeated.

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This was also true of the student movement; as we did not have perfect unity, the Jews found factions or leaders that they could convince, in the Masonic way, that is, by suggesting to them all kinds of ideas that had no other purpose than to break up our unity.

Or, as our group this time presented an unshakable unity with the possibility of gathering the entire student movement around itself, we were confronted with an endless series of lies and carefully woven intrigues, with the objective of separating Mota from me and the others. .

The Jews found among the students weak elements that could be used as unwitting tools. Pretending that they were sharing great secrets with them, the Jews launched intrigues that caught even among the parents of students, some of whom became the most ferocious advocates of severing their children's ties with this group.

How were we able to resist? Only through the foresight of our plans did Vacaresti. We realized from the first moment that this classic attack by Freemasonry and Judaism would be directed at us. We were ready. So, the moment it started, we resisted even our next of kin. As soon as we detected a intriguer at
work, we got together and informed the whole group.

I now give advice to all organizations here, calling attention to this system, which is commonly used everywhere. To avoid the attack: 1. Never believe biased information, no matter where it comes from.
2. Immediately report the attempted intrigue to the group in question, the people involved, and leaders. In this way, the attack can be repelled.

MY BETROTA

On August 10, 1924, at the Ungheni pottery, surrounded by my companions and my parents, my engagement to Ms. Elena Ilinoiu, daughter of Mr.
Constantin Ilinoiu, a machinist, He was a man of great kindness and great tenderness of soul. After that, I moved in with them, where I was welcomed with open arms, even though they had a family of five. This family was a constant support for me in the struggle I was waging. Your care for me and your love sustained me. On September 13th, I went to Husi's house, where I celebrated my birthday and my name at my parents' house. I had just turned 25.

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MOTA-VLAD TRIAL

The trial of Mota and student Leonida Vlad, who acquired the revolver, was set for September 26, 1924. Vlad turned himself in several days after the shooting, and was held in prison with Mota the entire time.

I left for Bucharest, where deliberations were opened in the Court of Assizes. Mota energetically defended his thesis that treason should be punished. Public opinion, fed up with traitors, followed the course of the trial with keen interest and enthusiasm. He saw in Mota's gesture a start of action against the traitors and a proof of moral health. His feat shone like a light into the dark side of Romanian life, where, century after century, fighters for the good of the people have been brought down.

through betrayal.
All the students of the ajl universities made huge demonstrations for his acquittal. Around the Court in Bucharest, again, thousands of people gathered wanting a new life for their country and demanding Mota's freedom.

At dawn, the popular justice brought an acquittal verdict that was received with enthusiasm throughout the country. Mota, after seeing his parents, left Cluj for Iasi, where he settled, according to our vow.

AROUND WHAT HAPPENED IN THE GARDEN

The humiliation and dishonor we were subjected to during the May 31 illegality crushed us morally; became an open wound that deepened

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more and more, consuming our life and seemingly bringing us closer to the grave.

The humiliation you feel when you and yours are dishonored, gives you a feeling of deep pain, causing you to avoid people, ashamed to be seen. you seem to feel that this world despises you, laughing in your face because you are incapable of defending its honor; that you endanger society itself by allowing it to be believed by your cowardice that an oppressor can, without punishment, dishonor and injure it according to his whims.

These pains increased proportionately as our efforts to obtain legal redress were rebuffed with a cynicism that drove us to despair.
Victims who filed lawsuits for satisfaction ran the risk of being beaten again by the police, this time within the very walls of the praetorium of justice and even before the judges. In the end, however, it was the claimants who were convicted. What happened on May 31 was not without repercussions.
I reproduce from the newspapers the echo that this event had in Romanian society along with the attempts to obtain satisfaction for the outrage.

Universul ("The Universe") on June 8, 1924 prints under the title:

THE IASI POLICE

STUDENTS WERE BEAT BY THE PREFECTIVE POLICE

We imagine Mr Manciu, the prefect of police in Iasi, as one of the most notorious police officers of the last century, exemplified by violence and brutality, Mr Mayor Manciu, although a police officer with only a year of experience in a university town like Iasi, inaugurated his system of anachronistic police violence last year at the congress of university professors. He managed to stop a conference of university professors because that's what his police impulses dictated to him.

The ensuing protests against the indignities inflicted on this most distinguished group of intellectuals remained fruitless, as Mr. Prefect of Iasi Police had political backing to do what he did.
And since then Mr. Manciu has assiduously continued his police methods which he has particularly exhibited these last few days, when he beats, he beats with thirst, he strikes with zeal, he slyly bleeds the students, then he orders his underlings to imitate him with the same brutal zeal.
No matter what Iasi's students did, if they were murderers, they shouldn't have been beaten.
There should have been an investigation in the first place, the prosecutor's office should have been informed, they should have been arrested, possibly chained, but not beaten to a pulp.
Mr. Mayor Manciu is certainly obliged, in the performance of his duties, to apply certain regulations concerning the 'protection of animals'. We even believe he enforces them.
“In other words, he takes care that the horses are not beaten, that the pigs are not tortured.

However, Mr. Manciu, who as a student must have studied criminal law and must have read some of the criminal literature which may have been recommended to him by our distinguished penalist Mr. Iulian Teodoreanu, a man who has preached the abolition of brutal sanctions within

prisons, personally beat students, tortured them, covered them in blood.
But what if the beaten students are not guilty of any of the absurdities they are accused of? So what? Should he, in turn, be defeated?
A judicial investigation is certainly needed.
But a sanction is also needed to make it impossible for Mr. Manciu to strengthen his muscles in the students' head. "

B. Cecropide

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The newspaper continues on June 9, 1924:

IASI STUDENTS HAVE BEEN MISTREATED

They were teased by the police, tortured for no reason, a brutal prefect of police. Manciu must be fired.

We wrote in a previous issue about banditry committed by Mr. Manciu, the prefect of Iasi police, against the students. Today we will reproduce several excerpts from the memorandum that the students sent to the Ministry of the Interior.

The Student Builders In the memorandum they say: 'We Christian students at the University of Iasi made the decision a month ago to build, through our own labor, a cultural house...'

The Provocations of the Prefect of Police

As soon as we were assembled, we were surrounded by a company of gendarmes and the entire police apparatus headed by Mayor Manciu. While we all stood still, weapons outstretched, they pounced on us, started cursing and slashed at us in the most barbaric way possible. We were searched as they thought they would find weapons on us, but nothing was found on any of us. During the search, they tried to put a revolver and some papers in the pockets of our colleague Corneliu Zelea Codreanu, which he protested. That's why he was beaten by Policeman Manciu, by Inspector Clos, by Commissioner Vasiliu and, along with the other agents, he was tied up as if he were the worst of thieves. The same thing happened to a large number of us who were there. We were arrested, surrounded by military cordons, taken to the Prefecture of Police. '

Even children on the street were beaten "On the way we met several students from various high schools who were heading towards the sports park to practice oina (Romanian baseball - ***Tr.), as*** directed by their directors. They were all arrested and taken with us to the police headquarters, naturally after being beaten by Officer Manciu himself and the other officers, so that everyone could watch. They were also held at police headquarters all day.

Some of us were beaten until we passed out and then released; others gave statements under duress, while some were released without any statements being made'. "And in conclusion, Universul added:" The aforementioned acts cannot go unpunished.

Prefect of Police Manciu, who proved to be an agent provocateur and guilty of torturing high-ranking students and boys in Iasi, must be punished for such wrongdoing.

Among others, Universul of June 10, 1924 prints:

IASI UNDER THE TERROR OF THE PREFECTIVE

POLICE "...Transported to the police dungeons, these students were subjected to the most terrible tortures." Some of them were hung upside down, beaten on the soles of their feet with beef sinew. Student Corneliu Codreanu was tied up, slapped and tortured by the prefect of police himself. His health was shaken. "

"The other arrested students have serious bodily injuries."
"Three hundred students reported the above-mentioned facts to the attorney general, demanding that the coroner investigate the conditions of their tortured colleagues."

THE WORD OF PROFESSOR AC CUZA

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In the special edition of the newspaper Unirea ("The Union") of June 1, 1924, Professor AC Cuza published a judicious article from which I extract:
"But, in the face of these constant brutalities and countless abuses, without foundation - especially committed so that Romanian students worried during terror - two questions are strongly posed: "What does the government want that keeps a policeman in charge of a city like Iasi?" What does the policeman himself want?
"Do they want thoughtless reactions to be produced as a result of this continual frustration that seems to be elicited on a daily basis?"
“This provocation is all the more undignified and irritating because at the same time the policeman Manciu attends the meetings of the 'Macabi' Jewish association and ostensibly leads these sporting-minded Maccabees on excursions, under their white and blue flag.
"And you can see him resting daily in his car - not the one that traveled the other day to Ciurea - but in the new car that seems to have been bought for him by the Israeli Iasi community through a public subscription, the same Kahal who encourages him in the press and at every opportunity in his attitude against Christian students.

"Protesting with the utmost indignation against this continued provocative action, we demand that the higher authorities intervene to put an end to an undignified and dangerous state of affairs, which neither Iasi nor the Christian students can any longer tolerate."

AC Cuza

PROTEST MEETINGS AGAINST MANCIU

June 3rd and 5th

The following telegrams were sent:

TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

“Wanting to come together to protest Police Manciu's illegality against our students and children who were beaten and insulted on a daily basis, we were stopped by the police and gendarmes, although the prosecutor authorized our meeting.
"We respectfully submit our complaint to Your Majesty and ask to be protected." (1200 names follow).

TO THE MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR “Our children were taken from the streets, violently mistreated by the police mayor Manciu. We demand immediate investigation followed by sanctions severe.
"Wounded in our parental feelings, losing all patience, we expect justice without delay." ss. Maj. 1. Dumitriu,
Maj. Ambrozie, D. Butnaru, Elena Olanescu, Captain Oarza, Gheorghiu, etc.

ACTIUNEA ROMANEASCA ("ROMAN ACTION")

First year, No. 2, November 15, 1924

Actiunea Romaneasca in its edition of November 15, 1924 published under the signature of the renowned

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writer Dr. Ion Istrate: "An
impressive meeting of public protest was held on June 8, 1924 at Bejan Hall, under the honorary presidency of Gen, Tamoschi. Manciu's conduct was marked by: University professor AC Cuza, student Grigorescu representing Christian students , craftsman Artur Rus, metallurgist C. Pancu, university professor C. Sumuleanu from the School of Medicine who gave an impressive description of what he saw at the police station: broken eardrums, bloated cars, bloody eyes, broken arms and legs bruised by the ox tendons of the savages of Manciu. He declared that if he had had a son so tortured by the barbarian who headed the police force, he 'would not have hesitated for an instant to blow the scoundrel's brains out'.

Then spoke the Maj. 1. Dumitriu, who concluded by saying: 'I trust that the justice of the country will satisfy us. Otherwise, I swear here before you and I will know how to respect my oath that I will do justice to my own bands.
“The attorney Bacaloglu, the then artisan Cristea, the attorney Nelu Ionescu and the professor Ion Zelea Codreanu also spoke. In the end, a protest motion was voted in which satisfaction was sought from the Ministry of Justice on the one hand, and the government was called upon to dismiss Manciu on the other.

A USELESS WARNING

In Tara Noastra ("Our Country") No. 24 on June 15, 1924, the well-known writer Al.O. Teodoreanu published an article from which we reproduce the last passages:

“The court, called to demonstrate, declares all the 'arrested students' innocent and decides that they must be released immediately.
Despite this, student Zelea Codreanu is held in custody, being judged by Police Manciu, who is also a lawyer, for forming a conspiracy.
The most elementary law manuals and common sense tell us that in marriage, duel or conspiracy, a single person cannot figure.
In order to place such a label on a person as above, the one who issues it must be in a particular state of intoxication that would cause him to see at least twice as much.
In other words, you can't talk to him.
But, on behalf of the entire slandered Romanian population, from which we happily exclude, without prejudice to anyone, its timid representatives in Parliament and the press, we ask the government whether it considers it better to leave Manciu's (inevitable) punishment up to his victims, or more opportune to avoid it.
Empowered by the decisive word of justice, we have no hesitation in labeling 'the conspiracy' of Iasi as a treacherous scheming...

AO Teodoreanu

AN ADMINISTRATIVE INVESTIGATION IS ORDERED

As a result of the numerous protests arising from this event, Administrative Inspector Vararu was sent to investigate the case. Here is the memo sent to you by Maj. Ambrozie:

MEMO

Mr. Inspector,
Desiring definitely to ascertain the whole truth about our telegraphic report on the torture of our children, the Minister of the Interior sent you to investigate; as we believe you want to give full

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exposure to this case, we have prepared this memorandum containing a narration of the facts. The event took place as follows: It was known in Iasi, both by the school directors and the pupils' parents, that the pupils were making bricks in Ungheni to build a house of their own in Iasi, and that they were working in a garden placed at their disposal by Mrs. Ghica on Rua Carol Some of the high school students and boys met once a week under the leadership of student Corneliu Z. Codreanu, when work assignments were made, namely: 40 students were sent to Ungheni to make bricks, and 20 -25 high school boys were sent to water the garden.

The prefect of police was aware of this; but he fancied that he might well invent something sensational, like a conspiracy, 'particularly when the newspapers in Iasi are practically his property, and would consequently fall for his game. No sooner said than done. On May 31, 1924, between 4:30 and 5:00 in the morning, when I learned that about 65 students had come to work in Mrs. Ghica, his entire police force and many armed troops made a sudden attack against them because of the seriousness of the concocted 'conspiracy'. The human mind refuses to comprehend what happened when high school students and boys were rounded up like common criminals and savagely beaten on the spot by agents, military and even Officer Manciu himself.

Half an hour later, all of them, led by Corrieliu Zelea Codreanu and under heavy escort, were walking down the main street towards the police headquarters; on the way, they met another group of high school students who, by order of their teachers, were going to Copou to play Ioina. These, for allowing themselves the luxury of greeting the chained, were immediately arrested, beaten and taken to police headquarters, as accomplices of the former.

Once there, the mayor, without bothering to inform the Public Ministry of the seriousness of the situation, began a 'sui generis' interrogation alone; namely, he beat, mistreated, and tortured these high school students and boys to force statements from them that they were part of the conspiracy, to get them to tell what they knew. But what were they supposed to say, when they knew nothing of the kind?
Almost all were beaten, but the most seriously injured were: 1. My son, Cezar Ambrozie, a student at the Pedagogical Seminary, who was personally whipped by the mayor with an ox tendon on his head, and in the end, for not giving the expected answer , was punched in the left ear, which broke his eardrum.

2. High school student Dumitriu Sprinti, son of Major Durnitriu; his feet were chained and he was turned upside down and hung from a rifle held by Sgt. Cojocaru and Cpl. Teodoroiu. He was beaten on the feet with ox tendon by the mayor personally until he passed out.

3. Gh high school boy. Gurguta was bound hand and foot. Then he was placed on the ground face down and beaten with an ox tendon, and to muffle his screams, a pot of water was placed under his face and an officer posted there thrust his face into the water when he screamed the loudest.

During all this torture, two gendarme officers were also present: captain Velciu and the lieutenant. Tomida, whose dignity as a soldier, we hope, does not prevent them from revealing the truth, since it was not worthy of them to witness such treatment; using troops in torture, as well as using a military weapon as an instrument of torture, when it is known what its use should be.
According to reports from high school students and boys, while Policeman Manciu was engaged in these operations, prosecutors Culianu and Buzea passed by his office. I believe they will tell the truth.

The beatings and torture only completely stopped later on when First Prosecutor Catichi came to the police headquarters as required by a committee consisting of; Professors Cuza and Sumuleanu, lawyer Bacaloglu, Colonel Nadejde and coroner Bogdan who examined the children and legally established, there at the police station, the injuries listed in the medical certificates attached to this report. "

As you can see, Inspector, until today we have followed the legal procedures, namely.
1. We asked the first prosecutor and coroner to go to city hall to check the students' wounds.
2. We filed a lawsuit against the torturers in District Court 11.

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3. We inform the Public Prosecutor's Office, to which the coroner's report was also sent,

the case is being referred to Magistrate Lesanu for investigation.
4. As officers and men of honour, we might have required Mr. Manciu satisfaction through weapons, but he disqualified himself when he refused to meet Captain Ciulei in a duel. Honestly, that's the truth.
I beg you to be good enough to consider that, among the offended parents, two of us are high-ranking officials who, for having acted legally, are exposed, as no one has yet given us satisfaction to this day.
We believe that the Minister of the Interior will give us complete satisfaction by bringing Mayor Manciu before the court of law for his misdeeds, and will intervene with the Ministry of War for Manciu, although a minor reserve officer, intentionally tortured the children of his superior comrades.

Maj, (ss) Ambrozie

The outcome of the investigation was as follows: 1. Mayor Manciu was awarded Steaua Romaniei (the star of Romania) with the rank of commander.

2. All the police commissioners who tortured us have been promoted.
3. Emboldened by these measures, the police unleashed more persecution against us, this time extending throughout Moldova. a pulp in the street or at headquarters not having to answer to anyone for his actions.

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THE FATAL DAY

This being the situation, on the 23rd of October 1924 I appeared in the Court of the 11th District of Iasi as a lawyer, together with my colleague Dumbrava, to represent the student Comarzan who was tortured by Manciu.
The mayor showed up with the whole team and there, in plenary session, in front of the lawyers and the presiding judge Spiri doneanu, he threw himself on us.
Under these circumstances, risking everything, about to be crushed by twenty armed police, I pulled my gun and fired.
I took aim at whoever came closest.
The first to fall was Manciu. The second, Inspector Clos; the third, a far less guilty man, Commissax Husanu.
The rest disappeared.
In no time, in front of the Court, several thousand

Sublieutenant Manciu was in the 10th Mountain Infantry Regiment, but during the mobilization he shied away from his duties in the repair shops of the 3rd Army Corps.

The Jews gathered, hands in the air, fingers like crooked claws of hatred, waiting for my departure to tear me to pieces.
Holding the gun in my right hand, which still had five rounds left, I grabbed Victor Climescu, a lawyer in Iasi, by the arm, asking him to accompany me to court.
We left and walked that way through the howling crowd of Jews who had the good sense, on seeing the gun, to move away.
I was caught by the gendarmes on the way, separated from Mr. Climescu and taken to the Prefecture of Police. Here the commissioners jumped on me to disarm me with the gun of the only friend I had in the midst of this disgrace. I gathered all my strength by resisting them for about five minutes. In the end, I was overpowered.
They then chained my wrists behind my back and placed me between four soldiers with bayonets drawn.
After a while, they took me out of that office and into the back of the courtyard, putting me in front of a high fence. The gendarmes retreated, leaving me there alone. I suspected that they wanted to shoot me. I stayed there for several hours late into the night, waiting to be shot. However, this wait did not affect me. The news of this tragic revenge spread with lightning speed.
When it reached the student dormitories, it caused quite an explosion.
From all the cafeterias and dorms, students began to run through the streets towards Union Square. There they demonstrated for a long time, singing, then tried to go to the Prefecture of Police. But the army, now on the scene, managed to stop them. Though chained, I was glad to hear their singing, for it signified that they had been freed from their tyrant.
At the end of the day, I was taken upstairs to the same torture office where Iesanu, the investigating judge, now sat behind the desk, the same man I had complained to four months earlier, demanding justice. He briefly questioned me, after which he issued the warrant for my arrest.
I was then thrown into a rice wagon and transported to Galata Prison on the hill above Iasi, near the monastery built by Petre Ise'hiopul, MXP-T of There, I was placed in a room with ten other prisoners, where my chains They were removed. My cellmates gave me a cup of tea. Then I lay down to sleep. The next day I was placed in solitary confinement in a room with a cement floor, a bed of planks, no blanket or pillow; the door was padlocked. The room had two windows whose panes were whitewashed on the outside. I couldn't see anything. One wall was so wet that water was running down it. On the first day in that room, an old man from the Matei guard brought me some black bread. He opened the door a crack, put his hand in with the bread, as he was not allowed to enter. I wasn't hungry at all. At night I stretched out on the boards and covered myself with my coat. I had nothing to put under my

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head. I shuddered.
They took me out in the morning for two minutes, then I was locked in again. One student, Miluta Popovici, who was also incarcerated, managed to get close to my window during the day, clean the glass the size of a fingertip so I could see outside. Then he walked away and when about 18 meters away, he carefully signaled to me with his fingers. I understood he was using Morse code. Thus, I learned that all the Vacarestians were arrested again: Mota, Garneata, Tudose Popescu, Radu Miromovici save Corneliu Georgescu, whom they could not arrest. They too were taken to the same prison and placed together in a room. I learned that my father was also taken there. The second night was much worse. I was very cold and couldn't sleep. I spent almost all night in the cell.

In the morning again I was taken outside for two minutes and then locked again; old Matei gave me another loaf. At noon I was handcuffed, placed in a cart and taken to the Court for confirmation of my arrest warrant. Following this formality, I was taken back to Galata to the same dark room. Outside, the weather was getting worse. No heat, I started to shiver.

I tried to get some sleep on the boards but could only nap for about half an hour at a time as my bones ached. Because of the cold rising from the cement floor, my kidneys began to ache. Realizing that I was losing my strength, I appealed to my will and gymnastics. Throughout the night, hourly, I got up to exercise for ten minutes, doggedly striving to maintain my strength.

The next day I felt bad. My strength was visibly waning despite my determination and will.

power. The following night, the cold was even greater and my will no longer worked; I felt broken, saw black before my eyes and passed out. As long as my will lasted, I didn't worry. But now I realized I was in pretty bad shape. I was shaking and I couldn't stop. How hard those seemingly endless nights were!

The promoter came the next day to see me. I tried to hide my shape.
"How are things here?"
"Very good, sir."
"You have nothing to
report?" "No, nothing."
I spent thirteen days like this; so they made a small fire for me. They gave me bed linen, blankets and some mats that were hung on the walls. I was allowed to be outside one hour a day. One day I saw Mota and Tudose at the back of the yard and I made a sign to them. It was then that I learned that my father had been released; likewise Liviu Sadoveanu, Ion Sava and another student who was arrested.

TWO ARTICLES RELATED TO THE MANCIU CASE

The next day after the events in Targul-Cucului, Cuvantul Iasului ("The
Word of Iasi") of October 27, 1924 published an article signed by Nelu lonescu, lawyer, former president of the Association of Law Students, from which I quote:

"The comments made by the liberal Jewish press about the death of C. Manciu are biased and in bad faith; they begin with a gross falsification of facts - facts that were only the inevitable consequence of a regime of abuses and injustice - in order to transform into a hero, at any cost, the man who was only a tool, and blame it on some imaginary fascist anti-Semitic conspiracy
.

Students were forcibly prevented from entering the Cathedral to pray; they were prevented from eating together in a restaurant; they were brutalized and prevented from walking in the streets; they were prevented from daring to meet at their own university and in the offices of their association; were prevented from working in

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your own garden for your own use; were beaten in the street, in police basements and in public squares by the entire police force, from the lowliest police officer to the

the one who was just yesterday the prefect of the police of this city.
The students, showing a self-control worthy of admiration and confidence in the justice that honors them, initiated a series of lawsuits against Mayor Manciu and his subordinates, for severe cruelty, abuse of power and individual freedom.
This gesture by the students was not understood. And, unfortunately, we must say that Justice has not lived up to the expectations placed on it by an entire generation, animated by the purest sense of legality and order.

'rbe coed Silvia Teodorescu, kicked in the back by Manciu in broad daylight on December 11, 1923 on Carol Street in front of Cel's house. Velsa - a fact declared and attested to by having several eyewitnesses - not only did she not succeed in having Manciu convicted before the Court of Urban District I, but as a plaintiff she ended up being convicted of slander, since at the trial it was known that during the kick she drove to Manciu the words: 'this is savagery'.
On the night of December 14, 1923, the law student Lefter, from Galati, upon entering the Hotel Bejan where he resided, was for no reason surrounded by a band of policemen and gendarmes who, together with Manciu and on his orders, hit bim with clubs, canes, rifle, butts, kicks and fists, until he fell to the ground unconscious, being dragged to a side street, dropped and left there without any help.

Although Lefter sued, Manciu was exonerated, not having to bring any witnesses in his defense.

But what about the barbarism and savagery of last summer, perpetrated against the students working in the garden of the Ghica residence ?!
Twenty-five students, beaten on the soles of their feet like thieves for an entire day, a fact that was verified by the first prosecutor and the pathologist, for an imaginary conspiracy so insignificant as not even to warrant investigation.

And not only that, but when, in the face of student demands for an administrative investigation, one was conducted last summer by Mr. Vararu, he was deeply shocked by the abuses he himself confirmed. However, Vararu's report to the appropriate Ministry resulted in Manciu being awarded Steaua Romaniei (the Star of Romania).

This then is the man who died; People speak well of the dead, but that doesn't stop us from telling the truth.
Manciu suspended meetings; Manciu stopped those who wanted to enter the Cathedral; Manciu beat up students in the streets, at the police and in public squares; he insulted those who complained and threatened his supporters. Manciu, protected by strings of police and gendarmes, beat - with the bestiality of a possessed - the students, tied up and on foot, who could return them in the rain of saliva and blows from his demented subordinates, only looks of contempt and temporary resignation.

Behold the man of duty and the kind of order this man was dispensing!
Public opinion is on the side of Corneliu Codreanu. He likes his virile gesture and, appreciating the superior motive of this gesture warning a regime and serving an idea, absolves him of the customary incrimination for such an act, fully justifying it and, in fact, public opinion approves of it.

Personally, I salute the heroic gesture of Corneliu Codreanu, who once again remains uncompromising on matters of honor and determined when dignity is involved. "

Several days later, the newspaper Unirea ("The Union") in October 1924, published Professor Cuza's article:

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PREFECT THE DEATH OF MANCIU
THE FATAL SYSTEM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

“For a year now, the Iasi police have been experiencing a real tragedy, the last act of which is known to everyone. Due to the fatal evolution of events, the following victims fell:

Mayor Manciu, Inspector Clos, Deputy Commissioner Husanu, and no less, PhD candidate Corneliu Zelea Codreanu.

Mayor Manciu died; Deputy Commissioner Husanu struggles to death; Inspector Clos suffered a deep wound; Corneliu Zelea Codreanu remains in prison.

What is this tragedy that claims so many victims? In what way can we speak of the fatal evolution of these events? Who are the culprits?

Manciu was the lord, prefect of the police of Marzescus in Iasi. It was in this capacity alone that he was brought here, and he was retained to the end - in spite of all the excesses of which he was guilty. Which makes it pretty clear that your actions have been approved. The abundant proof that it was approved, that it worked according to a pre-established plan by direct inspiration from Mr. GG Marzescu who supported him, are the distinctions awarded to him - his mandate 'merits' and the promotion of his staff.

The fatal system inspired by Manciu was the terrorism of Christian students: to satisfy the Jews and prove that 'order' can be maintained 'by energetic means'.

The unfortunate Manciu, who had no special talents, set the fatal system in motion with unusual brutality, even when it came to university professors: starting his career on the occasion of the general assembly of the Association of University Professors of Romania, held in Iasi on 23 -September 25, 1923 under the chairmanship of our eminent colleague Professor I. ,
Gavanescul.

Mayor Manciu insulted universities, brutalized and jailed innocent students, forcing their professors to protest and seek satisfaction.

The four university commissions formed by professors Dr. Hurmuzescu, from Bucharest; doctor Sumuleanu, Iasi; M. Stefanescu, Cluj; and Haeman, Cernauti, edited right there in the meeting the following telegram signed by Professor Gavanescul, which was then sent to: 1. The President of the Council
of Ministers; 2. The Minister of Internal
Administration; 3. The Minister of Public
Instruction The General Association
of University Professors of Romania, at its opening meeting, condemns the disturbing interference of the Iasi police and, in full agreement with its President, demands from the higher authorities the usual investigation and complete satisfaction .

President of the Association (ss) L. Gavanescul

The same commission edited and sent the following text to
the mayor of Iasi: "Mr. Mayor,
The General Association of University Professors, at its opening meeting, in consequence of the aggressive measures taken against our convention by Mr.
Mayor of Iasi Police, regrets to inform you that, under the circumstances, they are unable to attend the banquet hosted by City Hall, hereby thanking you for your good intentions. "

President of the Association (ss) L Gavanescul

"Having received an imperative mandate to terrorize the students, Manciu acted in accordance with his objectives and according to the established plan - to walk the path of fatalism. We will briefly

enumerate the events as they occurred:

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1. The introduction of the police and army into the university on December 10, 1923. During the student demonstrations that followed, student G. Manoliu was beaten by the police so badly that he developed jaundice and died a few days later.

2. Brutality at the train station. On the occasion of Professor Ion Zelea Codreanu's arrival in Iasi, after his release from prison, Mayor Manciu, quite unjustifiably, threw himself, the police and the army on the citizens and students who came to the warehouse to receive him, brutalizing and chasing them away as if they were malefactors.

3. Visit from Prince Carol. on the occasion of this visit, Manciu staged other scandalous abuses that compelled the students to complain to His Royal Highness.

4. The scandal at Teatro Sidoli After the retired Romanian opera artists arrived in Iasi, they were greeted by students who staged a show of sympathy for them. This absolutely peaceful demonstration was reason enough for Mayor Manciu to cause another scandal. He mistreated the students and scattered them with hateful brutality.

5. The Carol St. Conspiracy Thanks to the courtesy of Mrs. Constanta Ghica, the students planted vegetables in their dedicated vegetable garden in order to support themselves. On May 31 of this year, while the students were gathering to start work, Mayor Manciu with all his staff and policemen with fixed bayonets, appeared and arrested all the students present. Corneliu Zelea Codreanu's hands were tied behind his back with his belt and he was led across the city along with 25 other high school students and boys towards the police headquarters, where they were cruelly beaten.

Corneliu Zelea Codrednu, a reserve officer, candidate for a doctorate in law, was slapped in the face and grossly insulted with the most degrading vulgarities.

High school student Ambrozie, son of senior Maj. Ambrozie, was slapped so hard that his eardrum ruptured, a fact supported by the medical certificate signed by the pathologist Dr. Gh. Bogdan.
The other high school students and boys had the soles of their feet whipped after being suspended, heads bowed. Their heads were lowered into buckets of water to stop their screams. The parents of the tortured children are: Major Ambrozie, Dimitriu, Butnaru, etc., who forwarded a petition against Mayor Manciu to the Ministry of the Interior and sued him. But Manciu continued to display a revolting attitude even in front of the judge.

Not only was Prefect Manciu kept in his post, but rewarded for his attitude and encouraged to carry on with his fatal system, the Jewish press daily praised him, proclaiming him a savior of law and order and a superior being.

The government, with Iasi as its representative GG Marzescu, instead of accepting Inspector Vararu's conclusions, pinned Steaua Romaniei (the star of Romania) to Manciu's chest and promoted the personnel he had used to commit his illegality. For example, Commissioner Clos, one of the most guilty, was promoted to Inspector of Police.

The Justice Department, headed by the same GG Marzescu, a supporter of Manciu, instead of intervening energetically and promptly against the abuses perpetrated, condemned the victims.
The delighted Jews of Iasi presented Manciu with an automobile, which he accepted, scandalizing all Romanians and inducing further resentment, especially among the students who could see Manciu's defiant insolence as he proudly drove the Jews' car through town.
Sustained in his position, supported and encouraged in this way, Mayor Manciu, by his impulsive temperament, without self-control, imagined that he reached the height of glory by the application of his system.
It was this sequence of events that brought Mayor Manciu to the last act of this tragedy. Corneliu Zelea Codreanu acted in self-defense.

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Responsibility for the death of Mayor Manciu lies primarily with the person who put Manciu at the head of the police department and supported him, namely the Minister of Justice, GG Marzescu. The responsibility rests with the Jewish press and all those who incited and encouraged him, congratulating him on applying his fatal system. "

HUNGER STRIKE

About ten days before Christmas, Mota, Garneata, Tudose and Radu Mironovici who had been arrested sixty days before, innocent of any crime, went on a hunger and thirst strike. They said:

either our freedom or death. Efforts by various authorities to reach them failed as they barricaded themselves in their cell, not allowing anyone to enter.

These young people have long become an image of every Romanian student; a symbol. When the news of his strike was heard, the students and everyone else understood the gravity of his act in view of his well-known strength of resolution.
Should these young men die within the walls of Galata?

In Iasi and Cluj, the spirits were so agitated that mass revenge would have taken place against those the mobs would hold responsible. Not only students, but also elderly people well established in society loudly demanded: "If all these children die there, let's start shooting."

The government began to realize that it was facing tension and general determination; As this nation began to show will and dignity, My father published in Iasi a manifesto from which I reproduce the following passage:

A RESOURCE

"Romanian brothers,

Students: Ion 1. Mota, Illie Garneata, Tudose Popescu and Radu Mironovici, detained for two months in Galata prison, declared a hunger and thirst strike on Tuesday at 1 pm.

They took this difficult step because they are completely innocent, because they were arrested in Vacaresti as well as innocent, and because they realized that certain politicians want to gradually ruin their health and their lives by imprisoning them.
These young heroes, the favorite flower of the country's future, were endowed by God, among other qualities, with wills of steel. Consequently, their determination to die from bunger and first - to protest the injustice of whom they are victims and the enslavement of our Nation by the Jews with the help of certain politicians is not a joke, but a serious decision ".

BE IT FREEDOM OR DEATH

Romanian brothers,
Shall we wait and see, in 2 or 3 days, the four coffins with the bodies of these heroes being carried through the street?
Old and young, think about it, we are not talking about the corpses of the four students, but about the death of our children, of all of us.
It is the duty of all of us to take swift measures of peaceful and legal, but energetic and determined, protest against this government, and to prevent this iniquity, to stop the murder of our children.

At Christmas, after eleven days of hunger and thirst strike, they were released. But they were so emaciated that they were taken out of the prison on stretchers directly to the

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hospital. Some had left a term of imprisonment only several months before this latest arrest, Mota only a month before having finished a year straight, so that his strength was sapped.

The consequences of this strike are still felt by some of them today, ten years later, while poor Tudose took them with him to the grave.

ALONE IN GALATA

In the same dank, dark cell, sitting on the hard edge of my bed, arms crossed over my chest, head bowed under the weight of my thoughts, time passes slowly, minute after minute.

How terrifying is loneliness!

With regret, I remember the verses:
"Gaudeamus igitur" juvenes dum
sumus.
Let us rejoice, therefore, while we are young! Verses that warmed, cheered and crowned young people of all generations of students with a wreath of joy. To be cheerful, to have fun is a right of youth, before the age arrives when man's life is overloaded with difficulties and worries, always

getting bigger and bigger. This right was not granted to me. I didn't have time to enjoy myself. Student life, during which everyone has fun and sings, is over for me. I didn't even notice when it passed. Upon my youth came cares, difficulties, and blows too soon, and all these tore it to pieces. What's left of him is further obliterated by these cold, dark walls. Now they deprive me even of the sun. Many weeks have passed since I have been in this darkness and I can only enjoy the sun for an hour a day.

My knees are constantly frozen. I feel the coldness of the cement floor creeping up into my bones. The hours pass slowly; very slowly. I take a few bites at noon and at night. I can't eat anymore. But it's especially at night that the real torment begins; it's about 2 or 3 am when I fall asleep. Outside it's stormy. Here, at the top of the hill, the wind is stronger. The snow is driven by the wind through the cracks in the door until it covers a quarter of the area of the cell. In the morning, I always find a pretty thick layer. The heavy silence of the night is interrupted only by the owls that live in the church towers and from time to time by the voices of the guards who shout as loud as they can.

"Number one! OK! Number two! OK!"
I was pondering, wondering, worrying, but unable to solve the riddle: A month? Two months? One year? How much? An entire life? The rest of my life?

Yes, my arrest warrant threatened me with hard labor for life. Will the trial be held? Certainly; but it will be a tough test. Because there are three forces that unite against me: The government, which will try to set an example of
my punishment, particularly considering that this is the first time in Romania that someone has come face to face, gun in hand, with the oppressor who trampled on their dignity, offended their honor and tore their flesh in the name of the principle of power of state authority. The Jewish power inside Romania, which would do anything to keep me in its clutches. The Jewish power from abroad, with its money, its loans, its pressures. All three of these forces are interested in preventing me from leaving here. Against them are the students and the Romanian nationalist movement. Who will win? I realize that my judgment is more of a test of strength. No matter how right I was, if the enemy forces were even slightly stronger than our camp, they wouldn't hesitate for a moment to destroy me. It's been so many years since they waited to get me, for I put myself in all their plans. They will exert every effort that I cannot escape them. In

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home, my mother, having heard so much terrifying news year after year, her house raided at night by prosecutors and searched by brutal commissioners, was taking blow after blow.

Reflecting on my life coming to such a sad fate, she sent me the Akathist of the Virgin Mary, urging me to read it at midnight for 42 consecutive nights. I had done this and it seemed that as I neared my objective our side was gaining strength as the enemy retreated and the dangers diminished.

THE TEST IS TRANSFERRED TO FOCSANI

I was informed in January that the trial had been ab officio transferred to Focsani. Focsani, at the time, was the biggest liberal stronghold in the country. Three cabinet members came from that city: Gen. Vaitoianu, NN Saveanu and Chirculescu. It was the only city in the entire country where the nationalist movement did not catch on. Our efforts to accomplish something have failed. There, we had no one, except Mrs. Tita Pavelescu, a veteran patriot with her newspaper Santinela ("The Watchtower") who preached but in the wind.

The Iasi students, upon learning of this transfer, were very worried.
Numerous groups, at each train departure, were waiting at the railway stations around Iasi to accompany me to Focsani, as it was rumored that my escort would try to shoot me on the occasion of this transfer, on the pretext that I was trying to escape. Two weeks later, Botez, the head of security, came with several agents and put me in a car that was escorted by a second car.
We leave Iasi through the Pacurari barrier to the Cucuteni deposit. There, I met a group of students and on the train that stopped there was another group. But I couldn't talk to any of them. As the police put me in the prisoners' car, they showed my support. We traveled almost

all night. I approached Focsani certain of my condemnation. The local police and the director of the prison were waiting for me at the police station. I was immediately taken away and imprisoned. At first, the regime was stricter than in Iasi.
Gavrilescu, the mayor of the county, who appeared to be a bad man 'without any justification - for no mayor has the right to interfere with the prison regime - wanted to impose a severe regime on me. He even entered my cell, where we had a very unpleasant argument. The miracle, which neither I nor particularly those who brought me to Focsani expected, was that, three days after my arrival, the entire population, regardless of political party and despite all the efforts on the part of the authorities to turn it against me , spontaneously came to my side.

Liberal politicians were abandoned not only by their own supporters, but also by their families. For example, the girls from Chirculescu College sent me food and sewed me, along with other girls, a regional national shirt. I even heard that they refused to sit at the table to eat with their father. It was then that I met General Dr. Macridescu, Focsani's most venerable figure; Hristache Solomon, a moderately wealthy property owner, but a man of great moral authority to whom even his enemies took their hats off; Mr. Georgica Niculescu; Col. ' Blezu, who through his little daughter Fluturas sent me food; Vasilache, Stefan and Nicusor Graur; the Olteanu, Ciudin, Montanu, Filho, Maj. Cristopol, Caras, Gurita Stefaniu, Nicolau, Tudoroncescu, among others. All these, and many others, from whom I received more than paternal care. However, my health was not in good shape.

My kidneys, chest and knees hurt.

The trial date was set for March 14, 1925. With this in mind, thousands of leaflets began to be printed in all university centers and also in other cities, in Cluj, Cap. Beleuta printed it, and

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distributed across the country, tens of thousands of these pamphlets. His house, open day and night to nationalist combatants, was transformed into a real headquarters. In Orastie, at Padre Mota's printing plant, tens of thousands of popular poetry brochures and hundreds of thousands of leaflets were printed.
Here, too, my comrades had some of my letters written by me in Vacaresti prison printed as a booklet entitled: Letters from a student prisoner.

The government came out with contrary matter to be scattered near and far. But they had no effect, for the wave of national feeling rose imposingly and irresistibly. Two days before the start of the trial, hundreds of people and students from across the country began to arrive in Focsani. More than three hundred arrived from Iasi alone, taking an entire train. I was transported by the authorities in a carriage to the National Theater, where the trial was to take place. But that was postponed, although the jury was chosen. They took me back to prison.
But outside, the unjustified postponement of the trial produced a general outrage that quickly turned into a huge street demonstration that lasted throughout the afternoon and into the night.

The army's efforts to quell the cheering crowd went nowhere. The demonstration was directed against the Jews and the government. The Jews then realized that all their pressures in the case would backfire. This demonstration was extremely important to the outcome of my trial.
This put the Jews out of the fight because they realized that my condemnation could have disastrous repercussions against them. While the Jewish people have not fully retreated, their pressure on the authorities has eased. Meanwhile, I received suggestions to petition for release and assurances that I would be released, but I refused to do so.

Easter has arrived. I celebrated the Resurrection alone in my cell. As the bells of all the churches in town began to toll, I knelt down and prayed for my bride and me, for my mother and my house, for the souls of the dead and those fighting outside - that God might bless them. , strengthen them and grant them victory over all enemies.

IN TURNUL-SEVERIN

One night, around two o'clock, I woke up as someone was trying to open the lock. Prison officials came to pick me up, as my trial had unexpectedly been moved by government intervention to Turnul-Severin, at the other end of Romania.

Hastily gathered my few belongings; then, surrounded by guards, I was placed in a truck that took us to the outskirts of the city near a railway line. Shortly after, a train stopped and I was put into the Black Maria carriage.

I was therefore leaving this city of Focsani which, at the opportune moment, bravely faced the tremendous pressures of officialdom and whose citizens broke party ties, or sometimes family, to manifest themselves in a superb and undeniable unanimity of feelings.

While traveling, I wanted to know what kind of people I should meet in Tumul-Severin? I had never been there, I didn't know anyone in that city.
Wherever the train stopped, I could hear people talking, laughing, getting off or getting on the train, but I couldn't see anything because the carriage I was in had no windows. it was just an inch of wall that separated me from the rest of the world, from freedom. Perhaps among those who crossed the tracks at those railway stations there were many who knew me or were my friends.
But they didn't know I was inside that car. Everyone is going somewhere. Only I didn't know where I was going. Everyone walks with lightness and joy while I carry in my soul, heavier than a millstone, the burden of this immense unknown that awaits me. I must be sentenced

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for the life? For less? Shall I ever leave the black and ugly prison walls or is it my destiny to die there? I know very well that my judgment is not a question of justice, it is a question of strength; whichever is stronger will win - will our nationalist current be stronger or the Jewish-government pressure? But it can't be like that! Whoever is right will be stronger and, consequently, will inevitably win. And as the train moved on, I felt my pain more acutely. My heart was apparently attached to every stone in Moldova and as I was leaving more and more behind, I felt like pieces of it were gradually being chipped away.

All day I traveled like this, locked alone in a prison car. We reached Balota, I believe, at dusk. A policeman accompanied by agents came in and asked me to leave. They took me behind the station, where we got into a car and drove off. They seemed like very nice men, trying to strike up a conversation with me, make a joke. But I, weighed down by other thoughts and needs, was not inclined to talk. I responded willingly, but briefly.
We enter Turnul-Severin.

As I walked through several streets, I experienced true joy in my heart, and delight, as my eyes saw people walking through the streets again.
We stopped at the prison gate. Once again, the locked gates opened to close again behind me.

The director and staff welcomed me as an honored guest. The nice room I was assigned had a wooden floor, not cement like the ones before.
Here, too, the detainees approached me as they had in other prisons, with affection; and I helped them later in their endless material and moral misery.

The next day I went out into the courtyard. From there I could see the street.
Around noon I noticed more than 200 small children between the ages of 6 and 7 gathered in front of the prison gates, who, seeing me passing by, started waving their little hands at me, some wearing scarves, others wearing caps. They were schoolchildren who heard that I came to Turnul-Severin and was there in prison. These children were to be there daily from then on to show me their sympathy. They waited for me to pass, to wave their little hands.

In court, President Varlam, a man of great kindness, treated me with great courtesy. Least of all the procurator Constantineseus, of whom it was said that he himself assumed that, together with the prefect Marius Vorvoreanu, he would obtain my conviction, but I did not believe it. At first they were quite severe, behind which I detected some malice. But little by little they were softened by the wave of public opinion, by the enthusiasm that emanated from children to the elderly. At that time, everyone felt Romanian and saw our fight as a sacred fight for the future of this country. They knew of my misfortunes and saw in my gesture a gesture of revolt for human dignity, a gesture that any free man would have made.

These people, descendants of Iancu Jianu and Captain Tudor Vladimirescu, whose pistols were brandished in defense of the nation's honor against the humiliation of centuries, readily understood what happened in Iasi. No argument could move them. It was in vain that the procurator and the mayor shouted, I was surrounded by the care and affection of all the families in the city, even those who played an official role, such as that of the mayor Corneliu Radulescu for whom I developed a

great admiration; but I was especially surrounded, as nowhere else, by the love and understanding of children for my tribulations. They were the first to speak out on my behalf in Turnul-Severin. I fondly remember how the little ones from the periphery, who barely knew how to walk, began to come, seeing the older ones regularly gathering in front of the prison, waving their hands. I watched them assemble it from all parts, at a certain time, like a program they had to do. All were quiet and well behaved. They didn't play or sing. They just watched, waiting to see me pass through an opening so they could wave at me.

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me; so they returned home. They understood that there is something sad about this prison and their common sense told them that there was nothing to laugh about here. One day the gendarmes began to drive them out. The next day, I didn't see them anymore. Sentinels were posted to stop them from arriving.

THE JUDGEMENT

The trial date was set for May 20. The President of the Court received 19,300 signatures from lawyers who wanted to defend me, from all over the country. Two days before the trial, trainloads of students began to arrive. as well as in Focsani, the students of Iasi reached 300 people. Likewise, students from Bucharest, Cluj, Cernauti came in large numbers. Among those who attended was a Focsani delegation led by the former chairman of the jury on March 14, Mihail Caras, who has now signed up as an advocate representing the Focsani jury. Prosecution witnesses also arrived: the Iasi policemen. The procedure began at the National Theater, with the presidency of Counselor Variam. Beside me, on the defendants' bench were: Mota, Tudose Popescu, Garneata, Corneliu Georgescu, Radu Mironovici. On the defense bench

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sat down: Professor Cuza, Professor Gavanescul, Paul Iliescu, Professor Sumuleanu, Em. Vasiliu-Cluj, Nicusor Graur, the entire Turnul-Severin bar The theater was , etc.

packed and around it, outside, more than 10,000 people were waiting.
Jurors have been chosen. The following were drawn: N. Palea, GN, Grigorescu, J. Caluda, I. Preoteasa, GN Grecescu, D.1. Bora, VB jujescu, C. Vargatu, C.
Surdulescu, Adolf Petayn, P. 1. Zaharia, GN Boiangiu, I. Munteanu and GN Ispas. They took the oath and sat gravely in their seats. The indictment was read.
The interrogation followed. I told things as they happened. The other five responded to his questioning in the same way, telling the truth, namely that they were not involved in the case at trial at all. The witnesses for the prosecution were a Jew and the Iasi policemen. During the process, they denied everything. Nothing was true. All beatings, all torture, pure fabrications. They even denied the medical certificates issued by Professor Bogdan, the pathologist. Their attitude, considering that they took the oath on the cross to tell the truth and only the truth, provoked the indignation of the entire court.

One of the witnesses, Commissioner Vasiliu Spanchiu, who I now saw metamorphosed into the most compassionate being, saw nothing, did nothing. Standing up, with the permission of the presiding judge, I asked him aloud full of indignation: "Didn't you punch me in the face in Mrs.
Ghica's garden?" "It is not me."

"Weren't you the one who dipped the students' heads in buckets of water while they, head down, had the soles of their feet whipped?"
"I wasn't there at the time. I was downtown."

In his face, in all his gestures, in all his behavior, one could see that he was lying; although he swore on the cross, he lied. The whole crowd in the theater was seething with indignation. Suddenly, as if the collective fury of the crowd so desired, a man in the audience jumped up, lifted the commissioner in his arms and carried him bodily. It was Mr. Tilica Ioanid. We heard him shout as he pushed the commissioner down the stairs: "Get out of here, scoundrel, for we do not guarantee your life!" Returning, he said to the other commissioners of Iasi: "With your own hands you have savagely tortured these children. If you had done something like that here in Turnul-Severin, people would have slaughtered you. Your presence in this city stains it; leave it on the first train , otherwise misfortune will befall you."

This gesture was actually welcomed as people were upset. It relaxed the whole tense atmosphere. The torturers were humiliated and now, as they walked, they greeted people by bowing to the ground, begging for the slightest sign of attention from the humblest wearer of the tricolor band. "As if we weren't good Romanians! What were we going to do? We had orders."

"No! Scoundrels! You didn't have a father's heart, nor a Romanian's heart. You had no honor, nor respect for the law. You say you had orders? No! You had traitorous hearts."
That's how people scolded them in the streets.
Then, for about two days, the depositions of defense witnesses followed, among which was the elderly Professor Ion Gavanescul, of the University of Iasi, himself mistreated by Mayor Manciu in the Congress of University Professors which he presided; also officers from the Military Lyceum and Infantry School, my former superiors and teachers, Then the victims and their parents testified, re-enacting before the judges, and almost in tears, the painful scenes of humiliation they had had

It was subjected. The civilian observer was Mr. Costa-Foru, head of a Masonic lodge in the capital.

Defense attorneys spoke in the following sequence. Paul Iliescu, Tache Policrat, Valer Roman, Valer Pop, Sandu Bacaloglu, Em. Vasiliu-Cluj, Cananau, Donca Manea,

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Mitulescu, Virgil Neta, Neagu Negrilesti, Henrietta Gavrilescu, Professor Dr. Sumuleanu, Professor Ion Gavanescul and Professor AC Cuza. Brief statements were made by Mihail Caras, Colonel Vasileseu Lascar, the old priest Dumitrescu of Bucharest, Colonel Catuneanu; by Ion Sava, Dr. Istrate, I. Rob, Dragos, Ion Blanaru and Camenita, representing students from Iasi, Cluj, Cernauti, Bucharest, Falciu County and

Turnul-Severin respectively; Captain of the Navy Manolescu, Alexandru Ventonic for the Christian merchants of Iasi; then Costica Ungureanu, Petru Vasiliu, Grecea, Captain Peteu-Ploesti, war invalid, and M. Negru-Chisinau. It was I who spoke last. I said: "Gentlemen of the jury. Everything we fought for was
out of faith and love for our country and the Romanian people. We assumed the obligation to fight until the end. This is my last word."
This was on the sixth day of my trial, May 26, 1925. All six of us were taken into a room to await the verdict. We weren't very excited, but somehow, all the same. Several minutes later, we hear thunderous applause, shouts, and cheers from the great hall. We didn't have time to reflect on this as the doors opened and the crowd ushered us into the meeting room. When we appeared, carried on our shoulders, everyone cheered and waved their handkerchiefs.

Judge Varlam too was overcome by a wave of enthusiasm which he could not resist. The judges were all in their seats, this time wearing tricolor lapel tapes with swastikas.

As soon as the verdict of acquittal was read to us, I was shouldered outside where over ten thousand people were gathered. They all fell in a column carrying us on their shoulders through the streets while people on the sidewalks showered us with flowers. When we arrived at Mr. Tilica loanid, I address the people from your balcony in a few words, expressing my gratitude to the Romanians of Tumul-Severin for the great love they showed me during the trial.

RETURNING TO IASI

After thanking several Turnul-Severin families for visiting them, for the way they adopted me, I boarded the next day on a special train for Iasi. The special train was not for me, but for the more than 300 Iasians who attended the trial, to which the cars of the Focsanians, Barladians and Vasluians were attached. Thousands of people came to the station to see us off and decorate our train with flowers.

The train left. Behind, the crowd waved handkerchiefs expressing their love and desire to continue the fight for "hurrahs" that made the air reverberate. From my window, I watched that great crowd of people, none of whom I had known before, but who now parted from us with tears in their eyes as if they had known us for years. I prayed inwardly, thanking the Lord for the victory He had given us.

It was only now, as I passed from car to car, that I could again see my comrades from Iasi, talking to each one and together rejoicing that God had made us victorious, saving us from the threat from which all our enemies thought I was not. would be able to escape.

In a compartment I found Professor Cuza and Professor and Mrs. Sumuleanu.
They were happy to be surrounded by our love.
All the rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers and greenery. And, at the first stop outside Tumul-Severin, a new mountain of flowers was brought - to our great surprise - by peasants with their priests, by teachers with their pupils, all dressed in national dress.

There were many people at each railway station waiting for the train to arrive.
It wasn't like official, cold receptions. It was neither duty nor fear nor self-interest that brought these people. I saw old men on the edge of some weeping crowds.

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I wonder why? They didn't know anyone on the train. It seemed that an unknown force compelled them to come, mysteriously whispering to them: “Go to the garage, for among all the trains that pass by, there is one that follows the course of the Romanian destiny. Everything else runs for the interests of those who ride them, except this one that runs in the course of the people, for the people." Crowds sometimes make contact with people's souls. A moment of vision. Crowds see the nation, with its dead and all their past; feel all their moments of glory and also those of defeat. They can feel the future seething. This contact with the whole immortal and collective soul of the nation is feverish, full of trembling. When it happens, multitudes cry. This maybe it's the national mystique that some criticize because they don't know what it is and that others can't define because they can't experience it.

If the Christian mysticism that aims at ecstasy is the contact of man with God, through a "leap from the human nature to the divine" (Crainic *), the national mysticism is nothing more than the contact of man, or of the multitude, with the soul of his people. , by means of a leap out of personal concerns into people's eternal life. Not intellectually, as that could be done by any historian, but lizdng, with their souls.

When the train, all decked out in flags and greenery, stopped in Craiova, the station platform was packed with over 10,000 people. We were carried on shoulders to the back of the warehouse, where we were met by one of the citizens. Professor Cuza spoke. And me, briefly.

We were received like this in all stations, big and small, but mainly in the cities of Piatra-Olt, Slatina and Pitesti. Although there were no nationalist organizations in most of these towns along the railroad, and no one was handing out flyers to call people to the stations, the platforms were all filled with thousands of people to salute America.

It was about 8 pm when we arrived in Bucharest. Once more I was picked up, triumphantly carried on my shoulders through the station to the front, where the whole square was a sea of sea that stretched along the Camino da Grivita, far beyond the Polytechnic School. There must have been over 50,000 people, showing an enthusiasm that nothing could stifle. Professor Cuza addressed them. So, in fact, throughout the country a patriotic current so powerful prevailed that it could have brought the LANC to power. But these propitious, tactical, politically great moments, which this movement would never see again, were not seized.

Professor Cuza did not know how to take advantage of the great tactical opportunity rarely found by political movements.

In the eyes of any objective observer familiar with political confrontations, the LANC's fate was now sealed.

We left. All night people met us at the stops. There were over 1,000 in Focsani at 3am who had been waiting since 4pm the previous afternoon. They wanted us to stop there for a day. But we kept going. A delegation consisting of Hristache Solomon, Aristotel Gheorghiu, Georgica Niculescu and others boarded the train. They told me: "Since we were not lucky enough to host your trial in our city, you must be married in Focsani. On the 14th of June, early in the morning, you must be in Focsani. Everything will be settled." The delegation left the train in Marasesti after I promised I would be in Focsani as planned. We arrived in Iasi in the morning, extremely tired. Students and townspeople were at the station, They carried us on their shoulders through the city to the university. There we were met by cordons of gendarmes. The crowd erupted and entered the university, taking us to the amphitheater. There, Professor Cuza spoke, after which the people peacefully dispersed. Everyone went to their crib. I reviewed the little house on Flowers Street that I had left eight months ago. The next day I left for Husi, where my mother was waiting for me, crying at the door.

Several days later, at City Hall, my civil wedding was held.

***** Nichifor Crainic (1889-1972), Romanian journalist, theologian, philosopher. ***(Tr.)***

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JUNE 1925 - JUNE 1926

MY MARRIAGE

Accompanied by my mother, father, brothers and sisters, bride and parents-in-law, I left on June 13th for Focsani. There we were guests at General Macridescu's house. We were informed that night by the wedding organizing committee who visited us, that everything was ready and that there had already been over 30,000 people from other cities who were all housed, with more coming that night; that all the inhabitants of Focsani received these guests with joy and welcomed them with joy.

A horse was brought for me the next morning in accordance with our old folk tradition - as required in the program - and after I had passed the bride's house I led a column to Crang (Grove) outside the city. On both sides of the road there were people, even children among the trees. Following behind me were the groomsmen riding in ornate carriages. Professor Cuza and Gen. Macridescu, Hrisache Solomon, Coronel Cambureanu, Tudoroncescu, Georgica Niculesc, Maj. Bagulescu and others. Next came the bride's wagon, drawn by six

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oxen and decorated with flowers, followed by the guests' carts. in all, there were 2,300 wagons, carriages and cars all decorated with flowers and people dressed in national costumes. I arrived at Crang, less than four miles from Focsani, and the tail of the column had not yet left Focsani. The wedding ceremony took place on a platform, built especially for this purpose. Between 80,000 and 100,000 people were present. After the religious ceremony we danced the hora and other national dances, and the celebration continued with a feast on the grass. The inhabitants of Focsani brought provisions for themselves and also for out-of-town guests.

The whole party was filmed with the great display of national costumes, decorated wagons, with their dancing and enthusiasm. Several weeks later, it was shown in cinemas in Bucharest, but only twice, because the Ministry of Internal Affairs confiscated the film and a print and burned them.

The party ended at dusk with a general feeling of fraternity and animation. Along with my wife and some companions I left for Baile Herculane that night, where we spent two weeks with a family of old friends, the S. Martalog.

Mota, in turn, went to Iasi to start digging the foundation of the Christian Cultural House on land donated by engineer Grigore Bejan.

THE CEREMONY OF BAPTISM IN CIORASTI

On the 10th of August, in Ciorasti, near Focsani, I was a godparent at the baptisms of 100 babies who were born that month in and around Putna county. The baptism would take place in Focsani. But the government to prevent it decreed a state of siege there. After overcoming many obstacles, we retreated to Ciorasti, where we managed to carry out the baptism of children in the shadow of bayonets.

AFTER A YEAR, WORK RESUMES

I returned to Iasi to work alongside my companions in building our Home. We pursued both the old construction plan and the youth organization plan, interrupted by fate for almost a whole year.
Donations began to arrive. The Moruzzi family of Dorohoi contributed 100,000 lei; General Cantacuzino donated three wagons of cement; Romanians in America, through the newspaper Libertatea ("Liberty") contributed more than 400,000 lei. Peasants from the most remote villages of Transylvania, Bukovina and Bessarabia sent some of their meager resources to the "House in Iasi", as they affectionately called it.

All these contributions were arriving because of the sympathy our movement enjoyed at that time in all social strata. Photos showing how students and students were building their own house aroused great enthusiasm. This was something totally new, which had not

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been seen before in our country or abroad. This activity / generated so much sympathy in Iasi, that when the office work left work at the end of the day, they would go to the construction site, take off their coats and get the shovel, pickaxe or wheelbarrow of cement. Students from Cluj, Bessarabia and Bukovina, Bucharest found themselves there in this type of work. Brotherhoods of the cross had already been organized in many cities under Mota's supervision, so young high school students came from far and wide to work, returning home educated in our spirit.

Two years of student struggle, agitation and suffering, common to all young people in Romania, had accomplished a great miracle: the re-establishment of the spiritual unity of the nation which had been threatened by the inability of the older generation to merge and become one with the large national community. Now the young people, coming from all parts of the country, were consolidating and sanctifying this unity of soul through their common efforts, in the school of work, for our country.

DANGERS THAT THREATEN A POLITICAL MOVEMENT

This current across the country was formidable. I do not think that such an unusual popular current has existed in the country many times before. The championship was not going well, due to lack of organization, lack of action plan. There was, moreover, as a result of this great current, the threat that some compromising and dangerous elements could infiltrate the movement. A movement never dies under the blows of the enemy outside, but because of the enemies inside, like any human organism. Typically, only about one human being in a million dies from external causes (hit by a train or car, shot to death, drowning, etc.); man succumbs to internal toxins, he dies of poison.

As it was, in the wake of the Vacaresti, Focsani and Turnul-Severin trials, anyone who wished could join our ranks.
Some joined together to engage in fraud: collecting subscriptions, selling brochures, lending, etc. and, no matter where these characters appeared, they invariably compromised the movement; others, who had joined together as political climbers, began to quarrel and denounce each other, each competing for the leadership position or a seat in Parliament, etc. Others were in good faith but lacked discipline, refusing to obey the orders of their superiors; these people endlessly haggled over each directive, each acting on their own. Others, again having joined our ranks in good faith, were simply unable to integrate into our spirit.

There are many very good individuals possessing such a moral structure that they simply cannot merge into an organization like ours and therefore jeopardize their very existence from within. Some are intriguing by birth; whatever they unite, they destroy by telling stories.
Some others have a fixed idea; they honestly believe they have found the key to all solutions, trying to convince you of their worth. Others are sick, afflicted with the evil of journalism. They want, at any cost, to be directors of a newspaper or to see their name printed at the end of a story. There are others who act in such a way that, no matter where they go, they manage to compromise

the whole struggle and in undermining the confidence the organization enjoyed there. Finally, there are some who are specifically paid to engage in intrigue, espionage, and will compromise any noble efforts of the nationalist movement.
What care, what circumspection, then, must be exercised by the head of a movement with respect to those who wish to come under his leadership! How much he must do to educate them, and what tireless supervision he must exercise over them! Without these precautions, a movement is hopelessly compromised.

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Sadly, Professor Cuza was totally unaware of these imperatives. Its slogan was: "Anyone can join the League, but only those who can stay."

And that attitude would bring a real disaster. Indeed, several months later, the League has become a melting pot of intrigue, a veritable inferno.
My conviction at the time, which I still hold today, was that an organization should not allow "whoever wants to" enter, but only those who "deserve to join", and allow them to remain in it only - and only as long as they are - upright, hard-working, Disciplined and faithful.
If signs of gangrene, such as those mentioned above, seem to be evident in an organization, they should be immediately isolated and then excised with more energy. Otherwise, the infection spreads like a cancer through the entire organism of movement, and the cause is lost. Your committed mission and future; he will either die or linger between life and death, unable to accomplish anything. Our efforts to induce Professor Cuza to remedy this situation failed, because, on the one hand, he was totally unaware of these elementary principles for conducting a movement and, on the other hand, because the intrigues managed to isolate us from him as well and, consequently, to paralyze any influence we might have had on him.

We Vacarestians, realizing this and seeing the desperate assaults, the waves of intrigue that beat us, with the aim of separating us from Professor Cuza, went to his house, again pledging allegiance to him and asking him to trust us that we would do everything in our power to correct the state of affairs within the movement. Our attempt proved futile, as he realized that we were seeing things in an entirely different light, both with regard to organization and a plan of action, and even with regard to the fundamental doctrine of our movement. We start from the idea of the moral essence of man, not as a numerical, electoral or democratic digit. But he was convinced that we maintained this idea because we were victims of some intriguers.

THE LEADER'S CRITICISM

Who was responsible for this state of affairs? The leader, of course. This movement needs a great leader, not a brilliant doctrinaire who remains oblivious to the waves of movement below; an imposing leader, to dominate and control the movement.

Not everyone can fill this role. It takes a professional, a man with innate qualities, someone who knows not only the principles of organization, but also development and struggle. it is not enough to be a renowned university professor to be in charge of such a movement. A good helmsman is needed here, a skilful captain to lead us over the waves, a man who knows the law and is familiar with the secret of such leadership; who would know the winds and the depths of the sea, who would know dangerous reefs, who would finally hold the helm with a firm hand.

It is not enough that a man who proves that Transylvania belongs to the Romanians has the right to take command of the troops that go out to conquer it; just as the fact that he can theoretically demonstrate the existence of a Jewish danger is not enough for him to have the right to take charge of a popular political movement that sets out to solve this problem. There are two totally different levels of activity here, levels that demand totally opposite aptitudes and qualifications in the individuals involved.

We can imagine the first level above 1,000 meters, The domain of theory, the abstract field of laws. There, the theorist engages in researching truth and its theoretical formulation. He starts at the base of concrete realities, from the ground up to formulate laws there in his creative domain.

The other level is on earth. Here, the man who is endowed with leadership qualities engages in the art of imposing the truth by force. He reaches the heights to

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be in harmony with the laws, but its place of fulfillment is here on the battlefield, in the area of strategy and tactics.

The first creates ideals, outlines objectives; the latter performs them, fulfills them.
By virtue of the natural principle of the division of labor, the exceptions in which the qualities of these two functions are found in a single individual are
extremely rare.

Professor Cuza is first and foremost a theorist. On a theoretical level, it shines like the sun. Your job is as follows:

a) Research and formulation of the truth of nationality law. b)
Discovery and perfect identification of the enemy of nationality. the Jew. c) Postulate solutions to the Jewish problem.

That is all! However, this is a colossal achievement. For although all scientific evidence is on his side, all men of science are against him, attacking him from all directions and trying to overthrow his discoveries. But he resists. This first level does not require the use of men, human forces; on the contrary, the man on the first plane avoids people. But the second plan requires, first of all, people. just anyone? Certainly not! But people the leader must transform into human strengths.

That means:

1. Knowing how to organize them according to certain rigid principles.
2. Give them technical and heroic education in order to increase their power, just to transform men into human power.
3. Lead these forces, now organized and educated, into the strategic and tactical field of battle to fight other human forces, or nature itself, in order to achieve a useful objective.

If the doctrinaire is expected to master the science of researching and formulating truth, the leader of a political movement is expected to master the science and art of organizing, educating, and leading men, Professor Cuza, excellent and unsurpassed in the foreground. , when cast down on the practical, he proved ignorant, clumsy, naive as a child, incapable both of organizing and of technically and heroically educating his followers, incapable, in other words, of leading human forces.

An illustrious man on the theoretical plane will never be able to win a victory on the second plane. He will be defeated or, at best, satisfied with the small successes obtained for him by those around him.
What are the characteristic spiritual traits that the leader of a political movement should possess? In my opinion they are: 1. An
internal power of attraction. There are no independent and free people in the world. just as in the solar system each star follows its own orbit in which it revolves around a greater power of attraction, in the same way people, especially in the field of political action, gravitate towards a few attractive personalities. It is the same in the realm of thought. Outside are those who don't want to show interest or think.

A leader must have this power of attraction. Some have more than ten people, therefore being leaders only for them; others about an entire village, a county; others over an entire province, country; and some even outside the borders of a single country. An individual's ability to lead is limited by the extent of his inner power of attraction. It is a kind of magnetic force which, if not possessed by a man, renders him incapable of leading.

2. Capacity to love. A leader must love all his comrades in arms.
Their love must penetrate the edges of a movement's community.

3. Knowledge and sense of organization. People drawn into the orbit of a movement must be organized.

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4. Knowledge of people. In the organization, the principle of division of labor must be taken into account, putting each one in his place, according to his aptitudes and refusing to accept those who lack them.

5. The power to educate and inspire heroism.
6. Master the Laws of Leadership. When a chief has an organized and educated troop, he must know how to lead them on the political battlefield to compete with the other forces.

7. A sense of time. A boss must have a special sense to tell him when to fight a battle. An inner intuition should tell you: now! This minute, not later, not earlier.

8. Courage. When a leader hears this inner command, he must have the courage to draw his sword.

9. Consciousness of just and moral aims to be pursued by honest means, in addition to all the virtues of a soldier which a leader should possess, spirit of sacrifice, endurance, devotion, etc., he should be animated by a spirit of high morality, for there is no lasting victory if it is not based on justice and legality.

A CASE OF CONSCIOUSNESS

In truth, Professor Cuza was not responsible for the chaotic situation the League found itself in. When he opposed our organizing efforts, he had, I believe, a clear conscience of his theoretical competence and his lack of power on the political plane. It was we who were responsible and especially me, because we forced him against his will to engage in an action to which he was weak. In fact, he was absent from all the important events that took place during those two years of fighting. All the struggles that shook the whole country and raised the Romanian masses were started without the help of Professor Cuza. In each of them he helped a lot, certainly, but always in the end the initiative did not belong to him.

I had been wrong; and as there is no mistake that does not immediately turn against those who committed it, my mistake will also pursue us as in the movement. And that will happen when Professor Cuza, unable to understand us, is working alone, without our support.

This year was also difficult for him. After 30 years of dedication at the University of Iasi, the government committed the unprecedented injustice of removing him from his chair, when, in the summary investigation that was carried out he was accused of instigating the students, Professor Cuza replied:

“I am an instigator of national energies”.
A lifetime of fighting and illustrious teaching in the service of the Romanian nation was ended by such a reward on the part of the people led by the Jewish politicians.
To this low blow was also added the fact that, being alone in the street, he was provoked and struck in the face by a Jew's fist. When this outrageous daring became known, students would go to every pub and beat every Jew they encountered in the same way. During this demonstration, ten students were arrested, including Mota and Lulian Sarbu, who were sentenced to one month in prison. They served in Galata. Urziceanu, a student, fired several shots at the suspected moral instigator of the injurious act of violence.

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IN FRANCE, AT SCHOOL
THE DEPARTURE AND THE FIRST STAGE IN STRASBOURG

On September 23, 1925, we laid the cornerstone of our student house. The walls were about a meter high when, having given our nationalist movement all I could at my age, I thought it opportune to return abroad to complete my education, all the more so as my health was not in very good shape as As a result of the difficult trials through which I had passed, I was prompted to this decision also by the fact that I felt somewhat isolated in my views on League organization and combat plans. I was saying to myself. “It is possible that I am mistaken and it would be better not to disturb the development of a point of view that may, after all, turn out to be a good one”, especially in view of the fact that lately the League has acquired new strength (1) by joining the "Romanian Action", led by Professor Catuneanu, who brought to our side such eminent Transylvanian intellectuals as Valer Pop and Father Titus Malai; and (2) joining forces with "The National Fascia", a smaller but healthy organization. Hopefully, the innocent shortcomings of the Leakue leadership would now be remedied by the presence of so many elite men, among whom one might count: our lawyer Paul Iliescu from Bucharest with a remarkable following of intellectuals; Gen. Macridescu, leading another elite group from Focsani; the distinguished professor of sociology at the University of Cernauti, an old nationalist, Traian Braileanu; and the distinguished professor of pedagogy Ion Gavanescul, from the University of Iasi, who until now had not joined our movement, although he had also preached the national idea throughout his life in his chair of pedagogy.

Also with us was the erudite Professor of Physiology Nicolae Paulescu of the University of Bucharest, an unparalleled expert on Jewish-Masonic manipulations, which illuminated the national movement in the capital.
These personalities who honored our movement and gave it unsurpassed prestige were joined by the precious help of Libertatea ("Liberty"), the most widely read and appreciated popular Romanian newspaper, edited by Father Mota.
My comrade Mota - son of Father Mota - expelled from the University of Cluj, still a second year student, had decided to go abroad with me to finish his law studies.

We both agreed to go to France to one of the smaller cities.
We chose Grenoble. I earned 60,000 lei from sales of my booklet Letters from a Stuck Student and from wedding gifts; Mota had monthly help from home.

After saying goodbye to our families back home, we pay our respects to Professor Cuza and our companions. Then we climb Rarau mountain to the hermitage to pray and start our journey. My wife and I left first. Mota followed two weeks later. After a long journey through Czechoslovakia and Germany, followed by several days in Berlin and Jena, we entered France and stopped in Strasbourg. What surprised me a lot was the fact that this city, contrary to all my expectations, had turned into a veritable nest of wasps for Jewish infection. When getting off the train, I expected to see people of the Gallic race who, with their unparalleled bravery, marked the centuries of history.

Instead, I saw the hook-nosed, profit-hungry Jew who pulled me by the sleeve into his shop or into his restaurant, most of the restaurants around the train station being run by them. In the France of the assimilated Jew, everything was kosher. We walked into one restaurant after another to find a Christian, but in each one we saw a sign in Yiddish: "Kosher Food." We finally found a French restaurant where we ate. We found no difference between Targul-Cucului and Strasbourg Jews; the same figure, the same manners and jargon; the same satanic eyes in which one reads and discovers, under the polite look, the eagerness to play.

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IN GRENOBLE

One more night of travel and we arrive in Grenoble in the morning. What wonders opened to our eyes! What a scenery! A city situated long ago at the foot of the Alps. A huge boulder charged towards the center of the city as if it were going to cut it in two. Grey, stout and bold, it dominated the houses, which, though many stories high, looked like little anthills in contrast. Farther away, but also close to the city, there was another mountain full of old fortifications, trenches and parapets, which had been transformed into an immense fortress. In the distance, in the background, above all, white as honor, the snow shone winter and summer on the imposing massive Alps.

Impressed by what we saw, and walking as through an enchanted castle in some story, I said to myself: "This is the city of bravery." And sure enough, as I continued to walk, I was sure I was right, for stopping in front of a statue I read. "Bayard, chevalier sans peur etsans reproche." Bayard was a great epic warrior of the 15th century who, after a lifetime of battles, was mortally wounded and lay in agony, clutching his sword whose hilt was now transformed into a cross from which the brave old man received at the hour of his death, the last blessing . We rent a room in old Grenoble. There is also a new and modern Grenoble.

But we like the old section better. Mota arrived a little later. We register at the university. He, for his Bachelor of Laws; Me, as a doctoral candidate in economics. I started auditing freshman and sophomore courses, but I didn't understand anything. Those were the first lessons. I could only make out single words.
However, as I doggedly continued to audit these courses, around Christmas I began to understand the lectures quite well. There were only eight doctoral candidates, which is why these classes developed a family character of close bond between student and professor. The professors, extremely conscientious, only taught, they did not politicize either.

Meals for the three of us were prepared by my wife. On holidays, I began to take small excursions around the city. I was impressed by the castle ruins and ancient towers. Would you like to know who lived in these ancient ones? They must have been forgotten by everyone. Let me go visit them. I entered these ruins and stood there for hours in undisturbed silence, talking with the dead. I visited a small church on the outskirts of the city, dating from the 4th century, the Church of São Lourenço, and to my astonishment, I saw more than fifty swastikas on its bluish ceiling. In the city, in the City Hall Building, in the Palace of Justice and other institutions, one could see the Masonic star, the symbol of the absolute control of this Jewish hydra over France, so I retired to the old quarter of Grenoble, where the churches with their crosses have been darkened by time and oblivion. I turned my back on modern cinemas, theaters and cafes, finding amusement among the ruins where I suspected Bayard might have lived. I sank into the past where, to my great happiness, I lived in historical France, in Christian France, in nationalist France, not in Judaeo-Masonic, atheistic and cosmopolitan France, but in Bayard! Not in Leon Blum's France! The square "Marche des puces", as the French called it, was full of Jews, which explained its name. In fact, the university was also dominated by them. There were 50 Jewish students from Romania studying here, in addition to the five Romanians. I also visited the former monastery, "Grande Chartreuse", whose 1,000 monks were expelled by the atheist government. In several icons I could still see the marks of stones thrown

by the crowd during the French Revolution (1789), when they mutilated the image of God.

It didn't take long for material concerns to overwhelm us. My cash was running low and I wasn't expecting any back home. Despite all the great savings, we couldn't manage what Mota received alone.
We spent many hours thinking about how we could earn
some money without disrupting our course schedules. Realizing that embroidery is appreciated and well paid in France, we decided to learn embroidery from my wife, and then try to sell this Romanian embroidery. We learned this trade over the course of several weeks. We embroidered in our spare time, we had our

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products displayed in the window and, adding the little we earned that way to what Mota received from home, we managed to live very modestly.

GENERAL ELECTIONS BACK HOME
MAY 1926

At Easter time, letters and newspapers from home that we received regularly brought news of the Liberals' fall from power and the advent of General Averescu.
The new general elections were supposed to take place in mid-May. For the League, this was the opportunity to engage in a major battle for the first time. I was saying to myself, "I must go back home to

join this fight. And then go back to school."
I wrote to Professor Cuza, asking for money for the ticket. Receiving no reply, I wrote to Mr. Hristache Solomon in Focsani. He sent me 10,000 lei, of which I left a portion with my wife. With the rest, I went home.
I arrived in Bucharest around the beginning of May, during the entire election campaign.
I immediately went to Professor Cuza who didn't look very happy to see me there, telling me there was no need for me to come because the movement could go well even without me.
It pained me a little, but I didn't get angry. There is no place in a political organization for a member who is irritated by being reprimanded by the leader.
The warning may or may not be justified, but one should never get angry, this is the principle that should guide a man in any organization.

Afterwards, I left for Dorohoi Township to assist Professor Sumuleanu. From there I went to other counties, Campul-Lung, Iasi, Braila, etc. Meanwhile, because of a letter I received from Professor Paulescu and at General Macridescu's insistence, I decided to run for office in Focsani. There I was, in the most disgusting and unwanted situation for me: going out begging for votes for me. Where? Among the crowds, which, just at the time when they should have been inspired by the most sacred feelings - for whom their country and its future were at stake - are stunned by the drinks abundantly offered by the electoral agents, and are possessed by the passions unleashed by the evil spirit of politicians. In those moments, during the serene and clean life in the villages, the tides of political corruption run down.
This hell spreads across the country and from it emerges the next leadership of the country for one, two, three or four years. It is

from this heap of putrefaction that democracy - "sacred", democracy - produces the leadership of a country!
I arrived at Focsani, which had been under siege since Ciorasti's baptisms. in order to continue on campaign, a free passage pass was needed, issued by the garrison commander, which I requested and received. Around 10 am, accompanied by Mr. Hristache Solomon and others, we left in two cars. But 500 meters outside the city, we find a barricade of two wagons placed on the other side of the road, with several police officers nearby.

We stopped, the gendarmes came up to us and said that we were not allowed to pass. I produced the general's order and showed it to them. They read it and said: "Even so, you cannot pass."
I ordered my companions to open the road. After a brief scuffle, the road was passable. Cars began to move slowly. The gendarmes, several meters behind us, knelt, took aim and began to fire. I said:

"Keep moving, they're shooting in the air."
A bullet hit a bumper; another, close to us. We continued driving. But two bullets stopped us, one punctured the gas tank, the second a tire.
We couldn't keep driving. We got off and walked back. Once again, we went to the general who issued our passage permit and
reported what had happened, General Macrisdescu also being present. He replied:
"You are free to travel. I ordered that no one should stop you. Perhaps it was the administrative authorities." From there we went to

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City Hall along with General Macridescu. The mayor of the county was Nitulescu, a rough and uncouth man. Very calmly, we entered his office. General Macridescu reported the events. But the mayor, from the first moment, treated us very rudely. He proceeded to deliver an endless speech from his lofty position.

"Gentlemen, the highest interests of the state demand ..."

"There are laws in this country; we are within the laws. We have the right..." En. Macridescu tries to explain. But the mayor continued:
"The count demands in these difficult times..."
General Macridescu tried again to explain. The mayor with authority: "The will of the country is..."
"Listen here, Mr. Mayor," I interrupted, quite upset. "I can see you don't want to understand reasonable conversations. Tomorrow morning I'll set out on the campaign trail and if the gendarmes fire at us again I'll come back here to your office and shoot you."

And without waiting for an answer, I turned around, leaving the others behind. Several hours later, I was summoned to the War Council. I went. A royal commissioner* interrogated me. I stated in writing exactly what happened. They arrested me. And I said, "Well gentlemen, you
don't do anything to those who actually shot me, but I, who just said I would, you arrest!"

So there I was again, in a regimental barracks holding room. Three days later I was called by the general. An officer led me to his office.

"Mr. Codreanu, you must leave the city of Focsani."
"Sir, I am a candidate here. Your order for me to leave is against the law.
Of course, I'm not going to oppose this measure because I can't do that, but I ask that you give me this order in writing." "I can't put it in writing."

"Then I will go to Bucharest to complain about this treatment."
The general released me on my word of honor that I would leave on the first train. And I left for Bucharest on the first train.
The next day, I introduced myself to Mr. Octavian Goga, Minister of the Interior, who received me well. I told him what happened to me and demanded justice. He promised me that he would send an administrative inspector to investigate the case and asked me to come and see him again the next day. I came. He postponed me until the next day. But as time was running out and election day was approaching, on the fourth day I left.
Again I got a free passage permit from the general and again we started driving. There were only two days left for the elections. We arrived at the first village where there were a few villagers gathered as on the eve of any election, but they looked frightened by the prevailing general terror. The gendarmes appeared: "You are allowed to speak with these people, but only for a minute. This is
our order!"

I spoke for a minute and then we continued. It was the same in all the other villages just for a minute in each. Poor justice and legality in this country! One is given the privilege of voting, another is called upon to exercise that privilege; if you don't show up to vote, you are fined and if you do show up to vote, you are defeated. Romanian politicians, be they liberals, Averescu supporters, national peasants, are just a bunch of tyrants who are behind slogans

**** Army officer who, in Romanian military justice, plays the role of judge or investigating prosecutor in the War Council. (Tr.)***

like: "Legality", "Liberty", "The rights of man", without shame and without fear trampling on an entire country with all its laws, all its freedoms and

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all your rights. What possible resource is left, I wonder, for the future?

On election day, our delegates were beaten, covered in blood and prevented from reaching polling places; entire villages could not go near the polling stations. Result: I lost, but in the city of Focsani I won all the political parties.

"It doesn't matter," I told myself. "If I had won, it would have interrupted my plans to continue my studies." Two days later, I learned, to my great joy, the results of elections across the country. The League added 120,000 votes and sent ten deputies to Parliament: Professors Cuza and Gavanescul de Iasi; Professor Sumuleanu of Dorohoi; my father from Radauti; Paul Iliescu of Campul-Lung;

Professor Calan of Suceava; doctor Haralamb Vasiliu of Botosani; Valer Pop de Satu-Mare; engineer Misu Florescu, from Piatra-Neatnt; and luniu Lecca de Bacau. Truly, an elite body of men was elected to honor the nationalist movement, men the people looked up to with boundless love and living hopes. Those 120,000 votes represented the best and purest of the Romanian nation. Voters have overcome all threats, all temptations, all obstacles to reach the polls. But those who could not reach them were very numerous - more than those who did. There were at least another 120,000 votes that were disrupted or stolen from the ballot box.

I returned to France satisfied with the results, but constantly worried about the following question: How could we win if all governments conducted elections in this way, using corruption, theft and state force against the popular will?

IN THE ALPS

Arriving in France, it was too late to take the June session exams.
I was facing a serious problem. Mota would have to return home to do his military service in the fall. How were we going to live if our embroidery was barely enough for one person, let alone two souls... I tried to find work in the city, anything. Impossible. So I thought that maybe in the country, close to the city, I could get something. Together with Mota I went in different directions in search of work; but in the evening we came back without success. One day we took the tram to Uriage-les-Bains about six miles from Grenoble (there, trams run not just in towns but outside for up to 12 miles in all directions, as there is abundant electrical energy generated by the waterfalls in the mountains).

From Uriage we follow some paths up the mountain. About half an hour later we arrive in Saint Martin, a fairly large village with a well-paved road, well-maintained stone houses, several warehouses and a beautiful tall church. But we passed. After another hour of walking, constantly climbing in the sweaty heat, we arrived at a small village, Pinet-d'Uriage.

We were at an altitude of approximately 2600-2700 feet. Above us the Alps offered an admirable prospect to our eyes, as they were covered with snow. it looked like the snow started a few miles from where we were. To our left, towards the Chateau de Vizille, a beautiful valley stretched away; towards Grenoble on our right another; and along the valley the paved road that wound gleamed like the water of a sun-washed river.

In the fields we could see people working. We were wondering how there, on the mountainside, a few miles from perpetual snows, wheat could grow as tall as a man; or oats and barley, as well as all kinds of vegetables. Probably because of the milder climate and rock-free soil. In fact, its soil was of low fertility, even poor. But farmers continually used manure or fertilizer.

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Seeing them working in their fields, we faced the same problem as in other villages: how could we talk to them to let them know we were looking for work. We walked past them not daring to talk to them. Further up there were a few more houses, five or six. We went there. We got to the last one. Apart from her, no other human habitation appeared between us and the huge Beldona, except tourist cabins. Nearby, an old man was mowing the lawn. We needed to talk to him. We greeted him and started talking. He noticed that we were foreigners, so he asked us what we were. We told him that we were Romanians, that we really liked it here and that we wanted to rent a room to spend several months outdoors. The old man was proud and probably thinking he had found someone from whom he could learn many things, he asked us to come and join him and sit at the outer table on which he placed a bottle of astringent black wine and three glasses which he filled.

Then he began questioning us, following our responses with great curiosity:

"So you say you're Romanian?"
"Yes, Romanians, Romanians from Romania."
"Is Romania far from here?"

"Almost 2000 miles."
"Are there also peasants in your country like here?"
"There are many, Pere Truk", for this was his name.
"Hay grass grows there too? Are there oxen there? Cows? Horses?"
We finally answered all his questions, thus quickly making friends with him.

But we didn't tell him anything that troubled us, because the old man realized that we were polite people, "gentlemen", and he would have lost all his illusions if we had told him that we were looking for work.
We just asked him if he knew of a room to rent somewhere. He gave us an address and insisted we tell the owner that it was he, Pere Truk, who sent us.

As we left, we expressed our thanks and promised that we would come back to help him cut. We found the address he gave us in several houses on the hillside. It was the home of Mr. Chenevas Paul, a well-dressed 70-year-old retiree, former petty officer, now retired. He was proud to be the only pensioner in the village. He owned two houses side by side, which he used entirely for himself as he was alone. All his relatives died. He rented us his smaller house, consisting of two rooms below, one large and one small, and one above (all houses had a second floor). In the downstairs room there was a stove for cooking;

Upstairs, simply furnished, was a bed. All this conveyed the appearance of emptiness. It was evident that no one had lived there for a long time.
We agree 400 francs until Christmas (that is, six months). In Grenoble we paid 150 francs a month. We paid in advance for three months and said we would move in a few days. Then we head back to the city in a good mood.
I felt that now, having done my residency course work required in the Ph.D. program, I would study for the exams here and go to Grenoble just to take them.

IN PINET-D'URIAGE AMONG FRENCH PEASANTS

Several days later, we were climbing the same paths, with our belongings on our backs, my wife, Mota and I, to our new quarters. Finally, we settle down. Mota said goodbye to us and left for Romania. We are left behind with only a few francs in our pockets. A terrible situation! How were we going to eat? The next morning, quite depressed, I went to Pere Truk. I helped with mowing and loading the hay all day. He asked me to eat with him at noon and at

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dinner time. If I could have taken something for my wife that would have been perfect too, but I came back empty handed, I went back the next morning. This time he had someone to work for him, a short man with shaggy red hair, bright, restless eyes in which I could not discern a trace of kindness; he appeared to be a bad man. Her name was Corbela.

Probably Corbelle in the official and literary language. But the peasants in the region all speak "Patois", that is, a peasant dialect that differs greatly from the official language both in pronunciation and word structure. This difference is so great that an urban Frenchman cannot understand a country Frenchman who speaks "Patois". But they also know the official language.

The three of us were invited by a housewife, the old woman, to eat at her house at noon. She was an old woman like the old women at home. In France, peasants do not eat an onion with a mound of reeds at midday, as our peasants do; as a rule, they have a vegetable dish, a meat dish, then cheese; and a regular glass of wine. I thanked them for inviting me to join their meal, but I said I wouldn't eat. Whereas I felt embarrassed, they insisted. So I told them that it being Friday I fasted until evening. It was an old habit with me that I faithfully maintained for three years, ever since I was first incarcerated in Vacaresti prison.

When Corbela heard that I was fasting, he asked me sharply:

"But why do you
fast?" "Because I
believe in God."

"How do you know there is a God? Have you seen Jesus Christ?" he continued.
“No, I haven't seen Him, but that's the way I am; I don't believe you tell me He doesn't exist, while I believe the countless martyrs who, when nailed to the cross, cried out, 'You can kill us!' Ah, the priests! The charlatans! I , but we saw Him'. "
crush them under my heel, pushing and turning him on the floor, like crushing a woria"

Seeing him so excited, I stopped the discussion.
That night I came home with a basket full of potatoes and a piece of bacon that the old man gave me. I worked the same way that Saturday. On Sunday, I went to church. There were a lot of people, probably the whole village. On a side pew next to the altar, solemn as a saint, was a man who reminded me of Corbela. I took another look. He followed the priest very closely. At one point, he approached the priest and helped him very humbly.

It was him, Corbela! Singer, sexton and pealer.

Later, as I befriended the villagers, I told them about my encounter with Corbela, all of us having a good laugh.
"We too have our fools among us," I was told. "They listen to important people who hate the Church. But we French peasants believe in God as we learned from our fathers."

The priest, a man of vast culture, a doctor of philosophy and theology, lived in great poverty, without receiving a salary from the atheist state that persecuted priests as enemies.
The latter live only on the help received from the few villagers. The following week I worked for someone else, picking potatoes, who gave me more potatoes, the basis of our existence for some time. I switched to another peasant to help pulley and thresh the wheat. In each village, people have a common threshing machine that is used by all. Yields are rich and beautiful as gold.

Every villager subscribes to some agricultural weekly which is full of advice for general agriculture, vegetable gardening, cattle raising, beekeeping, etc. They read these journals with rapt attention, cover to cover, trying as in a great contest to apply this advice as best they can, and they make use of much of it. Their stables are taken care of, as are their homes. Cattle are well protected from cold and hunger, being brushed daily. That's why they have good

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appearance, can be worked hard and produce a lot. I often saw a piece of cardboard in their stables where it read: "Love animals, our working partners!"

After about a month, the villagers started to get used to me. I was known as "le roumain" (the Romanian). They heard that I was a PhD student and we had talks in the evenings. They were interested in questions of philosophy, politics, international relations and political economy, particularly in the matters of prices, the law of supply and demand and other laws that determine prices, as well as the causes of price fluctuation and the right time to market their products. . Peasants aged 25 to 40 were well oriented on these topics and could discuss with them even more important issues; they understood them perfectly.

After a while, I started studying for exams. Mota had successfully passed the exams in June. I worked days and nights and at night studied as much as I could.
In that first year, I took four subjects: political economy, history of economic doctrines, industrial legislation and financial legislation. But within about two months I was starting to lose my strength. Our food proved inadequate. Lately, we had been on a diet almost exclusively of boiled potatoes. Every two or three days, a liter of milk and meat, but once a week, occasionally cheese. That was all I could earn by working. But worse than me was my wife, who became anemic. I took the exams in October, I failed, although in the main subject, political economy, I got the maximum grade and in the others, I passed grades. In financial legislation, I got only nine, the passing grade for the doctorate was ten. At the moment, I was disoriented.

I was never a bright element when it came to studying, but until now I had never failed an exam as I was considered one of the average students. This was a serious blow given our difficult economic situation. The difficulty was that I could only repeat the exams three months later, and then in all subjects. I became stubborn and decided to start all over again. Agricultural work in the fields was over. The ground was covered with snow. The only work available was chopping firewood in the forest. my payment for

work there was a wagon full of wood.
But we started getting financial help back home from Padre Mota, who obtained a loan in my name.

We spent the winter months and Christmas holidays among the peasants, mostly with the Belmain-David family. I applied for my exams again in the February session of my first year of doctoral work and passed all of them. I immediately started studying for the second year: administrative law, philosophy of law, history of French law and international civil law. In the spring, I rented a piece of garden, which I began to work on myself. But in May 1927 I received a desperate letter from Mota and others from Focsani as well, and from students, asking me to come home immediately because the League had split in two. Mota and Hristache Solomon also sent me money for the trip. But I had one more month before the exams. I saw the Dean of the Faculty informing him of the emergency demanding my return to Romania and asking permission to take my exams before the regular session. My petition was approved. On May 16th, I took and passed the exams. On the 18th of May I left for Romania after saying goodbye to the inhabitants of Pinet, among whom we had lived for almost a year. When we left, some of them, the older ones, cried. Others accompanied me to the Grenoble station.

I came to France with the concern of finding an immoral, corrupt and decadent people, as has been reported many times around the world. But I came to the conclusion that the French people, peasant or citizen, are a people of morality.

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severe. Immoralities belong to pampered foreigners, the wealthy of all nationalities attracted to Paris and other big cities. The ruling class, in my opinion, is hopelessly compromised, thinking, living and acting under the influence, and exclusively under the influence, of Judeo-Freemasonry and its bankers. Judeo-Masonry uses Paris as its world headquarters (London, with the Scottish Rite is only a subsidiary). This leading class lost touch with French history and the French nation. That is why, in leaving France, he was making a great difference between the French people and the French Masonic state. For the French people, I carried in my heart not only love, but also faith - which will never be shaken in their resurrection and victory over the hydra that plagues them, obscuring their reasoning, sucking their strength and compromising their honor and their future.

IN BUCHAREST

THE CHRISTIAN NATIONAL DEFENSE LEAGUE BROKEN IN TWO

I arrived in Bucharest. It was a disaster. The League split in two. This nation's hopes were crumbling. An entire people who had struggled to gather their exhausted strength at a difficult moment in history, and fought against the greatest danger of their existence, were now falling to the ground, with all their hopes dashed. Such a disaster, to the valiant hearts of thousands of fighters, all of them seeing in a moment all their past sacrifices and all their hopes crumbling, inspired a feeling of deep pain even in those outside our movement, never before seen sadness. more generalized. All those waves of enthusiasm from Severin to Focsani, from Campul Lung to Cluj, now turned into waves of sadness and despair.

I went to Parliament to see Professor Cuza. To my great surprise, amidst the general pain, he was the only cheerful man. This man was Professor Cuza. I give here, as accurately as possible, our conversation. "Welcome back, dear Corneliu," he said, advancing towards me with an outstretched arm. "You're a good fellow. Keep going about your business like you've been doing up until now, and everything will be fine."

"Sir, I am deeply depressed at the misfortune that has befallen us."

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“But no misfortune happened. The League is stronger than ever. Look, I got back from Braila yesterday, it was fantastic. I was welcomed there with bands, drums, endless cheers. You will see the climate of the country. You know how it is. the whole country is with us. " We said a few more words and then left.

Stunned, I asked myself, "Could a leader, seeing his troop torn by pain, torn in two and possessed by despair, enjoy a perfect disposition and good humor? Not see the disaster boiling beneath him? But perhaps he does! If so, how then is it possible for him to rejoice?"

WHAT HAPPENED?

The parliamentary and extra-parliamentary activity of the ten Liga deputies during their mandate left much to be desired. Were they weak men? Decidedly not! Were they in bad faith? Decidedly not! They were of absolute good faith, but they had small deficiencies, either in terms of knowledge of the Jewish problem because they were the youngest members of the League, or because they were a little heavy and slow in action and in the right, being the oldest ones. But such shortcomings are inherent in all men assembled in an organization and must be lovingly and tactfully corrected by the leader. So what were the true causes of this state of affairs?

In my opinion they were: 1.
The lack of coordination of its parliamentary and extra-parliamentary activity.
2. The lack of spiritual unity, a unity absolutely indispensable to such an organization which is surrounded on all sides by enemies who try to take advantage of any internal dissension.
But these two disadvantages are basically the result of the real cause: the lack of leadership, the leader's mistakes. A leader must constantly expose his views to all the fighters around him in order to achieve unity of thought from his followers; develop an action plan; to direct the action of his men; to be a permanent servant of the unity of the movement, trying with your love, remarks, reprimands, to smooth over misunderstandings and discord inherent within the organization; to be a constant example to his followers of doing their duty; dealing with matters fairly', respecting the leadership norms assumed upon him and on the basis of which he gathered his supporters.

But Professor Cuza did none of those things. He didn't educate his men. He didn't even consult them. "Let's have a consultation, sir," urged some of them, "so that we may know what action we should take and how we should present ourselves in Parliament."

“We don't need to do any consultations because we are not a political party.
He never issued any directives to anyone. Valuable tomes can be found, dozens of pamphlets written by Professor Cuza, hundreds of articles. But I dare someone to bring me ten circulars, or orders of organization or action given to the most problematic political organization from March 4, 1923, its founding, to May 20, 1927, the moment of its abolition.
You won't find ten, or five, or even three. Professor Cuza had urged others, but he himself did not urge his followers to action; he punished others, but when he did, he caused a real
disaster because he didn't handle the matter wisely. Meanwhile, certainly, given the situation thus presented, some of the deputies, feeling that things were not going as they should, expressed their dissatisfaction. They saw that gradually the movement was heading towards ruin,
especially as, in addition to the lack of directives from time to time, certain outbursts by Professor Cuza in Parliament had a devastating and disconcerting effect on the whole movement. For example, when, immediately after the opening of Parliament, one of the League's deputies protested against the state of siege imposed on Focsani and the unprecedented abuses, Professor Cuza stood up, commanding the government to do so, even though he said he would have done the same thing, because people were

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agitated because of the Jews. On another occasion, discussing the real message to Parliament, responding to members of the National Peasant Party (they were, by the way, in the opposition at the time), he declared: “The Popular Party can become a governing factor through a system of rotation with the Liberal Party if General Avereseus adopted the doctrine of the Christian National Defense League. "

Such statements - launched from the eminence of the parliamentary tribune just as thousands of men, beaten, tortured and wronged, were anxiously awaiting, as a weak relief to their suffering, a word that condemned the government whose victims they were - instead spread an atmosphere of general discouragement.

Below I quote the Official Monitor regarding a passage from the speech just mentioned:

“There are, therefore, currently at the service of the State, two mature parties, parties of order, of the agenda, government parties, which complement each other and ensure the normal functioning of the constitutional mechanism: the People's Party and the Liberal Party.

“Both are based on solid foundations, supported by productive interests that, although divergent, are nevertheless general, real and permanent and ensure their existence and the effectiveness of their action. The new work of political and constitutional organization of the country is their performance in the one with which they collaborated, each one in the measure of the responsibility and the role that it played as government or opposition. The People's Party will continue this work through all the improvements that sincere practice and good faith indicate as necessary for the consolidation of the State and the complete unification of the country.

“The Liberal Party is the exponent of the interests of the Romanian bourgeoisie, of the legitimate financial, commercial and industrial interests, indispensable for the well-being of the country.

“The People's Party, called to perfect the economic organization of the State, resting it on real foundations, concerned with the needs of all within the superior interests of the country, supports itself above all in the general, real and permanent interests of agricultural production, which is a preponderant factor of our economic life.

“The People's Party, which has the deepest and most extensive roots throughout the country, in social harmony... wants to give the farmers, masters of their soil, the role they deserve na
economy of the state according to its work and its numbers.

"(Official Monitor, July 30, 1926, p. 395).

This attitude on the part of the leader of a national movement is unfair. Presenting such praise to the political parties that the nationalist movement denounces as a calamity that has fallen on Romania and against which it has fought with painful sacrifices to create a new destiny for this country, different from the one destined for it by the 'political' parties, is the same than condemning its own movement to death.

To praise a rotating system represented by the Liberal and Averescan parties,

denounced by you all your life as an enemy of the people, means to remove any chance of victory from the national movement you led, while at the same time proving that you yourself have placed no faith in it. What would the commander of heroic troops who fight, make supreme sacrifices, believe in their victory, live and are ready to die for it, say if he, during a speech during the course of the fight in front of thousands of wounded soldiers, would praise the enemy troops and predict your victory?

What would happen to the poor troops who, instead of hearing a word of encouragement of their hopes of victory, would hear their own commander speak of the enemy's wonderful prospects of victory?

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What would happen? The troop would scatter demoralized. And that's exactly what happened. Many fighters at the front of the national movement left in despair. Due to this strange attitude, the League's deputies began to show their unhappiness. They were wrong, I think. They had no right to express their dissatisfaction, except to the president and within the limited circle of leadership. But they went out of bounds. Under such conditions, every word uttered at random means an additional misfortune in relation to that caused by the president of the movement himself. Gradually, the mistakes of one group after another led to coldness in their relations. Until one day, without sufficient reason, without prior consideration, also without respecting the norms and laws of the organization, deputy Paulo Iliescu was expelled from the Christian National Defense League, and what is more, President Cuza did not inform any of the parliamentarians of his decision, but simply announced his resignation from his prestigious position, demanding that the deputy be simultaneously expelled from Parliament and his seat in Campul-Lung declared vacant. This struck like a thunderbolt over the heads of the poor League deputies. Two days later, Professor Sumuleanu, who had meanwhile come in a hurry from Iasi, presented the Chamber of Deputies with a communication also signed by the other deputies, Ion Zelea-Codreanu, Valer Pop, Dr. liaralamb Vasiliu and Professor Carlan, in which they asserted that Professor Cuza's statement was certainly premature, as the League's bylaws stipulate that exclusions are pronounced by the committee, which in this case was wholly in the Dark. He knew of no guilt on the part of this man, but he did not ask that he not be expelled, but only that he be tried first that he might defend himself; demanded, in other words, that the statutes of the League be respected; that the law that all are sworn to uphold is obeyed.

At the same time, Professor Cuza was approached with the same request. The result of these interventions: All signatories were expelled from the League, including Professor Sumuleanu and my father, some of them having greater merits of work and sacrifice in forming the League than Professor Cuza, Professor Sumuleanu being the Deputy himself. League President. All these, likewise, were cast out without being judged; without being told anything; without being approached. In my view, the procedure used by Professor Cuza in his capacity as president of the organization - whose job it was to exercise the greatest concern for the well-being of the organization and the greatest care at any stage that might endanger its existence - was fundamentally erroneous. In fact, it was not only unfair, but totally unnecessary, especially considering the individuals involved who represented the very group that led the League. They were the creators of this organization. The measure was not substantiated, as Professor Cuza did not foresee its consequences for the movement.

A special issue of Apararea Nationala ("The National Defence"), published immediately after their expulsion, claimed that these men, with Professor Sumuleanu and my father at the head of the list, had sold themselves to the Jews, thus spreading this insinuation throughout the country. .

Professor Sumuleanu, Professor Cuza's constant friend for a quarter of a century, a man of exemplary correctness, has been horribly and unscrupulously attacked in this special issue under the direction and advice of Mr. Cuza. Fle walked the streets choked with grief, having been accused of treason. He then published a pamphlet in response entitled: "The Betrayal of Some Friends". His answer was just a consequence of the mistakes made by Professor Cuza.

In this case, Professor Cuza, in my opinion, was not only unfair, but more than unfair. Those who were expelled, in turn, made the mistake of printing leaflets containing equally unfair attacks, but their mistake followed that of Professor Cuza.

All these attacks and counterattacks were unfolding to the great despair of the Romanian fighters and the great satisfaction and ridicule of the Jews. It was at this stage that I returned from France. The question of whether MPs expelled from the League should be allowed to serve their terms was being debated in Parliament.

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I ask myself even now: "Could it be that, when Professor Cuza took these steps, he was the victim of some suggestions or intrigues, or was he convinced that this was the right thing to do?"

Several days later, several League members who were petrified by Professor Cuza's measures demanded their annulment and respect for the statutes. This resulted in the elimination of that group, among which were: Gen. Macridescu, Professor Traian Braileanu, Llristache Solomon, Professor Catuneanu, etc. In general, the rumor was systematically spread that all those expelled were sold to the Jews. Among the active agents who spread these rumors were Colonel Necuicea and Liviu Sadoveanu, the right and left hands respectively of Professor Cuza.

Those expelled then formed into the Statutory League of Christian National Defense, thus indicating that they were within the statutes of the League. At this time, Professor Cuia called a large national assembly in Iasi, at the Bejan Hall, to which about 1,000 people came.

They ratified the expulsions on the false basis that the expelled members had sold themselves to the Jews. I stop there, omitting remarks about what was printed on one side or the other, considering that what I wrote on paper should be enough to understand the situation of the movement at that time. I would just like to add that time (nine years have passed) have proved Professor Cuza wrong, because neither Professor Sumuleanu, so grievously wounded in his honor, nor my father who received near-deadly blows from the Jewish power - that Professor Cuza cannot be proud of having suffered - nor

General Macridescu, Professor Gavanescul, Professor Traian Braileanu, Professor Catuneanu, Dr. Vasiliu, Professor Carlan, Father Mota, etc. - none of them sold themselves to the Jews. Years later, after this disaster had devastated the League, Professor Cuza went to his old friend, Professor Sumuleanu, whom he had so cruelly slain, and said:

"Dear Sumuleanu, I have nothing against you. Let's make peace!"

But Professor Sumuleanu turned and, as he left, said, "It's too late."

Not because Professor Sumuleanu didn't want to forgive the cruel blow he had received, but because down there you could see the ashes of a movement and Romanian hopes.

MY REACTION TO THIS STATE OF AFFAIRS

When I arrived from France in the midst of this disaster that had crushed the national movement, I intended to save what could still be saved. I hurriedly summoned the Vacaresti group and part of the student youth leaders from the four university centers to Iasi.

I hoped to locate the division, forming a young pack; to prevent this atmosphere of hatred which was dissipating through the ranks of the older generation from enveloping the youth. Naturally, I wanted to base this bloc above all on the awareness that disunity and hatred between us meant the death of the national movement. Once this bloc formed, I wanted to direct our efforts towards the ardent ranks of veterans, to apply certain pressures in order to re-establish unity, salvage the situation. But my plan failed. The youth was already enveloped in the consuming flames of hatred, so that in Iasi, in spite of all the ties existing between the youth and myself, my proposition found no response in their hearts.

The student leadership in Iasi could at that moment have given the signal for an economy initiative, but unfortunately a number of weak elements took control of it, their negative tendencies preventing the acceptance of my proposals. it was only the Vacaresti

group, out of all the young people, who supported my point of view, to which I must add some Iasian students, about 10 or 12, among them the veterans Ion Blanaru, Ion Sava, Ion Bordeianu, Victor Silaghi and the others , newly arrived, a group of Transylvanians led by Ion Banca, Emil Eremeiu, Misu

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Crisan. These were all who gathered around us, out of all the young people in the land.

I pursued my plan.
We all left for Bucharest to see both sides. We first went to see the "Statutes", asking them to make whatever sacrifice was necessary to re-establish the unity of the movement. After several hours of discussion, they conditionally agreed, even being willing to make sacrifices, but insisting that the statutes be respected in the future.
Then we went to see Professor Cuza. But he, following our pleading and reasoning, refused. It is better for me not to reveal the discussion we had on that occasion.

We left. Discouragement took over our souls. All that was built, all the brilliance of yesterday's movement did not come as a gift from fortune. Everything grew from the fight step by step, step by foot. We carry the weight of our serious decisions, we face countless dangers, risks, physical and moral suffering.
Some more moving than others. We had provided the health of our bodies, the blood of our hearts; we struggle and sacrifice day after day.
Now, everything seemed turned to ashes.

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THE LEGION OF MICHAEL THE

ARCHANGEL

THE LEGION OF ARCHANGE MICHAEL

Faced with the aforementioned situation, I decided to go nowhere, not with the intention of resigning myself, but of organizing the youth, assuming this responsibility according to my soul and brain and continuing the struggle, not to capitulate. In the midst of all these problems and crossroads, I remembered the icon that protected us in the Vacaresti prison.
We decided to close our ranks and continue the fight under the protection of the same holy icon. With that in mind, we brought it to our home in Iasi from the altar of the Church of St Spiridon, where it had been placed three years earlier.
The Vacaresti group immediately agreed to my plans. Several days later, I convened in Iasi in my room at 20 Florilor Street for Friday, June 24, 1927, the Vacaresti group and the few students still with the USA.

A few minutes before the meeting started, I entered a book on the following agenda.

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"Today, Friday, June 24, 1927 (Feast of St. John the Baptist), at 10 o'clock in the evening, is founded under my leadership, 'The Legion of Michael the Archangel. join our ranks. Let anyone who has doubts stay on the sidelines. I hereby nominate Radu Mironovici as leader of the guard of the icon."
Corneliu Zelea Codreanu

This first meeting lasted a minute, just enough time for me to read the above order. After that, those present left to consider whether they felt determined and courageous enough to join an organization like this, with no other program than the example of my life as a patriot until then and that of my fellow prisoners. I even gave the Vacaresti group time for reflection and raising awareness so that they had doubts or reservations, because once enrolled they had to move forward without hesitation for the rest of their lives.

The inner feelings from which the Legion was born were these: we
didn't care if we were going to triumph or be conquered, or if we were going to die.
Our purpose was different: to advance together. Moving forward on a united front, with the help of God and the justice of the Romanian people, whatever the fate that awaits us - that of being defeated or that of death - would be blessed and would bear fruit for our people. Professor Nicolae Iorga once said: "There are defeats and deaths that can wake a nation to life, just as there are triumphs of the kind that can put a nation to sleep."

On the same night, and registered in the same register, we edited a letter to Professor Cuza and another to Professor Sumuleanu. At 10 o'clock the next morning all the Vacarestians gathered and went to Professor Cuza's house, Codrescu Street 3 After so many years of battles and difficult trials, we would now go to see him to say goodbye and ask him to release us from the vows that we did. Professor Cuza received us in the same room he had been in for me 28 years before, at my baptism. He was standing behind his desk; us in front. I read him the following

Letter:

"Lord,
We are coming to you for the last time to say goodbye and ask you to release us from all the vows we have made. "We can no longer follow you on the path you have taken as we no longer believe in it. it is impossible, because it was faith that fueled our enthusiasm in battle." Begging to be released from our oath that we must fight alone as best our brains and hearts can guide us, Professor Cuza then spoke to us as follows:

"My dear friends, I release you from your vows and advise you that, entering life on your own, do not make mistakes. Because, especially in politics, mistakes are very costly. You have as an example the political mistakes of Petre Carp the which had fatal consequences for him.

For my part, I wish you the best in life. "

Then he shook hands with all of us and we left. We thought that it was correct of us to proceed in this way and that this was the honorable way in which our dignity as fighters forced us to take it.

From there we went to Professor Sumuleanu in Saulescu Street reading him the other letter written in approximately the same terms, in which we informed him and his "Statutes" that we could not agree with them either and that we would carve it out for ourselves. from now on in our own way. Leaving him, we felt in our hearts how alone we were, alone as in the desert, and we would build our road in life by our own strength.

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We get even closer to the icon. The more difficulties assailed us and the more the blows of our compatriots spread over our heads, the more we would seek the protection of São Miguel Archangel and the shadow of his sword. He was no longer for us an image in an icon, but very much alive. There at the icon, we took turns watching, night and day, the lighted candle.

MATTER VERSUS SPIRIT

When we got together in our living room, the five of us plus about ten freshmen and sophomores, and when we wanted to write several letters announcing our decision to Mr. Hristache Solomon and others only then realized how poor we were, for all of us together, not even enough money for envelopes and postage. Until then, whenever we needed money,
we would go to the older veterans and ask them, but now we had no one to turn to. To launch a political organization wholly penniless! It was a difficult and daring thing to do, in this century where matter is all-powerful, where no one starts anything, no matter how small, without first asking himself "How much money do I have?" God wanted to prove that in the struggle and victory of the legionnaire matter played no role.

With our bold gesture, we turned our backs on a mentality that dominated everything. We kill one world in ourselves to raise another, high as the sky. The absolute rule of matter was overthrown so that it could be replaced by the rule of the spirit, of moral values.

We were not denying and will never deny the existence, function and necessity of matter in the world, but we did and forever will deny its right to absolute dominion. In other words, we were dealing a blow against a mentality that placed the golden calf at the center and as the main objective of life. We realized that, if we had followed this path of inverted relationship of values between spirit and matter, we would have exhausted all our courage, strength, faith and hope. During those first beginnings we found the only moral

strength only in unshakable faith, that by placing ourselves in the original harmony of life, subordination of matter to spirit, we could subdue adversities and be victorious over satanic forces united with the purpose of destroying us.

REASON

Another characteristic of our beginnings, in addition to this lack of money, was the lack of a program.

We had no program. And that fact will no doubt raise a big question mark. Who ever heard of a political organization without a program that started from reason, from someone's brain or several people?
It wasn't those of us who felt alike who came together, but those of us who felt alike. Not those among us who reasoned in the same way, but those who had the same moral-emotional

spiritual construction.
This was a sign that the statue of another Goddess - Reason - would be destroyed; what man raised against God, we - not intending to throw away or despise - must put in its proper place, at the service of God and the meaning of life. if then we had neither money nor program, we had instead God in our souls and He inspired us with the invincible power of faith.

AGAINST TREATMENT

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Our birth was greeted with a hurricane of hate and ridicule. The two League camps - Cuzists and Statutory - severed relations with us. All the students of Iasi have left us and the attacks of the Khuzists* hitherto directed at the Statutory ones would henceforth be directed at us, piercing us like arrows in our hearts.
We would not be harmed by arrow wounds, but we would be terrified of what we would discover in people. In short, we would be rewarded and honored with the heaviest insults for all that we had done before, and we would suffer blow after blow. Not only would we feel the hatred, but we would see characterlessness and soul incorruption in all their nakedness. Soon we would become "exploiters of the national idea" for our own benefit. We would not have believed that those who

who beat their chests with their fists a year earlier, claiming rewards for feigned suffering, would now have the courage to throw the accusation just mentioned in our faces. Soon people would know that we had... ...sold to the Jews" and even articles full of insults would be written and there would be peasants who would believe and men who
would turn their backs on us. Unjustly!
Insults that the enemies never dared use against us before, out of fear, were now coming from our friends, without fear and without shame.

If it were true that we, who have gone through so much suffering and whose bodies have endured so much abuse, would be capable of such infamy, that is, of selling ourselves as a group to the enemy, then there would be nothing left for us to do but to throw dynamite into this people and blow it up. it. A people that has borne and reared such children in its bosom no longer deserves to live.
But if it is not true, then those who invent these lies and spread them are scoundrels who drain their nation's confidence in its own future and destiny.
For people like these, no punishment from their country is big enough.
What confidence could this people have in victory and in the future if, in the midst of the hard struggle they are waging, they hear that we, their children, raised in their arms, in whom they deposited their most sacred hopes, have betrayed them?

I leave these days only in the memory of those of us who lived them. To them, my comrades of the time, witnesses of those hours, I said: "Do not be afraid of these
pygmies, for whoever has such souls cannot win. You will see them one day fall on their knees at your feet. Do not forgive them. Because they do not they will do it out of remorse for the transgression committed, but out of betrayal.And now, even if hell with all its impure ghosts confronts us, impassive in our firm position, we will overcome it.

Until that moment I knew the beast in man. Now I saw the scoundrel in the man. Guard yourselves and the children of today and tomorrow of the Romanian people and any other people in the world from this terrible plague: betrayal.
All intelligence, all learning, all talents, all education will not help us if we want to be treacherous.

Teach your children not to use betrayal either against a friend or against their greatest enemy. Not only will they not win, but they will be more than defeated, they will be crushed. Nor should they use treachery against the treacherous person and his treacherous ways, for if they win, only people change. Betrayal will remain unchanged. The betrayal of the winner will be replaced by that of the defeated. In essence, the same betrayal will rule the world.

* Members of Professor Cuza's party ***(Tr.)***

The darkness of betrayal in the world cannot be replaced by other darkness, but only by the light brought by the soul of the brave, full of character and honor.

And yet, at the very beginning of this flood of hate and betrayal, came to us as a refuge that gave them hope: Hristache Solomon, that man of great honor and conscience, Engineer Clime, Engineer Blanaru, Attorney Mille Lefter,

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Andrei C. Ionescu, Alexandru Ventonic, Dumitru Ifrim, Cosachescu, Ion Butnaru, Ilierodeacon Isihic Antohic, etc.
All these illustrious fighters and veterans of the League now gave me the impression of some shipwrecked souls, whose ship sank in the middle of the sea, and they landed tired and worried on our little island, in which they could find inner peace and confidence in the future.

General Macridescu told us:
"Although I am old, I will go with you and I will help you, only on one condition: that you do not shake hands with these people who have no honor, because if you did that it would disgust me to no end and I I would lose all my hope in you."
Professor Ion Gavanescul started to show interest in us and in what we were doing.

THE BEGINNINGS OF LEGIONARY LIFE

Four lines marked our initial little life: 1. Faith in God. We
all believe in God. None of us were atheists. The more we were alone and surrounded, the more our concerns turned to God and contact with our own dead and those of the nation. This gave us invincible strength and a brilliant serenity in the face of all blows.

2. Trust our mission. No one could be presented with the slightest reason for our possible victory. We were so few, so young, so poor, so hated and loathed by everyone, that all arguments not based on fact were against any chance of success. And yet we went ahead thanks only to. confidence in our purpose,
boundless confidence in our mission and the destiny of our country, 3. Our mutual
love. Some of us had known each other for some time,
having formed close friendships, but others were young people, freshmen or college sophomores, whom we had never met. From the first days, an atmosphere of affection was established between all of us, as if we were part of the same family and had known each other since childhood.

The need for an inner balance was obvious in order to resist. Our common affection had to have the same intensity and strength to match the wave of hatred from without. Our life in this nest was not cold, official life, with distance between chief and soldier, with theatricality, rhetorical statements and assumed leadership airs. Our nest was warm. Relations between us were absolutely casual. Someone did not go into a cold barracks, but into his own house, among his own family. And one did not come here just to take orders, but found here a ray of love, an hour of spiritual quiet, a word of encouragement, relief, help in misfortune or need. The legionnaire was not asked so much discipline, in the sense of barracks discipline - as for decorum, faith, devotion and zeal for work.

4. The music. Probably because we hadn't started out on the road of reason by putting together programs, contradictory discussions, philosophical arguments, lectures, our only possibility of expressing our intimate feelings was singing. We sang those songs in which our feelings found satisfaction. "There, high on a black rock" The song of Stefan the Great, whose melody, it was said, has remained unchanged from its time until now, from generation to generation. It is said that, to the sound of this melody, Stefan the Great triumphantly entered his fort at Suceava 500 years ago. When we were singing, we felt alive with those times of Romanian grandeur and glory; we sink

500 years ago in history and lived there for a few moments in contact with Stefan the Great and his soldiers and archers. "Like a Globe of Gold", the Michael the Brave song; The Song of Avram Iancu; "Let the Bugle Sound Again", the March of the Military Infantry School in 1917;

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"Rise Romanians", written by Iustin Iliesu and Istrate, which we proclaim as the anthem of the Legion. To be able to sing, one must be in a certain state of mind, in inner harmony. A person who is determined to rob someone cannot sing, nor who is about to make some other mistake; nor he whose soul is consumed with envy and hatred of his comrade; nor he whose soul is devoid of faith.

That is why you, Legionnaires of today and tomorrow, whenever you feel the need to orient yourself in the Legionary spirit, must return to these four lines of our beginnings which form the basis of our movement. Music will be a guide for you. If you are not going to be able to sing, you must know that an illness gnaws at the bottom of your spiritual being or that life has filled your innocent soul with sins; and if you cannot get rid of these sins, you must turn away, leaving your place to those who can sing. Pursuing our life along the above-mentioned lines, we set out to act from the earliest days. I appointed leaders, who received and gave orders.

We didn't start out by engaging in some spectacular actions. As we came across a problem, we set out to solve it. Our first action was to repair the room in our house where the icon of São Miguel Archangel used to be.
We painted it, mopped the floor, Legionnaire girls began to sew curtains. So the legionnaires wrote down various maxims that I collected from the Gospels or other writings. They beautified our walls. Here are some of them: "God carries us in his victorious chariot." "Whoever
wins....I will be their God."

"If you don't have a sword, sell your cloak and buy one."
"Fight bravely for the faith."
"Avoid carnal pleasures, for they kill
the soul." "Be vigilant."
"Don't destroy the hero in you."
"Brothers in fortune... as in
misfortune."
"He who knows how to die will never be a slave."
"I look forward to the resurrection of my fatherland and the destruction of the hordes of traitors," etc.

In a week, our headquarters was set up.
Our second action was of a different nature: it concerned what our attitude should be towards external attacks. We decided not to respond to them; which was extremely difficult for all of us. Our moral being was being torn apart. But this was the moment of heroic resistance. Another action: no one should try to convince anyone to become a legionnaire. The usual mango-pulling and limb-fishing has always displeased me. The system was and remains contrary, to this day, to the legionary spirit. We will state our point of view simply. Anyone who wanted to enter would come. And will enter, if accepted.

But who was coming? People with the same spiritual essence as ours.
Many? Very little. In Iasi, a year later, there were only two or three more than on the first day. In the rest of the country, however, there were more people who joined in as they learned of our existence.
All those who approached us were characterized by two clearly visible distinct lines: 1. A great soul correction.

2. Lack of personal interest. Among us, no one could profit from any benefits. No promising prospects opened up. Here everyone had only to give soul, wealth, life, ability to love and trust.
Even if someone who was an incorrect individual or motivated by some interest joined, he could not remain with us, as he could not find a conducive environment here. He left automatically, a month, a year, two or three, retreating, deserting or betraying.

OUR PROGRAM

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This nest of youth was the first beginning of legionary life, the first cornerstone. He had to be placed on solid ground. That's why we didn't say, "Let's conquer Romania!
Go through the villages and shout: 'A new political organization has just been formed, everyone come and register!' We hadn't drafted any new political platforms beyond the ten existing ones in the

country - all of them "perfect" in the eyes of their authors and supporters - and we don't send legionaries to spread a program in the villages, calling people to join it to save the land.

In this regard, again, we differ fundamentally from all other political organizations, including the Khuzists. They all believed that the country was dying for lack of good programs; consequently, they put together a seamlessly integrated program with which they began to gather supporters. That's why everyone asks, "What's your program?"
This country is dying for lack of men, not for lack of programs; at least this is our opinion. Which, in other words, are not programs that we should have, but men, new men, for the way the people are today, made up of politicians and infected by Jewish influence, will compromise the most brilliant political programs.

That kind of man who lives today in Romanian politics we know before in history. Nations died under his rule and states collapsed.
The greatest harm done to us by the Jews and the political system, the greatest national danger to which they have exposed us, is neither the appropriation of Romanian land and subsoil, nor even the tragic annihilation of the Romanian middle class, nor the large number of Jews in our schools, professions, etc. and not even the influence they exert on our political life - though each of them is in itself a mortal danger to our people. The greatest national danger is the fact that they have deformed, disfigured our Daco-Romanesque racial structure, giving rise to this type of man, creating this human refuse, this moral flaw .. the politician who has nothing to do with the nobility of our people. run more; that dishonors and kills us, If this kind of man continues to 'lead this country, the Romanian people will turn a blind eye forever and Romania will collapse, despite all the brilliant programs with which this degenerate creature's "trickery" it is able to dazzle the eyes of the unhappy multitudes. Of all the plagues brought upon us by the Jewish invasion, this one is the scariest!

All the peoples with whom we Romanians have come into contact and fought, since the barbarian invasions until today, have attacked us on the physical, economic or political levels, leaving untouched our moral and spiritual patrimony, our conscience, of which earlier or later came our victory, the breaking of the foreign yoke - even when they attacked us in large numbers and took all our riches, even when they governed us politically.
Now, for the first time in our history, the Romanians face a people who attack us not with the sword, but with the weapons typical of the Jewish race, with which they first strike and paralyze the moral instinct of the people, then systematically spread all kinds of moral illness, to destroy any possibilities of reaction. This is why our people feel disarmed and defeated.
As a consequence of seeing this state of affairs, the cornerstone on which the Legion stands is the man, not the political program; reform of man, not of political programs. "The Legion of Michael the Archangel" will be, in other words, more a scbool and an army than a political party. In these critical times, the Romanian nation does not need a great politician as many mistakenly believe, but a great educator and leader who can defeat the evil powers and crush the gang of evildoers. But to do that, he will first have to vanquish the evil within himself and within his men. From this legionary school a new man will have to emerge, a man with heroic qualities; a giant of

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our history to fight and conquer all the enemies of our homeland, their battle and victory having to extend beyond the material world into the realm of invisible enemies, the powers of evil. Everything that our mind can imagine of the most beautiful spiritually; everything prouder that our race can produce, greater, fairer, mightier, wiser, purer, more diligent and more heroic, this is what the legionary school should give us! A man in whom all the possibilities of human greatness implanted by God in the blood of our people are developed to the maximum.

This hero, the result of legionary education, will also know how to draw up programs; you will also know how to solve the Jewish problem; he will also know how to organize the state well; you will also know how to convince other Romanians; and if not, he'll know how to bend to win, because that's why he's a hero. This hero, this legionnaire of bravery, work and justice, with the powers that God implanted in his soul, will lead our country on the path of his glory.

A new political party, even a cuzist one, can at best give us a new government and a new administration; a legionary school, however, can give this country a fine type of Romanian. It could produce something big that we've never had before, that could break our entire history in two, lay the foundations for the beginning of a different Romanian history to which this people is entitled.
For our people, by virtue of their suffering and manifold sufferings, by virtue of their purity and gallantry of soul, were perhaps the only people in the world who, in all their history, never committed the sin of invading and subjugating other nations.

We must create an atmosphere, a moral milieu, in which the heroic man can be born and grow. This medium must be isolated from the rest of the world by the highest possible spiritual fortifications. it must be defended from all the dangerous winds of cowardice, corruption, licentiousness, and all the passions that bury nations and kill individuals. Once the legionnaire has developed in such an environment, that is, in the nest *, field of work, in the legionary organization and in the family, he will be sent into the world: to live, to learn to be correct; fight, to learn to be brave and strong; to work, to be faithful and to love all who work; to suffer, to strengthen, to sacrifice, to get used to overcoming their selfish interests, in the service of their Fatherland.

No matter where it goes, it will create a new medium of identical nature. He will be an example; will turn others into legionnaires. And people, looking for better days, will follow. New arrivals will have to live and respect the same norms as legionary life. All together, in the same army, they will form a force that will fight and win. That's what "The Legion of Michael the Archangel" should be.

ASPECTS OF ROMANIAN PUBLIC LIFE

Next, I present the general aspect of our public life in the midst of which and against which "The Legion of Michael the Archangel" was being formed. The Averescu government had fallen about a month earlier. On July 7, 1927, the Liberals came to power. New elections were held and, as usual, the government held the majority. However, the government had to overcome, by any means, the large popular current of support for the National Peasant Party. The poor masses of the Romanian people rushed from party to party, from promise to promise, binding their most sincere hopes - with their centuries-old trust - to each party, but ending up deceived and dejected, all hopes destroyed. And this will continue to be the case, until one day they finally understand that they have fallen into the hands of gangs of thieves for profit and plunder. There were three major parties, Liberal, Averescan and National Peasant, and several smaller ones. Fundamentally, there was no distinction between them other than differences in form and personal interests - the same thing in different forms. They did not even have the justification of differing opinions.

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Their only real motivation was self-interest religion, with any desideratum and higher interests of the country left out. That's why the spectacle of political struggles was disgusting. The quest for money, personal situations, wealth and pleasures, plunder, gave these struggles an aspect of implacable hostility. Political parties looked like real organized gangs that hated each other and fought each other for loot.

Only the struggle for the Fatherland or for an ideal that overcomes personal interests, selfishness or lust is calm, decent, noble, without blind unleashing of passions. Enthusiasm can be put into it, but not vile and blind passion.
The hatred and baseness involved in these struggles are proof enough that they were fought not in the realm of high and holy or principled ideals, but in the pitiful depths of the most shameful self-interest.
The politician's world unfolds in luxury and scandalous parties, in the most repugnant immorality, riding on the back of an increasingly demoralized country. Who should pay attention to your needs?

These politicians, with their families and their agents, need money to celebrate and entertain their political clientele, to buy votes and human consciences. One by one they, in droves, descend upon the country to plunder. That, ultimately, is what your rule means. They empty the budgets of the state, city halls, city halls. They attach themselves like ticks to the boards of directors of every company, from which they will effortlessly collect salaries in the millions with the sweat and blood of the weary worker. They are included on the boards of Jewish bankers from whom they receive fees of millions more as the price for betraying their country.

They originate scandalous businesses that surprise their countrymen. Corruption spreads in public life like a plague, from the humblest servant to ministers. They sell themselves to everyone; anyone with money can bribe these monsters, and through them the whole country. That is why, when the squeezed country can no longer give them money, they hand over to consortia of foreign bankers, one by one, the riches of our land, and thus surrender our national independence. A veritable plethora of businessmen spread throughout Romania, who neither work nor produce anything, but suck the country's lifeblood.

These are the exploits of politicians. Misery, demoralization and despair spread to the lower strata. Tens of thousands of children die, mowed down by disease and hunger, thus weakening the people's power of resistance in their struggle against the organized Jewish people who are supported by alienated politicians and defended by the entire state apparatus. The few honest politicians, several points perhaps, perhaps even party leaders, are not capable of doing anything else. They are like some poor puppets in the hands of the Jewish press, Jewish or foreign bankers and their own political colleagues.

This mess, this demoralization, this infection, is supported step by step by the entire phalanx of Jews, interested in our destruction, in order to replace us in this country and thus completely steal our riches. Through their press, which has usurped the role of our Romanian press, through hundreds of filthy sheets, through immoral and atheistic literature, through cinemas and theaters that spread licentiousness, through the banks, the Jews have become masters of our country.

Who could oppose them? Today, when they are the promoters of the disaster and its appearance. It's the sign of our national death, who will stand up to them?

The national movement is prostrate on the ground. In these last elections the League came out 70,000 votes less, totaling less than 50,000, less than two percent nationwide. Of the ten parliamentarians who had yesterday, today there are none. There must come a day when the legionnaire will know how to face this monster and how to face him in a life and death battle. Him alone.

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OUR FEELINGS FOR THIS WORLD

Our small numbers, compared with the sheer strength of that all-powerful power, have often made us ask ourselves questions like these: What will we do if we are outlawed? If these hydras carry out what we plan, they will put every possible obstacle before us and try to crush us.
His eyes are fixed on us. They can provoke us. They did that to us once, when we quietly and peacefully started working at Ungheni; so they took us to the edge of the abyss, I wish all our plans. What are we going to do if they provoke us? Shall we again draw our pistols and fire lest our bones rot in prisons and our plans fail? Faced with glimpses of such prospects, the idea of \u200b\u200bretreating to the mountains sprouted in our minds - there, where the Romanian accepted to fight against all enemy hordes. The mountain has been close to us for a long time, our lifetime. He knows us. Rather than let our bodies dry up and our blood dry in our veins in desolate and horrible prisons, better to end our lives by dying every last man in the mountains for the sake of our faith. We thus reject the humiliation of finding ourselves in chains again. We will attack from there, by raids on all the Jewish wasp nests.

* Basic unit of the legionary organization. ***(Tr.)***

Up there, we will defend tree and mountain life from further devastation. Down there, we'll spread death and mercy.

We will be sent to be captured and killed. Let's escape, hide; we will fight back; and in the end we shall surely be overthrown. For there. it will be a few of us, wanted by Romanian battalions and regiments. Then we will receive death. The blood of all of us will flow.

This moment will be our biggest speech addressed to the Romanian people, and the last one.

I called Mota, Garneata, Corneliu Georgescu and Radu Mironovici and shared these thoughts with them. We had to think about the good and bad days ahead. We had to have solutions and be prepared for everything. Nothing should surprise us. We will follow the path of the laws of the land, not provoking anyone, avoiding all provocation, responding to no provocation. But when we are no longer able to suffer, or when insurmountable obstacles are placed before us, our path must be towards the mountains.

It is inadvisable to attempt a mass rebellion, as on this day they would be decimated by cannons and this would result in spreading only misfortunes and sorrows.
On the contrary, we must work alone, in limited numbers and only on our own responsibility.

Everyone agreed.

“It cannot be,” they said, “that our blood, the blood of twenty youths, would not redeem the sins of this nation. It cannot be that this sacrifice of ours is not understood by the Romanians, that it will not make their souls and consciences tremble and that this will not constitute a starting point, a point of resurrection for the Romanians.

our death in this way might eventually do more good to this people than all our life's frustrated efforts. Not even the politicians who are going to kill us will go unpunished.

There are others among our ranks who will avenge us. Not being able to win in life, we will win by dying. After that, we live with the thought and determination to die. We had the right solution for victory, come what may. it gave us peace of mind and strength. it will make us smile in the face of any enemy and any attempt to destroy us.

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THE STAGES OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE LEGIONS

PAMANTUL STRAMOSESC ("THE ANCESTRAL LAND")

We were born on June 24, 1927. Several days later, we occupied our headquarters. Now we felt that we should have our own publication to enlarge our field of influence, to formulate in it the norms of our life and through it to direct the movement. How should we call it? "The New Generation" was suggested; I did not like that. It felt like a definition; distinguished us from another generation, which will not work. "The Ancient Land," Let this be its name. This title binds us to the land of our country, on which our ancestors rest; the land that must be defended. it plunges us deep into undefined realms; it will be more than a name, it will be a constant call to battle, the call to bravery, the awakening of the warrior qualities of our race. Furthermore, in addition to the qualities mentioned several pages ago, this title underscores another structural trait of the legionnaire's soul: bravery, without which man is incomplete. For if a man is just fair, upright, devoted, faithful, diligent, etc., but lacks heroic qualities that would enable him to fight unscrupulous, dishonest, and wrongful enemies, he would die at their hands. Here we were now with the axis of our movement already fixed; one end rooted in the land of our Homeland, the other in the heavens: "The Ancestral Land" and Michael the Archangel. But a role costs money that we didn't have. What are we going to do? We decided to write to Father Mota asking him to print it for us on credit, in the old printing house of Libertatea ("Liberty") in Orastie. He accepted; he would print our newspaper and we would pay him in subscriptions and sales. "A Terra Ancestral" nº 1 was published on August 1, 1927 in a bimonthly magazine format, with the icon of São Miguel Archangel in the center of the cover. To the left of the icon were reproduced the following words from the icon of St. Michael the Archangel in the Church of the Coronation 'in Alba-Iulia: "To the impure hearts that enter the purest House of the Lord, I point my sword without mercy."

And on the right a stanza from Cosbuc's poem "Decebal to his People:"
"Although we are descendants of the Gods, we still owe the debt of death. Whether one dies young or a bent old man is the same thing, but it is not the same thing to die a lion or a chained dog!" Below, the map of Romania that shows in dark dots the extent of the Jewish invasion.

THE CONTENT OF THE FIRST EDITION

The main article, titled "The Ancient Land" delves into the situation of the national movement after the conflict within the League and endeavors to explain our position.
It ends with the supplication. "Face the enemy!" It is signed by Corneliu Z. Codreanu, Ion Mota, llie Garneata, Corneliu Georgeseu and Radu Mironovici. The second article is signed by me, "It's your time, come"; a continuation of the same line of thought addressed in the first article. The third was signed by Ion Sava, a talented young fighter who participated in many student movement battles, who became attached to us, but did not become a legionnaire. Its headline: "Election Results."

A short panegyric follows on the occasion of the death of King Ferdinand, who had died a few days before. Above his photo, with a black border, was the title "Our King
he died.

This was followed by Mota's article, which I reproduce here in part:

BY ICON

“It is from the icon and the altar that we begin, then we wander for a while carried away by the human waves

* ***Popular name of the church in Alba-Iulia in which King Ferdinand and Queen Maria were crowned on October 15, 1922. (Tr.)***

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and we reach no shore, despite the purity of our impulses. Now, with heavy, scattered, torn hearts, we gather in the shelter, for our only warmth and consolation, strength and comfort, power-giver, at the feet of Jesus Christ, on the threshold of the blinding brightness of heaven, on the Icon. We don't engage in politics, not even a single day in our lives, ever. We have a religion, we are slaves to a faith. We consumed ourselves in his fire and, totally subject to him, we served him to the limit of our strength. There is no defeat and disarmament for ourselves, for the power whose tools we want to be is eternally invincible.

“We cannot, for the moment, discuss in detail the causes of the fall of the old League. It only remains to say that, in these moments of new creation, we want to state clearly and decisively, to imprint the character of the new system being born: "Luz de luz.....

The article then goes on to give some hints about the new organization, ending with an expression of faith in victory.

Extract from an article by Corneliu Georgescu:

LIGHT THE TORCH OF FAITH

"Ancient chronicles tell us that, in the past, the gods sent a difficult judgment to ancient Hellas for their sins. From the wastelands of Asia, great armies, many times stronger than the Greeks, descended like a storm on the plains of the country , laying waste to their fields, demolishing their cities, laying waste to their temples, and tearing to pieces their armies, which, though valiant, were too small in number to oppose successful opposition.

Meeting no further resistance, the victorious Medes penetrated into the heart of Greece at Delphi, the location of Apollo's most famous temple. The temple priests trembled with fear that soon the enemy might desecrate the holy temple.
Only the high priest was not afraid. Filled with confidence in divine power, he turned to his fellow priests and said... ' Fear not, God does not need armies. He himself will defend us! '

"And the high priest and all the others began to pray and their prayers wrought miracles. As soon as the confident armies of the Persians approached within a few steps of the temple, Mount Parnassus shook and rolled stones down the slopes with deafening thunder on the enemy, crushing him. The lightnings descending as if from nowhere, completed his undoing, so that of the great army of just a moment before, few were left to tell of this heavenly miracle...

"Fighters! Light again in your souls the torch of faith that victory and triumph will be ours."

Then follows a letter from Radu Mironovici to one of his brothers in the village back home. Knowing that he is despondent, he tells him, "Of course, we can be sad and sad, but there is a right that we do not have: to lose courage and drop the gun."

After that, he explains to him the disunity in the League and the founding of the Legion, thus: "Our house, which we all built with our own sweat, which was our shelter, burned down...
"Only a few walls darkened by smoke remain as a painful reminder of the old house.

“What do you want us to do now? Rebel against God? It cannot be, for 'the Lord given, the Lord takes away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'
“Will we fold our arms and die in misery, cold, rain and wind? No! But, with faith in God, we will get down to business, and little by little we must build ourselves a new house twice as beautiful. Here it is, 'the Legion', for which we lay a first cornerstone. "

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Garneata's article is next:

DISAGREEMENT BETWEEN BROTHERS - THE JOY OF THE ENEMY

“With a heart full of regret, I pick up my pen to share with others the torrent of disquieting thoughts that have enveloped us in
the face of our belated troubles...

"The feud between brothers and the disagreements between the leaders have become so evident that we can no longer hide them. Its consequences are likely to dishearten many, and the dismay of those who trusted the League is surely a step backwards, a step towards defeat .

"This is so obvious, because at no point in history has disunity been shown to lead to anything other than misfortune, disaster....
“We will know how to walk the path we chose seven years ago, and with the same determination. Our bones, accustomed to the roughness of prison times and misery, will feel good in the trenches of battle, in position against the adversary.

"Let the Jews, who today rejoice in believing that the hour of their dominion has come, know that there is a corner in this country where, at any hour of the day or night, there is a troop standing watch, its face turned to the enemy."
Several pieces of information complete this first issue together with the article "Dreams, Hopes, Reality" by the engineer Gheorghe Clime, former vice-president of LANC in Moldova, from which I extract the final part: "What do we need to
reach this final objective?
“A warrior army led by a capable leader surrounded by devoted helpers. On this issue, as far as I am concerned, although much older, I follow the action group of the young Corneliu Z. Codreanu, Ion 1. Mota ...
“Obviously, the contribution of many is needed, of all those who today are scattered in demoralized fields.” Consequently, if someone in some corner of Romania opened a list of subscribers, authorized or not, let him also enter my name, with which I can give my life. "

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF THE LEGIONARY ETHICS

The second issue of "The Ancient Land" was published on August 15th. In the main article entitled "The Legion of Michael the Archangel", I try to formulate briefly the first ethical norms of legionary life which we intend to respect and strictly affirm, and around which all those who value them must gather.
Anyone who comes and grows up in our midst will have to grow up respecting them.
I select from this statute-article the ideas in the order in which I wrote them at that
time. The first idea: "Moral purity".
The second: "Disinterest in battle".
The third: "Enthusiasm".
The fourth: "Faith, work, order, hierarchy, discipline."
The fifth: "The Legion will stimulate the energy and moral strength of our nation, without which there can never be victory."
The sixth: "Justice, (the Legion will be the school of justice and the energy to enthrone it)."
The seventh: "Actions, not words - You perform! Don't speak!"
The eighth: "At the end of this school, a new Romania will arise and the long-awaited resurrection of this Romanian people, the goal of all our efforts, sufferings and sacrifices that we make." I want to elaborate on some of them.

DISINTERESTITY IN BATTLE

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Defeating self-interest is another fundamental Legionnaire virtue. This is in stark opposition to the position of the politician whose only motive for acting and fighting is just his self-interest, with all its degenerate by-products - greed for enrichment, luxury, debauchery or arrogance. Therefore, dear comrades, from now on, as long as a legionary's life exists, you must know that wherever you feel yourself reaching, whether in some fighter's soul or your own soul, the snarl of this self-interest, there the Legion ceased to exist. There the legionnaire ends and the politician begins to show his fangs.

Look into the eyes of a newcomer, and if in his eyes you detect a glint of some small self-interest (be it material, be it ambition, passion, pride), know that he cannot become a legionnaire.

Nor will wearing the green shirt or adopting the legionary salute be enough for someone to become a legionary, not even if he "randomly" understands the legionary movement; but only if he lives in accordance with the norms of legionary life. For the Legion is not just a logical system, a chain of arguments; it is a "living faith." just as someone is not a Christian if he "knows" and "understands" the Gospel, but only if he conforms to the norms of life adopted therein, if he "lives the Gospel".

DISCIPLINE AND LOVE

The entire social history of mankind is full of struggles, based on two great principles, one of which is the struggle for a place to the detriment of the other: the principle of authority and the principle of freedom. Authority strove to expand to the detriment of freedom, and freedom strove to limit the power of authority as much as possible. These two, face to face, cannot but signify conflict. To orient a movement according to one or the other of these two principles is to continue the historic line of social unrest and warfare. It means continuing the line of tyranny, oppression and injustice on the one hand and the line of bloody insurrection and permanent conflict on the other.

That's why I want to draw the attention of all Legionnaires and in particular the younger ones not to deviate from the line of the movement because of a misunderstanding. In many cases I have noticed that as soon as a legionnaire was given a post, he hardened with his whole being into "authority", breaking with all that had bound him to his comrades hitherto, and felt compelled to "impress" others with his use of your authority.

The legionary movement is not based exclusively on either the principle of authority or that of freedom. It has its bases rooted in the principle of love. in him both authority and freedom have their roots.

Love is peace between the two principles: authority and freedom. Love is in the middle, between them and above them, enfolding them in all that is best and removing conflicts between them.

Love cannot bring tyranny, oppression, injustice, bloody insurrection or social war. It can never mean conflict. There is also a hypocritical concept of the principle of love practiced by tyrants and Jews who continually and systematically appeal to the feeling of love in their fellow men, behind which they continue to hate and oppress undisturbed.

Applied love means peace of mind in society and in the world. Peace no longer presents itself as the poor expression of a mechanical and cold balance between the two principles: autboidia and freedom condemned to eternal war, that is, to the impossibility of harmony.

Kindness and love will give us peace, not justice. For justice is very difficult to fully realize. Even if an instrument of its perfect realization were found, man, who is incapable of recognizing and appreciating it, would remain forever discontented.

In the second, to succeed in the battle against nature or against enemies.
Although a hundred men can love each other like brothers, it is possible that, faced with the need for some action, each one will have a different opinion. A hundred opinions will never win. love

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alone will never make them win. It takes discipline. To win, everyone must adopt a single opinion, that of the one with the most experience, the leader.
Discipline is the guarantee of success, as it ensures unity of effort. There are difficulties that only an entire people united, obeying a single command, can overcome. Who is the imbecile who would, in such an eventuality, refuse to join with the rest of his people, when they, as one, would obey the same command on the pretext that discipline would wound their personality?
In those cases, when your country is threatened and when the nature of things impels you to endanger life and limb, to tear your family apart, to risk the future of your children, to renounce all that you have on this earth to save your homeland, it is at least ridiculous for someone to say that his "personality is being wounded".

Discipline humiliates no one, for it leads to victory. And if victories cannot be gained except by sacrifice, then submission to discipline is the least of all sacrifices a man can make for the victory of his nation.
If discipline is a renunciation, a sacrifice, it doesn't humiliate anyone. For any sacrifice ennobles someone, not debases him. Since our people have to overcome enormous difficulties, every Romanian must accept disciplinary education with joy and thus be aware of his contribution to tomorrow's victory.

There is no victory without unity; and there is no unity without discipline. Therefore, our nation must consider it a hostile act and condemn as dangerous to its victories and its own life any deviation from the discipline of discipline.

THE FIGHT TO MAINTAIN OUR ANALYSIS

The struggle to secure publication of our review was the second stage of our development. Without resources, our efforts took on the aspect of a real battle. in fact, "battle" is what we called it from the beginning.

We use two strategies:
1. Focus all our efforts on the same goal at the same time. In the second, to succeed in the battle against nature or against enemies.
Although a hundred men can love each other like brothers, it is possible that, faced with the need for some action, each one will have a different opinion. A hundred opinions will never win. Only love will never make them win. Discipline is necessary. To win, all of
them must adopt a single opinion, that of the most experienced, the leader.

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We use two strategies: 1.
Focus all our efforts on the same goal at the same time.
2. Encourage our fighters during battle through citations and distinctions.
You will find this principle in all of our legionary activities.
It embodies the following advantages: a)
The rapid realization of the desired purpose. b)
The education of united action and disciplined effort of all workers. c) Awakening to the awareness of their own powers, confidence in themselves and in their own powers.

The memory of economic defeats, especially unsuccessful efforts, led the Romanian people to resignation, lack of initiative and loss of confidence. We will have to awaken their confidence in themselves, replacing painful memories with a tradition of success in their endeavors. And finally, by nurturing our fighters, we will be able to achieve the zealous display of an elite fighter cadre. In our review, we launched an appeal to all our friends to go on the offensive between September 1st and October 15th, so that together we can get as many new subscribers as possible.

As a result of this appeal, a real ant campaign began, in which everyone took an active part: young, old, peasants, intellectuals.
Some brought up to 45 signatures (Constantin Ilinoiu).

The result of this first battle was published in the issue of November 1, 1927. Here is what I wrote at the time: "At six in the afternoon on October 15, the number of entries reached 2,586. The Legion thanks all those who worked for his first win."

Everyone who participated in this battle was mentioned in this issue. First, we give thanks to Father Mota who gave us favorable publicity through Libertatea ("The Freedom"). I give here again the names of all as they were printed in "The Ancient Land". Some of them did not become Legionnaires and some are no longer with us because they died in the Legionary faith. And I name them here because they were believers from the beginning; they are listed in the order in which they excelled: Mother Pamfilia Ciolac (Varatec), Octav
Negut (Focsani), Arhimandrite Atanasie Popescu (Balti),
Hieromonah Isihie Antohi (Neamt), Mihad Tanasache, Victor Silaghi, Ion Bordeian, u, Radu Mironovici , Captain V. Tuchel (Ivesti), Constantin Ilinoiu (Iasi), N. Grosu (Botosani), Ion Minodora (Husi), Grigorie Balaci (Movilita-Putna), Andrei C. lonescu (Barlad), Spiru Peceli (Galati), engineer Mihai Ittu (Bucharest), engineer Gh . Clime (Iasi), Ion T. Banea (Sibiu), Ilie Garneata (Iasi), Totu Nicolae (Iasi), Coman Alexandru (Gauri-Putna), Decebal Codreanu (Husi), Mihail Marinescu (Galati), Traian Lelescu (Piatra- Nearnt), Sebastian Erhan (Campul-Lung, Bucovina), N. Tecau (America), Elena Petcu (Vaslui), Dr. Socrate Divitari (Tecuci), Ion Plesea (Orhei), PI Morariu (Suraia-Putna), Nanu Gavril Raileanu (Orhei), Cotiga Traian (Focsani), Maria Mitea (Severin), 1. Ciobanita (Belcesti), Carausu (Voinesti) , Tinistei Neaga (Orhei), Zosim Bardas (Tarnava Mare), Ion Blanaru (Focsani), Luliu Stanescu (Marsani-Dolj), Corneliu Georgescu (Poiana-Sibiului), Fanica Anastasescu (Bucharest), D. Ifrim (Iasi), I Durac (P. Neamt), Pa'curaru Gh. (Bucharest), Professor Isac Mocanu (Turda), Marius Popp (Cluj), N.

Voinea (Panciu), NB Munceleanu (Roman), Grigorie Berciu (Varna), Corneliu Cristescu Basa (Comanesti), Angela Plesoianu (Seven'n) , Emil Eremeiu (Nasaud).

Eight years later we found that of the 59 who took part in the first legionary battle: Four had left us, unable to understand us; in fact, they even attacked us.
Eight, after a year or two, showed no sign of life. Twenty-two received the highest ratings,

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becoming legionary commanders, auxiliary commanders, or legionary senators. Seven became legionaries, men of unshakable faith, defying all persecution.

Eighteen remained our friends, helping us to this day.

As a result of this battle, the publication of "The Ancestral Land" was secured by a year.

OTHER NAMES FOUND IN THE FIRST QUESTIONS OF OUR REVIEW

Vasile State, merchant and C. Vasiliu, pensioner (Adjud), Gh. Oprea (San-Nicolaul Mare), Ion Schiopu (Prundul Bargaului, lawyer Budescu P. (Banat), Adolf Greiter, Misu Stefanescu, losif Dumitru (the first subscriber of "The Ancestral Land"), Ilie Berlinschi (Igesti-Bucovina), Dr. Elena Bratu, Mille Lefter (Galati), Ion Demian (Turda), Dr. Popeseu (Vaslui), Teodoreseu Craciun, Augustin lgna, Ivanovici, Adam Branzei, Sofron Robota (Dorna), Bacuta Boghiceanu (Husi), the Balan brothers (Soveja), C. Gheorghiu Contar, Captain Siancu, Gh. Postolache, Gheorghe Despa (Dorna), Luchian Cozan (Dorna), Dr. Crisan, engineer Camil Grossu, Chirulescu Victor, Lorde Nicoara, Ion and Alexandru Butnaru, Adriana and Teodora Ieseanu, Vasile Stan, Professor Razmerita, Craciunescu (Focsani), Ion Belgea, Gurita Stefaniu, Ghita Antonescu, Pantelimon Statache, Octav Pavelescu (Foscani), Gheorghe Potolea (Beresti), I. Gh. Teodosiu, Margareta Marcu, I. Gh. Galati), Dan Tarnovschi, Simion Tonea, engineer Stoicoiu, Coronel Paul Cambureanu, Amos Horatiu Pop (Ludos), Stefan Nicolau, Ileana Constantinescu, Elvira Ionescu, Marioara Cidimdeleon, Gh. Amancei, Coca Tiron, Iulius Igna, Aristotel Gheorghiu (Rm.-Sarat), D. Bunduc, Valer Danieleanu, Constantin, Ursescu, Vasile Tampau, C. Mierla, Octav Danieleanu, Stefan Manzat, Coronel Blezu, Eufrosina Ciudin, Reverend Mother Zenaida Rachis, Gh. League, Ana Dragoi (Galati), Professor Matei Coriolan.

I mention these names, mentioned frequently in the newspaper, not to satisfy the reader's curiosity, but because the people who helped us - especially in our first difficult hours - must always be remembered. Some of them died, while others turned into fighters facing all persecutions until today. I have hastened to list them now, as I may not have the opportunity to do so again later in this book.

OUR ACTION SEEN FROM OUTSIDE

From the first hour, we had the benefit of the Jew-Masonic politician's hatred. But there were also people who welcomed us into their hearts as a ray of hope. Here are several letters from readers that were printed in the first edition of "The Ancient Land:"

«I won't try to express at length my joy at the appearance of the magazine. I greet you with our greeting of yesteryear: 'May God help you.' Nor shall I delve into these lines in recent events, but I say: "Forward, ever forward, you new men. Long live the troop of Michael the Archangel. May the band of the wicked be swallowed up in the darkness of Beelzebut." "St. Michael, the archangel, will have to attack without hesitation and without mercy. That is the objective presented in the pages of 'The Ancestral Land'.

"Neither Satan nor his servants can answer the Archangel's call, nor should they imagine that they can deceive anyone with disguises. Traitors deserve a harsher punishment than enemies.
"Do not show indulgence to anyone, as no one lacks the maturity to judge what the decisive hour is."

"I close my lines wishing I could see the victory an hour earlier,
the big victory." Colonel Blezu

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* Members of the Legionary Senate, see page 257. ***(Tr.)***

“The bright swastika sun didn't fail us this time either to get us out of the chaos.
He has given us his beneficent light, for our salvation, 'The Legion of Michael the Archangel.'
From now on, the Romanian soul is again warmed by the faith that this sacred movement will not perish. "

"The national idea will call us to duty."

"Those who don't understand us will fall by the wayside. I'm on your side."
ML Lefter, attorney President of LANC for
Galati

“You are the hopes of our future days. We place our future and that of our children at your feet.

We all wait impatiently to see your mighty organization and look forward to joining the fight. ”“ And when I say this I am not only telling what I feel, but what I see in many others.
”CN Paduraru

National Counter, Break, (Roman).

"I see and feel Romanian hearts being reborn. Not only do I hope that victory will be ours, I am sure of it."
Ion Banea, student, Vurpar (Sibiu).

"It is my duty as a Christian student, I feel, to send congratulations to myself and my friends in the plains of Jiul for the determination and energy they are showing in the fight that has just begun."
Iuliu Gb. Stanescu, student.

“We, the Romanians from the village of Vulcani, Petrosani Co. we still carry today in Greater Romania the yoke that the company’s officials placed on us, because they are all foreigners.”
I, Augustin Igna, have contracted tuberculosis.
A miner by profession, I can no longer work in the mine because the polluted air hurts me. "

“I forwarded a petition, co-signed by the doctor, requesting work of a lighter nature outside, not downstairs, because there I would end my days in a few weeks. Was denied. I now appeal to you for help as I have no one to turn to.

Igna Augustin

"Please stop sending me your review; my name is Axente Poenar, miner, Carteju de sus, because I don't have enough money to pay you, even for three months, and I hate to send you back."
"And now let me explain why I don't have any money. It's autumn here and everyone likes it because it's harvest time. That is, everyone except us miners, because we lack the clothes and shoes that the coming winter needs. demands; and our children must be sent to school. What little we save of our bitter bread we must spend on these necessities."

Axente Poenar, miner.

“Dearly beloved children of our people: As I
approach the sunset of my life, a new ray of hope enters my soul for the resurrection of our dear country, seeing its pure and holy movement 'The Legion of Michael, the Archangel', the great heavenly prince. I feel very sad that I will not live long enough to see our people blossom and enjoy the laborious harvest soaked in the cold sweat, and perhaps the blood, of those martyrs destined by God, who are and still will be, for the fulfillment of the great plan. which was kneaded with so much suffering. It's too late. the plague is spreading, our grave is being dug, the gravediggers are ready to bury us forever; and we Romanians, big or small,

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we hesitate, haggle and quarrel over ambitions, empty vainglory and perishable wealth.

* We continue to keep your name on the subscriber list.

"I keep quiet because I am uneducated; you keep quiet because you are astute; he because he is attached to a political party; they keep quiet because they are the administration; and so we all keep quiet; the darkness of our fall envelops us. gradually and the torch of our people goes out. I am a poor peasant farmer, but I can handle the pen as well as the shovel or the sickle. I will help you with my money, my pen, by deed and word, asking that you give me a little corner in our review 'The Ancient Land.' I will write under the heading 'Are we Romanians or are we not on the verge of perdition? And why?'

'Who are the culprits?'
'What is the cause of causes?'
'What is being done and what must be done?' 'What should every Romanian know and do?' "VL Onofrei, Farmer, Tungujei Village (Vaslui)

BEYOND SHAPES

In fact, "The Ancestral Land" is full of these letters; a contribution from our compatriots to the creation of the Legion. For the Legion is more than an organization with members, books and leaders. It is a state of mind, a unity of feeling and life to which we all contribute. Members, bosses, numbers, uniforms, program, etc. constitute the visible Legion. The other, however, which is not seen, is the most important. The visible Legion without the invisible, that is to say, that state of mind, of life, means nothing; it would just be a form devoid of any content.

We did not propose, with our criticism, like professors in their chairs, raising a barrier between us "the bosses", "the professors", who had their teachings and theories printed in the magazine, and the reader who has nothing to do but learn our teachings and conform to them. Us on the one hand, them on the other. No. Making the Legion doesn't mean giving it uniform, buttons, etc.; it doesn't mean working out your system of organization, it doesn't even mean formulating your legislation, norms of leadership, logically enumerating the texts on paper. Like raising a man, it does not mean making his clothes or fixing his principles of behavior or establishing his program of activities.

Neither statute, nor program, nor doctrine move. These could constitute its legislation, define its objectives, system of organization, means of action, etc., but not the movement itself. These are concepts that even men of science confuse. Creating only a "bylaw", "program", etc., then believing that you created a "movement" is like if you want to make a man, you would only make his clothes. Creating a movement means first of all giving birth to a state of mind, a gushing enthusiasm from the spirit, from the heart of a people that has nothing to do with the speculations of cold reasoning. This is what constitutes the essence of the legionary movement. It wasn't me who created this state of mind. It was born from the convergence of our contribution of sentiment with that of other compatriots.

The review “The Ancestral Land” was the meeting point where our aspirations and then our tbougbts fraternized with the feelings and thoughts of those Romanians who knew us.

So the Legion in its essence, in that invisible state of mind, which was felt by all of us, was not my creation.
It was the result of a collaboration.
It was born from the merger of the following contributions:

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1. The feelings of the first legionnaires.
2. The corresponding feelings of other Romanians.
3. The presence in the consciousness of all the dead of our people.
4. The desire for the soil of our homeland.
5. Blessing of God.

I wouldn't want my thoughts to be misunderstood by someone as saying, "I'm not one of those legionnaires in uniform, I'm a legionnaire in spirit."

This cannot be.
Doctrine, program, statute, uniform, activity are created on this spiritual foundation, all the same, not as accessories, but as factors that fix the spiritual content of the movement, giving it a unified form and keeping it alive in the consciousness of the people and leading you towards achievement and victory. The legionary movement is all of these together.

The uniforms that emerged in all contemporary movements: Fascism (the black shirt), National Socialism (the brown shirt), etc. they were not born from the imagination of leaders. They were born out of the need to express this state of mind. The expression of unity of feeling. They are the visible face of an invisible reality.

NATIONAL MOVEMENTS AND THE DICTATORSHIP

Whenever a national movement is mentioned, tendencies towards dictatorship are systematically attributed to it. I don't want to criticize dictatorships in this chapter, but I want to show that the national movements in Europe today, like the legionary movement, fascism, national socialism, etc., are neither dictatorships nor democracies. Those who fight us shouting: "Down with the fascist dictatorship!", "Fight against the dictatorship!", "Defend yourselves against the dictatorship!" don't hit us. They are shooting off target. They can only achieve the notorious "dictatorship of the proletariat".

Dictatorship presupposes the will of a single man forcibly imposed on the will of other subjects in a state. That is, two opposing wills: that of the dictator or a group of men, on the one hand, and that of the people, on the other. When this will is imposed by constraint and cruelty, then dictatorship is tyranny.
But when a nation with a majority of 98 percent, in indescribable enthusiasm, a nation of 60 million or one of 40 million souls, approves and deliriously applauds the chief's measures, it means that there is perfect agreement between the will of the boss and that of the people. Furthermore, they combine so perfectly that there are no longer two wills. There is only one: the will of the nation, whose expression is the main one. Between the will of the nation and the will of the leader there is then only one relationship: a perfect relationship between them.

To claim that the unanimity achieved under national movement regimes is due to "terror" and "inquisitorial methods" is absolutely ridiculous, because the people among whom such movements arose have a highly developed civic conscience. They fought, bled and left thousands who died for freedom; they never submitted, either to the external enemy or to the internal tyrant. Why shouldn't they fight and bleed today too, if faced with such terror? And then, votes or even majorities can be taken away by force, by terror;

one can draw tears or sighs; but it has never been heard, nor will it ever be heard, that enthusiasm and fervor can be produced by force. Not even in the most retarded nation in the world. Because the national movement is not dictatorial in its essence, we

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so we ask ourselves: What is it? Is it a democracy? Not at all, because the leader is not voted for by the electorate and democracy is based on the principle of electability. Or, in national regimes, no leader is selected by vote. He is acquiesced. If these regimes are not dictatorships or democracies, what are they? Without defining them, it must be admitted that they represent a new form of government, sui genesis, in modern states. It hasn't been found so far and I don't know what name it will be given.

I believe it has at its base that state of mind, that state of heightened national awareness that, sooner or later, spreads to the peripheries of the national organism. It is a state of inner revelation. What was
once the instinctual repository of the people is now reflected in the consciousness of the people, creating a state of unanimous enlightenment that is only found in great religious revivals. This phenomenon could rightly be called the state of

national ecumenicity. A people as a whole attains awareness of itself, of its purpose and destiny in the world. During past history, only glimpses of this awareness have been noticed, but today we are faced with some of these permanent phenomena.

In this case, the leader is no longer a "master", a "dictator" who does what he "wants", who leads "according to his whims". He is the embodiment of that invisible state of mind, the symbol of that state of consciousness. He no longer does "what pleases him"; it does what it "should" do. And he is guided not by individual or collective interests, but by the interests of the immortal nation that has penetrated the conscience of the peoples. It is only within the framework of these interests and only within this framework that personal and collective interests find their normal maximum satisfaction.

THE FIRST BEGINNINGS OF THE ORGANIZATION

The organization of cadres constitutes a new stage in the development of the legionary movement.

Any movement, in order not to remain chaotic, must be molded into organizational molds. The entire legionary system of organization is based on the idea of a "nest", that is, a group ranging from 3 to 13 men under the command of a leader. We do not have "members" in the sense of isolated individuals. There is only the nest and the individual member is part of a nest. The legionary organization is not formed by several members, but by several nests. This system has not varied much in essence from its inception to the present day. Occasionally it has received necessary improvements as an organization must consider realities; it is like a constantly growing child, whose clothes must be constantly adjusted as it develops. It is wrong for those who imagine what the organization should look like in its final stage, to proceed by cutting it out from the beginning a garment that will not fit except at that final stage of development; just as it is wrong for some to proceed by cutting a tight fit early on, then discounting it later in the movement's growth, forcing it to struggle in ways that no longer fit.

I won't dwell too much here on the "nest" because I have dealt with this issue extensively in the "Nest Leader's Handbook". However, what made me choose this system? First, the needs of the movement. There is a big difference between the time when the League was founded, when one system was used, and when the Legion was founded, when we adopted another system. At the time the League was founded, there was a widespread support. It needed to be taken advantage of urgently. Whereas, when the Legion arose, there was no such chain of support for us, but only scattered and isolated men, scattered in cities and towns. I couldn't start founding county committees because there was a shortage of people. Nor could he take a man and call him head of the county, for it made no sense if he could barely organize a small village.

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The leader of a movement must take reality into account with the utmost seriousness. My basic reality was "the single man", a poor peasant in some village, crying; an unhappy sick worker, an uprooted intellectual.

And then I gave each one of them the opportunity to gather around him a group, according to his abilities, with himself as leader. That was the nest with its leader. I wasn't the one naming the leader of the nest; it was his merits that placed him there. He didn't become a leader because I "wanted" him to be, but only if he could rally a group, inspire it, and lead it. over time - in
contrast to all other parties where chiefs are often appointed on the basis of gifts, I managed to have a body of "born" not "made" small leaders in whom the leader's traits were obvious. That's why the leader of a legionary nest is a reality you can trust. The network of these nest leaders forms the entire skeleton of the legionary movement. The pillar of the legionary organization is the leader of the nest. When these nests multiply, they are grouped under village, district, county, and province commands.

How do I acquire leaders in the larger units? I have not appointed any village, township, or county leaders. I told them: "Conquer and organize! And as much as you can organize, you will be the boss." I just confirmed them as leaders in the positions to which their power, qualities and aptitudes elevated them. We started with the leader of the nest and progressively it grew to the leader of the village, district, city

and county leader, and only in 1934, that is, seven years later, to
the regional leader. The nest system also has the following
advantages:
a) Active, it puts all members of a movement into action. In the other parties, where there are committees and members per village or county, it is only several committee members who work; the rest, 1,000, 2,000, 10,000, are inactive. In our system, thanks to the broad initiative of the nest leaders, within prescribed norms, and thanks to the obligation of each nest to write as glorious a page as possible in its register, since there are no separate members as such outside the whole nest. world, absolutely every legionary, works. b) Solves all local problems.
There are a number of items that a single man is incapable of handling and an entire organization is too large to look into them, for example, digging a small well in a village, repairing a small bridge, etc. A single man cannot do this alone; an organization cannot deal with them; the nest however, of 6, 8 or 10 men is the most suitable unit to execute them. c) The nest is easily interchangeable. From a combat unit to a work unit, or vice versa. d)
Creates a large number of cadres, consequently forming men specialized in the art of leadership.

e) The effect of a desertion or betrayal remains localized, f)
Finally, the nest is the best place to receive legionary education. This is because men of the same age are there, men of equal scope and similar spiritual makeup. There, everyone is friends. A man who has not been able to confess his anguish, to bare his soul in front of a young man - either out of embarrassment or because he is reluctant to make him aware of life's difficulties and worries from an early age - here in the nest among friends, he can do it. just as it can receive a reprimand or even a punishment.

The nest is a small family of legionnaires based on love. In the "Nest Leader's Handbook" I set out the six laws by which this family must be guided (page 4, point 3). This family is not to be governed according to the whims of the leaders; that would be dictatorship, but by laws.
1. The law of discipline., Legionnaire! Be disciplined! For only then can you win. Follow your leader in good times and bad.

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2. The law of work. Work! Work every day. Put your heart into it.
May your reward be, not the gain, but the satisfaction of having laid another brick for the building of the Legion and the flourishing of Romania.

3. The law of silence: say little. Say only what you must. Speak only when necessary.

Your oratory should be actions, not words. You perform: let others speak.
4. The law of education: you must become someone else. A hero. In the nest become completely polite. Get to know the Legion well.
S the law of reciprocal belp .. Help your brother who fell into misfortune. Do not abandon it.
6. The Law of Honor: Follow only the paths of honor. Fight, and never be a coward,
Leave the path of infamy to others. Better to fall in an honorable fight than to win by infamy.

But I want to emphasize once more, dear Legionnaires, and call your attention to an essential point: the finding of a nest is incomplete if a cold climate prevails; "What do we accomplish?", "What else is there to accomplish?", "Let us do this or that." "Goodbye!"

Give free rein to your souls. Reserve a place for them at the meeting. Proceed with heat. Give everyone a chance to open their heart, unload their difficulties, anxieties, worries, which life oppresses them. Let him share your joys.
Let your nest be a place of solace and joy sharing. A nest meeting succeeds when a man returns home after unloading his soul's burdens there and is full of faith in his people. If in the "Nest Leader's Handbook" I did not emphasize this point enough, I do so now.

Still in connection with the education activity at the nest, I reproduce from the "Manual of the Leader of the Nest" point 54: Prayer as a decisive element for victory, Appeal to our ancestors., "The legionnaire believes in God and prays for the victory of a Legion.

“It must not be forgotten that we are here on this earth by the will of God and the blessing of the Christian Church. Before the altars of our churches, the entire Romanian Nation

women and children and old people gathered on this land, times without number, in periods of flight and persecution - aware that this is the last possible place of refuge. And today we are also ready to gather - we, the Romanian people - around the altars as in times of great danger and kneel down to receive God's blessing.

"Wars have been won by those who knew how to summon the mysterious powers from the unseen world from above and secure their aid. These mysterious powers are the souls of the dead, the souls of our ancestors who were also bound to this land, to our furrows, and who died in defense of this land, and who today are also linked to it by the memory of their life here and through us - their children, grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren.But above all the souls of the dead are God.

“When these powers are summoned, they come to our aid and encourage us, to give us willpower and everything necessary to help us achieve victory. They introduce panic and terror into the enemy's hearts and paralyze his actions. Ultimately, victory does not depend on material preparation, on the material strength of the belligerents, but on their ability to ensure the sustenance of spiritual powers. This is the explanation - in our history - of miraculous victories even when our material weapons were decidedly inferior.

How can we be sure that we have the support of these forces?
1. By the justice and morality of his action,
and 2. By appealing earnestly and insistently to these powers. Summon them, draw them with your soul force and they will come.
The power of attraction is greater when the appeal, the prayer, is made by many people gathered together.
Therefore, at nest meetings held across the country every Saturday night, prayers will be lifted and all legionnaires urged to attend church on

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next day, sunday.
Our patron saint is the Archangel Michael, we must have his icon in our homes, and in difficult times we must ask for his help and he will never leave us.

These nests are then grouped into units, by age or sex, as follows:*
1. The Brotherhoods of the Cross a) to bring together young people up to the age of 14: the little brothers of the cross. b) gather young people from 14 to 19 years old: the brothers of the cross.
2. Legionnaires in formation.
3. The Legionnaires Inducted.
4. The citadels, grouping girls and married women, or by administrative criteria, town, town, county, with the respective leaders who guide their activity, thus guaranteeing unity. All of these issues have been dealt with extensively in the "Nest Leader's Handbook". This nesting system can have a drawback; it seems to break, crushing by its fragmentation the unity of the movement, but this is only an apparent threat, as it is removed by mutual love and the great dose of discipline that is poured into legionary education.

THE VOTE OF THE FIRST LEGIONARIES

November 8, 1927, Feast of Saints. Michael and Gabriel, the Archangels, were approaching. That day we would take our first vow. We searched and found a symbol that could be a faithful expression of the character of our movement, of our union with the land of our ancestors, our dead and the heavens.

We collect a small amount of land from all the glorious locations in Romanian history for 2,000

* "brothers of the cross", a literary translation of the Romanian "fresh de cruce", are young people who, according to a traditional popular native ritual, make a vow to each other on the cross of eternal friendship, reciprocal help and fidelity. The legionary movement was inspired by this popular Ittoman institution to name young aspiring legionaries "brothers of the cross". The "Brotherhoods of the Cross?" they are then groupings of the "brothers of the cross".

years ago, which we then mixed well, small leather bags were filled with it and tied tightly with strings.

They were to be received by legionnaires when taking the vow and were to be worn close to their hearts. Here is the description of that service, reproduced from the November 8, 1927 issue of "The Ancestral Land:"
On the morning of November 8, 1927, all the legionaries from Iasi gathered at our headquarters, and several others who took the trouble to come from elsewhere.
Few in number, but strong through our unshakable faith in God and trust in His help; strong in our resolve and single-minded obstinacy to remain unshakable in the face of any storm; strong in our complete detachment from all that is heard - a fact that can be seen in our desire, our delight to boldly break away from material things and serve the cause of the Romanian nation and the cross.

This was the mood of those impatiently awaiting the time to take the vow, to joyfully form the first wave of the Legion's assault. And everyone can be sure that no other attitude is possible when, in our midst, dressed in white as in the hour of wrath, we were united. Ion L Mota, Ilie Garneata, Radu .Mironovici, Corneliu Georgescu - those who, from prison to prison, have carried the entire weight of the nationalist movement over the last five years

years.

The prayer,

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At ten o'clock we all set out for the Church of Saint Spiridon, dressed in costume and with national with caciula * the swastika over our hearts, marching in columns. There, Great, ruler of Moldavia; of Michael the Brave; by Mircea Ion Voda; of Horia, Closea and Crisan; Avram Yancu; Domnul Tudor; Mng Ferdinand; and to the memory of all the rulers and soldiers who fell on the battlefields in defense of Roman land against invading enemies. '

The solemnity of taking the vow.

We returned to our house, marching and singing the Anthem of the Legion. There the moving solemnity of the vote of the first legionaries took place.

The ancestral land. This solemnity began by mixing the earth brought from the tomb of Michael the Brave of Turda with that of Moidavia - from Razboeni - where Stefan the Great fought his greatest battle, and from all the other places where the blood of our ancestors was soaked across the land in fierce battles, thus blessing him. When the packets of earth were opened and before they were emptied on the table, the letters of those who had brought or sent them were read.

The following took their vows: Corneliu Zelea-Codreanu, Ion I. Mota, Illie Garneata, Corneliu Georgescu, Radu Mironovici, Hristache Solomon who presided over this ceremony, G. Clime, Mille Lefter, Ion Banea, Victor Silaghi, Nicolae Totu, Alexandru Ventonic , Dumitru lfrim, Pantelimon Statache, Ghita Antonescu, Emil Eremeiu, Ion Bordeianu, M.
Ciobanu, Marius Pop, Misu Crisan, Popa, Butnaru, Budeiu, I. Tanasache, Stefan Budeciu, Traian Cotiga and Mihail Stelescu, a high school student.

A NEW BATTLE

In the December 1, 1927 issue of "The Ancestral Land" we opened a new unit to seek funds for the purchase of a light panel truck to use on our travels. Again, we use the same general effort system. Legionnaires began to organize festive concerts, conferences, Christmas choirs and to contribute their money. "The Brotherhood of the Cross of Vrancea" by Focsani stood out for collecting the

* Hat made from curly lamb. ***(Tr.)***

sum of 50,000 lei as a result of a festive show sponsored by General Macridescu. It was at this time that I changed its naine from "Vrancea" to the "Victory Brotherhood of the Cross" under which it is known to this day. On February 19, 1928, that is, in ten weeks, this move was successful.
We bought a new panel truck in Bucharest for 240,000 lei, of which we paid 100,000 lei, the balance of 140,000 lei to be paid in twelve monthly installments.
We left Bucharest and went to Iasi, with Stefan Nicolau directing "The Doe*", as the boys named it, and Banea, Bordeianu and Mironovici. The legionnaires and our friends were waiting for us on the outskirts of the city, and we were welcomed on our arrival amid general rejoicing.

To meet our monthly installments, we formed a Committee of 100, whose members were to contribute 100 lei per month for one year. That committee grew to 50 members in two months, most of them poor, small-time employees, workers or peasants who, by donating 100 lei a month, were making a real sacrifice.

The girls of the "Citadels" of Iasi and in particular those of the "Citadel Iulia Hajdeu" of Galati started to make embroideries and sell them for money.

PROBLEMS OF A TYPE OF MATERIAL

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For their small needs, the movement was moving very well from a material point of view. From the work and contributions of the poor, enough was being collected for us to live on and support the activities.

Absolutely all contributed sums were published in "The Ancestral Land".
The diary is full of those who gave 10 or 5 lei. Those who gave 50 or 60 lei were rarely found, and our bankers were those who could contribute 100 lei a month, the Committee of 100 members.

Let's pick randomly from this committee: # 16.
Nicolac Voinea de Panciu, a family with five children who live on a two-hectare vineyard.

#17. D.Popescu, a retired Warrant Officer.
#18. Ion Blanaru, until yesterday a student; now an engineer earning 4,000 lei a month.

* 19. Ion Butnaru, employee of the Romanian Railway.
* 20. Nistor M. Tilinca, cooperative salesman.
* 21. Ateliu Georgescu, help from parents.
* 22. Radu Mironovici, parental help.
23. Ionescu M. Traian, forestry engineer.

From the economy, these taxpayers imposed on their
spending on food and clothing, enough was being collected for the organization, which with the judicious use of money, managed to stay alive and develop normally. But the Jewish press screamed... "With what money do these gentlemen buy panel trucks? [The Jew, always in bad faith, made several trucks with what we had]. Who finances this movement?"

Oh! Gentlemen, no one "funded" it. Nobody, except the infinite faith of Romanians who, for the most part, are poor like Job. Not only were we not "funded" by the capitalists, but I advise anyone leading a movement based on sound principles to decline all offers of funding if they want their movement to survive. Because a political movement must be constituted in order to be able to produce on its own, based on the faith and sacrifice of its members, exactly what it needs to live and grow. For normal and healthy development, a movement has the right to consume only as much as its members can supply; and its members can only supply as much as they are capable of for faith, that is, for sacrifice. Does not provide enough funds? Do not resort to external funding, but go ahead

increasing the faith of the members. In fact, insufficient contributions from members are an indication of little faith. Does not provide funds? The organization is dead and will soon collapse. Without faith, you will be overcome by those who have it.

* Catchy name given by Legionnaires to their first panel truck. ***(Tr.)***

A leader who accepts external funding for his movement is like a man who accustoms his body to living on medicine. To the extent that an organism receives medication, to the same extent it is condemned to be incapable of reacting on its own. Furthermore, when he is deprived of the medicine, he dies; is at the mercy of the fanatic! Likewise, a political movement is at the mercy of those who finance it. These can stop funding at any time and the movement, unused to living on its own, dies. A move, just like an individual, may sometimes need a larger sum of money. Then you can borrow and repay the loan on time, but only if you are sure that you will be able to do so. Consequently, gentlemen leaders of rulers - and in saying this I address those who will come after us - refuse those well-wishers who offer to fund your movement, naturally, if you encounter this species in the future. Romania, where even today they seem to be disappearing.

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All those who can and do finance are the Jewish bankers, the very rich Jews, the big Jewish grain dealers, the big Jewish industrialists and merchants. They fund political parties to exterminate Romanians in their own country.

Soon there will be no one to engage in financing - this word reeks of banker, prey, injustice and indecency! - nobody. Neither Romanians nor, much less, Jews. For this caste of bankers and tycoons, of businessmen enriched by business scams, these birds of prey that avidly stalk human society will be exterminated. Good people, rich people, up to the limit of decency, will have it, but they won't be able to finance it, but only help a movement with savings. This obligation to help, to help your nation in difficult times rests on all Romanians and will remain so forever; and that help is and always will be welcome.

But my own material situation, as well as that of my comrades, was becoming worse and worse, more pressing. I had become the burden of my poor father-in-law, who apart from me, on his small salary could hardly feed and clothe his five children. With my wife, we occupied one room, while the other seven members of the family shared the other two rooms.
Understanding my situation, thanks to his great love formed and for the Romanian cause, he never said a word to me, although I saw with the passage of time that he bowed more and more under the weight of difficulties. So we decided that I would dedicate myself full time to the movement and Mota with the other three comrades from Vacaresti prison would establish a law firm to earn a living and help me. They would start soon, but they would face tremendous difficulties. I looked back. Registered at the university ten years earlier, we fought side by side with all classes of students as they emerged. And by and by, they all found placements, creating for themselves a little situation they could live by; we are left alone on the margins of society, like some madmen lost in the middle of the world's paths. Although competent lawyers, my comrades would be able to survive but a meager existence. They could not be hired by the railroads, city hall or state; such places are reserved for those who leave the ranks of the national movement and move to political parties - an encouragement for those who lack character. The honor of our lives dictated that they take no Jewish cases to plead.

Romanians would avoid them. It would only be the poor who would enter their offices.
The road was difficult for us, we were ostracized in our own country and therefore placed in a position where it was almost impossible to make a living.

THE SUMMER OF 1928

We spend all winter arranging nests. Spring saw the resumption of work at the Ungheni pottery and Mrs. ghica. We work in these two places making bricks and growing vegetables. We wanted to build another Home as we were not sure we could stay in the old one as

proceedings were initiated to evict us.

In this hard work, we became closer to each other, feeling ever closer to those who work with their

hands and further and further away from those who live off the work of others.
This work was completing our formation more than the lectures of some university professor. There we learned how to overcome adversity; we strengthen our will; we strengthened our bodies and got used to a hard and severe way of life, in which no pleasure found a place, except the

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spiritual satisfaction. It was then that Galati's "The Brotherhood of the Cross" with Tocu, Savin, Costea, came to help, as well as other brotherhoods.
Radu Mironovici learned to drive our van truck very well and with Eremeiu's help he transported paying passengers between Iasi, Varatec, Agapia and Neamt monasteries. However, because of the summer, which is always poorer, I had to ask for a loan from the Albina Bank of Husi, mortgaging my father's house for 1,10,000 lei, which I divided, part for the pottery, part for the monthly installments for the van and part to legionary publications. Unable to repay this loan to date, my debt amounted to 300,000 lei.

During that summer, we also got into trading to earn some money for the Legion. Jews have control over the sale of vegetables in almost all markets in Moldova. Three teams of legionary students were tasked with trading vegetables. These teams were buying goods at the Iasi market, carrying 600 to 800 pounds. for the truck, falling like a plague on the Jews, cutting prices in half.

August 1, 1928 was the first anniversary of the publication of our review. Here's what I wrote then:

“On August 1, 'The Ancestral Land' celebrates its 254th year of regular publication. That's not much. Several days ago, between July 13th and 30th, the city of Careassonne (a fort in France) celebrated 2,000 years of existence. It could be that the Legion also has 2,000 years to go! But the most difficult of them is the first year, when you have to break the virgin soil, to plow the first furrow. During these first days, many difficulties loomed over us, but our diary - sometimes ticker, sometimes poorer, but always great, stood firm, overcoming them.
"When a year ago, starting penniless, at the most critical moment of the national movement, we put the icon of São Miguel Arcanjo on the cover, we knew that our criticism would survive."

FIGHT AGAINST MISERY

Toward autumn, personal material difficulties became overwhelming. We no longer had decent shoes or clothes, my wife and I; my wife was wearing four year old shoes. We could no longer expect anything from my father because there were six other children besides me, all in schools, and the struggles he went through left him saddled with debt. Only several thousand lei were left out of his salary to feed and clothe a large family.
So I gathered all my strength and decided that I too would start practicing law, with the intention at the same time of leading the movement. I opened my office in Ungheni, working closely with my secretary, Ernest Comanescu.
As a result, I was able to earn a small, very small income, with which to take care of our needs and the few modest indulgences in our lives. Six years have passed since we limited our existence to the strict necessities of life.

For six years I had not entered a theater, cinema, beer hall, ballroom or party. And now, as I write this, it's been 14 years since I've been to any one of them. I do not regret it. What I really regret is that, after a lifetime of so many restrictions, some individuals have accused me of leading a leisurely existence. In this misery that lasted for years, as well as in the hard trials my destiny put me through, I had the constant support of my wife who faithfully took care of me. She shared my innumerable blows, experienced privations and even endured hunger in order to help me fight. I will be forever grateful to her.

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PROFESSOR GAVANESCUL RECEIVES THE EARTH BAG

There is a soul who has watched us closely, step by step, having taken an interest in us. He's been studying us, maybe. I'm talking about the imposing old figure of Ion Gavanescul, professor of pedagogy at the University of Iasi since 1880. He once told us: "I wish I could have a bag of earth!"

We invited him to our house on December 10, 1928, where, among the group of legionnaires, I presented him with our gift - the most precious gift we could give - the bag of earth. The old professor with the white hair and eyebrows widened his eyes as in a moment of the most serious solemni. Then, after a moment of silence, he said, "Gentlemen, I am not worthy to receive this talisman except on my knees." He then took it, knelt down slowly and prayed. We all kneel around him.

The Liberal Party fell that autumn of 1928 as a result of relentless attacks by the National Peasants who threatened "violence" and "revolution".
The National Peasant Party succeeded theta in power after eight years of political opposition. But they soon proved to be a huge disappointment to the entire country. They would start stealing, just like the liberals did; they would engage in "scandalous business deals" like liberals; they would use
the gendarmerie to "terrify" and even shoot their opponents or those who expressed dissatisfaction, like the liberals; they would make their own bankers, like liberals.

But, particularly, they would fall under the continuous influence of international finance, to which they began to yield little by little, over years, decades, the riches of Romania, in exchange for ruinous loans.

THE FIRST ASSEMBLY OF NINHO LEADERS AND THE FORMATION OF LEGIONARY SENATE

I convened in Iasi from January 3 to 4, 1929, the first national meeting of nest leaders. Forty to fifty participated. The meetings were held in the house of General Ion Tarnoschi who, on that occasion, during a moving ceremony, with tears in his eyes, now received the bag of earth that contained the blood of his own soldiers and officers.

"How I wish God would give me enough days to live to see the time of Romanian liberation. But I don't think I will live that long," he said.
On that occasion, another series of legionnaires took their vows. They are: Spiru Peceli, disabled during the war, Gheorghe Potolea, disabled since the attack on Prunaru, Nicolae Voinea and others.

From the discussions we had and from the reports given by each of those present as representatives of all regions, we were convinced that the “nests” system, which until then had not been used in our country, could catch on and give good results.
Certainly, there are problems and oddities inherent in any undertaking. However, it was enough for me to know that in the space of a year without any further education, but only on the basis of the appeals and guidelines given in our review, isolated nests, active nests, were formed in all regions and social strata. I said to myself. "The system passed the exam. It works."
This January 3rd-4th meeting proved the correctness of my organizing principles. Consequently, what we had to do now was to continue firmly in the same vein.

I realized, at the same time, that the movement was becoming popular mainly among younger people; that the dynamic education system - education in parallel with action - is far superior to the static one.

Therefore, we must continue this system for another year, still not trying to reach the masses, and discarding the idea of an election campaign. It was then that the Senate of the Legion was created: a forum made up of men over 50, intellectuals, peasants or workers, who had

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he led a life of great correction, showed great faith in the future legionary and great wisdom. They would be called upon in difficult times, whenever their advice was felt to be needed. They were not to be elected but appointed by the head of the Legion and later passed on by the rest of the Senate. The title of senator was the highest honor a legionnaire could aspire to. The Senate was then formed by Hristache Solomon, General Dr. Macridescu, General Ion Tamoschi, Spiru Peceli, Coronel Cambureanu and Ion Butnaru. Several months after its constitution, the illustrious university professor Traian Braileanu - who five years later in his journal, "Ensaios sociológicas", would explain in the highest identifying terms the legionary phenomenon took his place in the Senate.

FOR THE POPULAR MASSES

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The Moti still live in the mountains of central Transylvania. Ancient as those mountains, they lived for centuries the same existence always dominated by two characteristics: poverty - they are the only Romanians, perhaps the only people on earth that has never known throughout its history a single day of happiness and plenty and struggle for freedom . His whole life was a struggle for freedom. They gave us Horia, Closca and Crisan, and they supported the revolution of 1784; they gave us Avram Iancu and fought in 1848. History has recorded more than 40 revolts in their mountains against Hungarian rule; they all finally drowned in their own blood. However, his steadfastness could never be broken. Lately, the voices from the tribune of Amos Francu and Captain Emil Siancu, the Moti themselves, resound in vain like a cry of alarm. There are gold mines in its mountains. One by one its explorers grew rich, while they remained naked and without bread:

"Gold is at the center of
our mountains As
we ask door to door."

The gray rock is bare. Nothing grows in it; neither wheat nor corn. The only wealth that exists is gold in the hands of the explorer, and the only possibility of earning a living is in the wood of the forests.

The ordeal of alien domination lasted a thousand years. A thousand years of resistance, hoping that someday Great Romania will be born to save them, to finally take care of them and their children, to repair the long and deadly injustice, to come and reward them for their age-old patience, suffering and struggles. Only those without mothers know consolation. Only those without a country know neither consolation nor reward. The fatherland always rewards its children, those who waited for its justice and believed in it, and those who fought and suffered for it. It was inconceivable that the Moti were not rewarded for their immense patience, suffering and bravery!

But after the war, each man, especially each politician, occupied himself with his own "I", his own material, electoral and political situation. So that the Moti would be forgotten. Whoever is occupied with his own "I" cannot be occupied with "others". And he who is surrounded by present concerns cannot place himself, his thoughts and feelings, in history so that working in the name of his fatherland he may ensure that the great historical compensations and rewards which are due to his brave men are given.

Not only were they forgotten, but they were handed over as prey to the Jewish usurers who, in their race for profit, crept into their mountains where alien feet could never trespass and stole their only livelihood by building mills high in the mountains and cutting down their forests, leaving them like bare rock.

"O Iancu, why don't you come back from the dead to see our mountains uncovered?"

In their song of despair they cry out to Iancu, their hero, to see their mountains plundered, their forests "scraped" by bands of "little Jews"; this, during an administration of Greater Romania, in the days of the people's long-awaited victory.

Alive, what a frightful tragedy, to resist for ten centuries against all iniquities, and now to die of misery and starvation in the Greater Rumania that you have waited for a millennium! She's the one
you've been waiting for. She was the only moral support that sustained you. Now, that hope also falls apart. You had no bread, but you were waiting. For this population, Great Romania did not turn out to be an invigoration, a triumph, a coronation after a thousand years of suffering, with the joyful reward of all its

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people. For that, someone with a soul like Stefan the Great was needed, not the pygmy soul of the Romanian politician. Greater Romania meant a collapse into mortal despair for the Moti people. These politicians tarnish the face of our nation. For

The nation, beyond any other interest, has a duty to fulfill certain moral obligations. If that nation does not find them, its face will be stained.

Touched by a letter from a teacher from Bistra, near Campeni, I took a train to go there and examine the situation myself. On a small mountain train, I was traveling with a sinking heart through the valleys of the Apuseni Mountains, where death had leapt in countless battles and where the ghosts of Horia and Iancu roamed.

I approached a peasant Moti at a railway station. He had at least twenty spots on his coat, evidence of unparalleled poverty. He was selling wooden barrel hoops he had made for a pittance. Her eyes were sunken, her cheeks pinched. A gentle face. Her gaze was shy; no particular thought could be read in his face, but in his eyes there was pain and I saw not just a starving man, but one tortured by hunger.

No interest in life could be seen in those gentle eyes that inspired pity, no concern; they were just blank.
"How do you manage in these parts?"
I asked him. "Fine! Fine, thanks."
"Can you grow corn and
potatoes here?" "Yes we
can."
"Do you have everything you need,
food...?" "Yes, we have... we have..."
"So, you're not so bad…?"
"No! ... N61 ..."
He assessed me several times, was very unwilling to talk - for who knows what shores of despair his mind wandered - and in his inherited racial nobility he did not want to explain to a stranger.

Finally I arrived in Bistra, I looked for the village teacher who wrote to me. I only stayed one day. In the poor houses of the Moti I visited, I saw their many little children cold huddled - waiting for two, three weeks, or sometimes a month or more, for the return of their parents who had gone on the road with horse and cart to bring back to them a bag of cornmeal in exchange for the wooden hoops and barrels they make, and then sell hundreds of miles in other parts of the country where God has been more generous. It is only for a few months of the year that the Moti are at
home; the rest of the time they are on the road. The teacher told me.

"Not even during the Hungarian domination the foreigner could settle here.
But nowadays, a sawmill has been set up, owned by a Jewish company in Oradea which has taken over our forests and cut them down. Throughout their poor lives, the Moti made a living out of making barrels and barrel rims.
But from now on they will be deprived of it. They are condemned to death. "Hunger and other necessities force them to work for the Jews, felling their own trees for a daily wage of 20 lei, a trifle. That is all they have left of all that wealth that is extracted from their mountains and cut down in valleys in long trains. And when the wood is cut down, that will be the end of us too. But there is something that is even sadder. We have lived a life of virtue for hundreds of years. The Jews brought with them the sins of debauchery. More than a decade ago 30 Jews employed at this sawmill.

And on Saturday night, when they receive their wages, they take the Moti girls and women and dishonor them in nocturnal orgies. Moral and physical illnesses consume our villages, in addition to poverty.

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And nothing can be said. No protest can be attempted because these Jews are so on good terms with all the politicians that they are virtually all-powerful lords. Local authorities are at your service, from the gendarmes to the top.
If you try to say something, you will immediately be accused of "inciting" a part of the citizens to "hate" the other citizens; that you "disturb the social harmony" and "brotherly blood" in which Romanians have always lived with the "peaceful Jewish population"; that we are not

good "Christians" for Jesus Christ said: "Love
your neighbor, even the one who does you harm ..." etc.
If you utter a single word, you will be arrested as an "enemy of state security" and as an inciter of "civil war". You are insulted and even beaten. They control the authorities and you must sit still and watch all the tragedy of your people. It would be better for God to blind us so that we no longer see with our own eyes; then we wouldn't know anything. "

My blood boiled in my veins and the idea occurred to me again to take a gun, go to the mountains and start shooting mercilessly at bands of enemies and traitors, if the Romanian authorities and the laws of Greater Romania can tolerate such crimes against the nation. Romania, its honor and its future, and whether these exhausted laws and authorities have deprived it of any hope of justice and salvation.
I returned to Iasi with an aching heart, weighed down by the burden these people carry.

How terrible is the alienation of a people's ruling class, its political and cultural class! Literati and writers dedicate their efforts to all sorts of irrelevant topics. Books and books are published that fill the windows of bookshops.
What will be the verdict of the future regarding these men, if for a historic tragedy like that of the Moti, which is unfolding under their very eyes, they have not found a single word of protest that could also serve as an alarm signal to the stunned people why all the scandalous literature that numbs you and obscures your life and your future?

In what light should the nation look at these writers and scholars, whose most sacred mission is precisely that of denouncing the dangers that threaten its moral and physical being and of illuminating the path to its future? And how will that political class of "speakers" in Parliament or elsewhere be regarded, who have abandoned their most elementary duty to care for the life and honor of the nation?

As I was getting off the little train from Bistra to Turda, the director of the Bistra sawmill also got into the same compartment; a fat Jew scarcely restrained by his clothes which gave the impression of a life abundantly lived. I don't believe someone like him has known hunger in his life, not even once. A young man about my age also entered the compartment at the next stop. From the first moment, I realized that they were friends who got along very well and that the young man was Romanian. The Jew poured himself some coffee from a thermos and took a few slices of cake from a packet. He started to eat; I watched a wolf's appetite. He started to swallow hard before he realized he hadn't invited his friend to join, so he did so right away. The young man took a piece of cake and a cup of coffee and began to eat rather timidly, showing gratitude and respect to the wealthy Jew for the "attention" he was being shown. It was about five o'clock in the morning, still not entirely clear, on the Friday before Easter: Good Friday.

Sadly, I asked myself:

"Who, I wonder, is this scoundrel of a young Romanian who, on this day when the entire Christian world fasts, eats cake side by side with the Jew, the torturer of Romanians?"

From their conversation, I found out that he was a forestry engineer. The Jew showed a compulsive inclination to talk. He talked and joked continuously. Then he produced a record player and began to play records, everything about them more indecent. I sat in a corner of the compartment and listened without saying a word, looking out the window. The day was starting to break and I could see, in the

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road parallel to the railway, a long line of horse-drawn carts in front of each , and on one, a Moti man, walking peacefully and sadly. Loaded with coal, they headed to the Turda market, a 40-mile drive away, to sell and buy, not new clothes or toys, but a few kilos of food to take home for the children, as it was Easter time. That's the only joy they could bring to their children.

My heart groans with pain and anxiety. It is not enough that these thieves take your bread; they also profane, insult, on this Good Friday, your poverty and faith. They pass, singing and cursing, on these roads of age-old suffering which - out of respect for human suffering and pain - no man should tread, except in the deepest quiet and decency, bareheaded before the starving and ragged people who trudge under the doom. of your merciless destiny. When dawn broke, our eyes met, the young man's and mine. I could see he recognized me. Restless, he lost his

composure. I recognized him too. In 1923 I had seen him as a Christian nationalist student. He was at the forefront of a group of students demonstrating, chanting..

"And we will crush the Jews under
our heels, or die gloriously,"
etc.

I reflected, full of bitterness. "If all the young men who fight are like this tomorrow, then these our people must die; through Jewish conquest, floods, earthquakes or dynamite - it doesn't matter which - but they must perish."

THE SUMMER OF 1929

Two marches were organized this summer, one with young people from the "Brotherhoods of the Cross" of Galati and Focsani and another with the legionaries. I wanted to take them along the paths that I walked so many times, spend as much time with them as possible, to observe and study them, as well as to show them the beauties of our country, this time as of all future marches that I must to carry out, I will try to develop in the young legionaries first of all their will, for long marches in which all will carry heavy loads by rain, wind, heat or mud; in formation and in step, with talking prohibited for hours; through a Spartan life, sleeping in forests, eating simple food; by the obligation to be severe with themselves in all aspects, starting with their bearing and gestures; creating for them obstacles that they would have to overcome, like climbing huge rocks, crossing streams.
I was trying to turn them into strong-willed men who would look directly and masculine in the face of any difficulty. Therefore, I never allowed to bypass an obstacle; had to be overcome.

In place of the weak and defeated man, who bends with every passing wind, a type now prevalent in political life and the professions, we must create for this people a conqueror, unyielding and fearless.

By instructing them in common, I will seek, on the other hand, to develop an esprit de corps, a sense of unity. I have noticed that common instruction has a great influence on. the intellect and psyche of a man, giving order and cadence to his disordered mind and anarchic feeling. In imposing punitive measures, I will ultimately seek to develop a sense of responsibility and the courage to take responsibility for their actions. There is nothing more disgusting than the man who lies and shirks his responsibility.

I regularly, without exception, punish any infraction. I punished a young man in Vatra-Dorhei for causing a disturbance in a public park.

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Something more serious happened in Dorni Cozanesti, not so much in itself, but as an indication of the state of mind that the case revealed. Four young people went to a Jewish tavern, asking for sardines, bread and wine and, after eating well, they got up. Instead of paying the bill, one of them heroically brandished a revolver, threatening the Jew's life if he screamed, because - he added - they were from Corneliu Codreanu's group.

I punished him. Had I not done so, it would have been this young man - not the Jew from whom a tin of sardines had been stolen - who would have morally destroyed himself. Indeed, among legionnaires, punishment cannot cause resentment, as we are all fallible. In our concept, punishment means that a man of honor must right his wrong. Once the punishment is accomplished, the man is released from his burden as if nothing had happened. In most cases, this punishment takes the form of some work. Not because the work would be in the nature of a condemnation, but because it offers the chance of amending by a good deed the evil that has been committed. That is why the legionnaire will receive and carry out the punishment with serenity.

THE DECISION TO GO TO THE MASSES
NOVEMBER 8, 1929

More than two years have passed since the Legion was created. Our nests have multiplied across the country. The need was now felt to strengthen the movement, taking advantage of and stimulating these small nuclei to function. The only legal way to bring national measures to the solution of the Jewish problem was through policy avenues. This presupposed contact with the masses in general. Good or bad, this was the method that the law made available
to us and that sooner or later we had to follow. With Lefter and Potolea we set up the first public meeting of the legionnaire in Tg. Beresti in Covurlui County, in the north of the country, on Dec. The decision was made on November 8, when a new batch of legionnaires from across the country took their vows on the birthday of the Legion's patron
saint.

At the same time, I sent Totu to Turda County where, together with Amos Horatiu Pop, he would intensify legionary propaganda and also organize a meeting.

DECEMBER 15, 1929

On the night of December 14th, I was in Beresti. Lefter, Potolea, Tanase Antohi and others were waiting for me in the warehouse. The market town of Beresti is a veritable nest of Jewish hornets; crowded houses and shops. The only street runs through the middle of the city, with ankle-deep mud, and on the sides, some sidewalks. I was supposed to stay at Potolea's house.

The next morning, the Galati prosecutor and a police chief came to tell me that I was not allowed to hold the meeting.
I told them: "The
ban you are confronting me with is neither correct nor legal. Anyone has the right to hold meetings in this country, Germans, Hungarians, Turks, Tatars, Bulgarians, Jews. right? Your measure is an arbitrary one; being illegal, I will not obey it, I must hold the meeting at any time
cost. "

Finally, after some discussion, they approved my holding the meeting on condition that we would not cause any disturbance. What should I do?
What kind of disruption? Breaking into people's homes? this was my first

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public meeting. Was I not fully determined to keep it in perfect order and thus retain the privilege of keeping others?
At the appointed time, a very small number of people, almost a hundred, gathered. I learned from them that many more people would like to come but have been prevented from leaving their villages. The entire meeting lasted just five minutes. Lefter spoke one minute, Potolea another, and I the rest. I said, "We came to hold a demonstration, but the authorities forcibly prevented our men from coming. Against all orders, I will hold ten demonstrations! Let someone bring me a horse and I will ride from village to village throughout the district of Horincea."

In fact, amid all that mud, the only means of locomotion was the horse.
Two hours later a horse was brought in and off I went. After me on foot came Lefter with four other legionaries. We arrive at the first village, Meria. There, in the churchyard, in a matter of minutes, everyone was gathered - men, women and children. I only said a few words and outlined no political program: "Let's all unite, men
and women, to carve out another destiny for ourselves and our people. The hour of Romanian resurrection and liberation is approaching.
He who believes, he who will fight and suffer, will be rewarded and blessed by New and dry is times are knocking at our doors! A world, with a soul this people, infertile dying and another is being born, belonging to those who are full of faith. "In this new world everyone will have their place, not on the basis of their schooling, intelligence or knowledge, but above all according to their faith and character."

So we continued. Less than five kilometers away, we reach Slivna.
It was getting dark. However, people were waiting for me with lighted candles. A nest of legionnaires headed by Theodosiu came out to meet

me on the outskirts of the village. I said it here too. Then it was on to Comanesti, the nest of Slivna legionnaires leading the way. These were roads I had never traveled before. Here, too, people were waiting for me with lanterns and candles, while the young people sang. People were happily welcoming me, no matter what group they belonged to. We were strangers, but it felt like we had been friends for a long time. Enmities melted away. We were all one soul, one people. The next morning I resumed my walk. But this time I wasn't alone. Three other riders asked me if they could come. At the edge of the neighboring village, Ganesti, we stopped at Dumitru Cristian's house. He was a man of about 40 with a baiduc bearing and a pair of eyes hidden under heavy brows. He had been a fierce nationalist fighter since the first student battles. Now, at that very moment, he unhitched his horses from the wagon, saddled one of them, and came with us. Soon our number grew with Dumitru and Vasile Popa, Hasan and Chiculita. As we rode from village to village, the number of riders increased to twenty. Most were between 25 and 30 years old, some as early as 35 or 40, the oldest, Chiculita de Cavadinesti, was around 45. When our numbers increased so much, we felt the need for a distinctive insignia, a uniform. For lack of anything better, we all put turkey feathers in our hats. And so we entered the villages singing. He sounded, as we were singing, our horses trotting along the crests of the hills near the river Pruth where so many times a long time ago had passed and fought our ancestors who were the shadows of those who of old had defended Moldavian territory. The living of the present identified with the dead of the past, we were the same soul, the same great unity of the Romanian carried by the wind over the crests of the hills. The news of my arrival, transmitted orally, spread to all the villages. Villagers were waiting for us everywhere. Everyone we met on the road was asking: "When are you going to come to us too? People waited for you yesterday until late at night."

In those villages, as he sang and spoke to the people, he felt himself penetrating into the undefined depths of the soul where politicians with their borrowed platforms could never descend. There, in those depths, I plunged the roots

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of the legionary movement. No one will ever be able to pull them off. Thursday was market day in Beresti. At 10 o'clock in the morning about 50 of us horsemen appeared on the top of the hill above the market town. From there we went down to the city in formation, singing.

The townspeople welcomed us with great enthusiasm. Romanians left Christian homes pouring buckets of water our way - an old custom, wishing us on our travels the fulfillment of all our hopes.
Again we entered the courtyard of Nicu Balan, where the first rally was supposed to take place. There were over 3,000 people at this time. We didn't have a meeting.
I gave souvenirs to some of the pilots.

I gave my cigarette holder to Nieu Balan; done in Vacaresti prison, Chiculita was given a swastika. Lefter and Potolea were appointed members of the Legion's Supreme Council and Nieu Balan to the general staff of Covurlui County; and Dumitru Cristian as leader of the legionnaires in the Horincea Valley.
This Horincea Valley, with its places and people, has remained dear to me.
After Focsani, he would remain the second strongest pillar of the legionary movement.

IN TRANSYLVANIA, IN LUDOSUL-DE-MURES

We left for Ludos the Friday before Christmas at 5 pm. There were four of us in the truck: Radu Mironovici driving, Emil Eremeiu, an acquaintance, and me. Extremely cold weather forced the cancellation of trains. That night we almost died of cold, even though we filled our truck with straw and covered ourselves with it. We drove the route, Iasi, Piatra-Neamt, Valea Bistritei, and at 4 o'clock in the morning we reached the top of the Carpathian Mountains.
We arrived in Ludosul-de Mures at 11 am that Christmas Eve, after more than 24 hours of driving. Here we had a good rest at Amos' house. We went to church on Christmas morning and then toured the small town. It was larger than Tg.
Beresti; situated about 18 miles east of Turda, the county capital. This city is also full of Jews, although it does not reach the Beresti percentage. Here

also, Judas, established in the market, spread his web like a spider over the whole Romanian region. The poor peasants will be caught in this web, twirling around and stunned, then sucked out of all their possessions. The morning after Christmas we started, the van carrying ten legionaries ahead, then I with twenty horsemen on horseback - Amos, Nichita, Colceriu, Professor Mattei and others, all wearing turkey feathers in our hats. On the road, we were looked at with curiosity, as the people we met did not know our purpose.
But we were riding as if we were invested with the highest authority, as we felt that we were coming in the nature of the Romanian people who ordered us to do so. In Gheta, Gligoresti and Gura-Ariesului people were gathered in as great numbers as in the Horincea Valley. Here, too, we do not outline any political program. We just told you that we came from Moldavia to revive the suffering soul of the Romanians, for a thousand years of slavery, injustice and burial had been long enough.

Greater Romania was realized with much sacrifice, but it seems that alien domination and old injustice extended to this side of Greater Romania's birth. Ten years of Romanian administrations have failed to heal our painful wounds, nor correct centuries-old injustices. They gave us a semblance of unity, but the Romanian soul was still split into as many pieces as there were political parties. The resurrection of this people is seething underground and will soon explode, illuminating our entire future and dark past with its light. Whoever believes will win!

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Once again I had the feeling that I was descending into their hearts. Although I was hundreds of kilometers away from Moldavia, in regions that for centuries had been separated from us by borders, there too I had found the same soul, exactly the same as in the Horincea valley near Pruth. The very soul of the nation, upon which I understood that no man-made boundaries had ever been drawn, for the same breath flowed from one end of the nation to the other, from Dniester to Tisa in utter disregard of man-made boundaries as well as the underground water flows without regard to the obstacles that man has raised on the surface. There, in the depths, I found no political parties, no enmity or clashes, of interest, no "blind disunity" of fratricidal struggles, but only unity and harmony. On the second day after Christmas, we hit the road again. We had stopped at a church on the way to say a prayer in memory of Miguel the Valiant*, Horia and their men, and Iancu, to let them also know that we were walking today the paths that, for the love of our people, their bodies were tortured and torn apart. it was the feast of Santo Stefano; therefore I lit a candle for the repose of Stefan the Great's soul; through him our people attained the greatest glory. I consider him equal to Napoleon, Julius Caesar and Alexander of Macedon.

No matter where my steps take me or what battles I have to fight, if above me I feel the shadow of São Miguel Archangel and below me those of our twenty beloved martyrs of the family of the legionary movement, in my right, I will also feel the soul of Stefan the Great and his sword.

IN BESSARABIA

On January 20, 1930 I sent Totu, Crang anu and Eremeiu,

**** It was on the plains of Turda that the Hungarians murdered Michael the Brave, Prince of Wallachia in 1601. He was the first ruler to effect the temporary unification of Wallachia, Moidavia and Transylvania. (Tr.)***

with a teat, in the van, to the county of Tecuci, while myself, on the 25th of January, was again in the valley of Horincea in the midst of my horsemen. On the night of the 26th, after passing through Rogojeni, we entered Oancea. In both villages we were welcomed warmly and with high expectations. We were hosted in Oancea by the Antachi family. The next day, a Monday, was market day at Cahul, on the left bank of the Pruth.

Therefore, we decided to go to Bessarabia, where the Jews were more numerous and provocative.

In Cahul, as in the other trading cities of B.essarabian, Judaism is communist; not because of "love of the people", but because of hatred of the Romanian state, which only with the triumph of communism could be overthrown and placed under the heel of total Jewish domination. The triumph of communism coincides with Judaism's dream of ruling and exploiting the Christian nations by virtue of its theory of the "chosen people" which is at the foundation of the Jewish religion.

We made some white cloth crosses that night, about eight inches high, which were sewn onto the knights' coats. I was given a wooden cross to carry. At ten o'clock the next morning I crossed the Pruth at the head of
30 horsemen, carrying the cross against the heathen power that was strangling Christian Bessarabia. After traveling almost five kilometers, we entered the city. Christians came out of their homes and followed us. They didn't know us, but they saw the white crosses on our coats and the feathers on our hats. We walked the streets singing:

"Wake up, wake up, you Romanian!"

We stopped at the public square. More than 7,000 peasants had gathered around us in no time. None of them knew who we were and what we wanted, but

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everyone had a premonition that we came to save them.
I began to speak to them in the same way I used to in the Horincea Valley and in Turda. But two minutes later, Popov, a policeman, accompanied by the local authorities, pushed his way through the crowd and stopped me:

"You are not allowed to hold a public meeting in this
square..." "The Romanian people are allowed
to do this anywhere."
The authorities wanted to prevent us from speaking; people wanted to hear us.
"My good people" - he told them - "that's how it is; the law forbids us to hold meetings in public squares. We're going to the outskirts of the city or to someone's patio."
I signaled to the riders and we left for the outskirts of the city. An army cordon stopped the crowd. Several minutes later, I was confronted by a detachment of soldiers with bayonets, led by a colonel, Colonel Cornea. He drew his revolver and pointed it at me: "Stop or I'll shoot!" he said. I stopped.

- Colonel, why would you shoot me? I didn't do anything wrong. I carry a revolver too, but I didn't come here to fight anyone, least of all the Romanian army.

I argued with him for nearly an hour, but it all proved futile. I sat there for an hour, taking all the insults and ridicule I could. I could have answered him in the same tone of voice, or fought with him, but I had to muster an iron will, otherwise I would have fallen into a sadder situation, that is, with myself, a Romanian nationalist, fighting against my own country's army and being watched by communist Jews.

The colonel began to beat us and our horses with his saber and the soldiers poked us with their bayonets; then the mayor arrived, I dismounted and accompanied him to city hall. He was a civilized man. The colonel also came.
I said to him,

"I respect your position; that's why I didn't answer. But it doesn't matter. We'll see you next Monday at the same place."
So I left. A sergeant brought my horse. Cristian and Chiculita were waiting for me on foot at the gate. They then brought their horses and we returned the way we came, pursued from behind by the police and followed by the insulting glares of the Jews. On the outskirts of the city we found the rest of the knights saddened by the defeat we had suffered. A little further on, some peasants who had escaped from the city asked us who we were.

"Go back and tell people we'll be back next Monday. All Christians in the county should go to Cahul."
We took a beating. We weren't in the mood for singing. We were heading back and nobody said a word. When we returned to Oancea, we made ten posters announcing that Monday, February 10th, we would be returning to Cahul. These were sent by horsemen to various points in the municipality. We then drive back to Ganesti to Cristian's house, where we arrive around midnight after a difficult journey, such a night.

dark, we could not see two steps ahead, lashed from the front by a cold rain that lashed our faces and from behind by the memory of our painful defeat.
I spent the night at Cristian's house and in the morning I left for Beresti. There I issued a directive to the legionnaires in the valley of Ilorincea, Galati, Iasi, Bucharest, Focsani and Turda, informing them of our defeat at Cahul and saying that since this is now a matter of honor we must all return to there and win; they must report there in as many numbers as possible, The meeting place -Oancea, where they must arrive no later than Sunday evening, February 9th. At the same time, I informed the team of Totu, Cranganu and Eremeiu, who were in the municipality of Tecuci at the time. I also wrote a letter to my father in which I asked him to come and help us. The legionnaires raised some money for me and I left for

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Bucharest to see Mr. Ioanitescu, undersecretary of the Ministry of Internal Affairs.

I told him what had happened in Cahul and asked permission to hold another demonstration there - a legal request - taking responsibility for conducting this demonstration in perfect condition, as long as the authorities did not provoke us.
After some additional clarifications he demanded from me, our rally was approved. We didn't need approval for such a demonstration as it wasn't required by law, but I wanted to be covered by official permission so as to avoid any possible biased interpretation of my action.

On Sunday morning I was in Oancea once more. Lefter went to Cahul to determine the meeting place with the authorities.
There was much unrest in Cahul as the authorities got word that thousands of peasants from all over the county were heading to Cahul for the demonstration.

Two trucks arrived during the day from Focsani, the groups led by Hristache Solomon and Blanaru; of Turda, Moga and Nichita; of Iasi, the legionaries with Banea, Ifrim and Father Isihie; of Galati, Stelescu with the Brotherhood; a student delegate from Bucharest; and Pralea with the nests of Foltesti.

Then came on foot, or with wagons and riding horses, those from Beresti and the legionaries from the Horincea Valley. My father also came. By night, over 300 legionaries had arrived; they lodged at Oancea, and more kept coming. Concerned that the pontoon bridge over the Pruth might be unlocked by the authorities to prevent our crossing, I dispatched 30 legionaries overnight to occupy both ends of the bridge.

On Monday, at 8 am, I sent a team of 50 legionaries under Potolea's command to Cahul to police the demonstration. In the meantime, new interventions were attempted to prevent us from proceeding with the demonstration.
That was an impossibility. At 10 o'clock we form a column and begin:

In the first group, 100 knights carrying a flag, all with feathers in their hats, many with green shirts. Each had a white cloth cross sewn onto his coat. We were like some crusaders who marched in the name of the cross, against a pagan enemy, to free the Romanians.
In the second group came more than 100 pedestrians in a column marching with their flag.

In the third group followed about 80 wagons, 4 to 5 men in each, mostly people from Oancea, also carrying a flag.
We looked like an army ready for battle. As we approached the edge of Cahul, a sea of bare heads met us, without any hurray or music, in an impressive church-like silence, we rode through that crowd of peasants. Some of them were crying.

Also the peasant population of Bessarabia, since the unification of Romania at the end of the First World War, did not feel any improvement in their situation.
For, though freed from Russian occupation, it fell under the sway of the Jews. It was purely and simply the prey of the Jews.
For 12 years he was exploited and bled by Communist Jews worse than the most tyrannical regime known in history has ever exploited any human society.

The trading towns and villages of Bessarabia are veritable colonies of leeches clinging to the exhausted body of the peasantry.
And, the epitome of shamelessness, these leeches dared to disguise themselves as fighters against the exploitation of the people, against the terror that oppresses the people.
These then are the communists of Bessarabia and Romania.

Furthermore, these leeches, bloated by the sucked blood of the Romanians, maintain their press, of which Adevarul ("The Truth") and Dimineata ("The Morning") are the main newspapers, in the following style:

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"We (the leeches!) live in the best fraternity and harmony with the Romanian people." “Only some enemies of the people, of the country, some right-wing extremists want to spoil this harmony.

There were over 20,000 peasants at the rally. Surely this was the biggest gathering of people this city has seen since the beginning, and all without any manifestos or newspapers to publicize it. The demonstration was conducted in a very solemn manner. On one side, the knights were placed in a row; on the other, the column of pedestrian legionnaires.
The peasantry listened with uncovered heads. There was not a word, not a gesture to disturb this solemnity. This time, Colonel Cornea has not fulfilled the commitment we promised him. I said to this Bessarabian peasantry - who, I saw, were waiting for a word of consolation, and who came to this demonstration in such overwhelming numbers, not instigated by me, but by their great suffering: "Lest we should abandon you to slavery that now oppresses him; that he was free, lord of the fruit of his labor, lord of his land and his country; that the dawn of a new day for the people was approaching; that in this struggle that we have begun, everything we hope the peasants give would be faith - faith unto death - and in return they would receive justice and glory"
Then spoke Lefter, Potolea, Banea, Ifrim, Father Isihie, Victor Moga, Tarziu, Hristache Solomon. My father spoke for two hours at the end unsurpassed in style and depth, and in the language of the people. The speeches over, I advised the peasantry to return to their villages in perfect order and quiet, warning them that if we were to end this imposing assembly with the least disorder, we would be doing the Jews a great service.
People wanted us to go with them. From all sides they
wished us: "May God help you!"
Accompanied by the affection of these peasants, we left for Oancea where we parted ways. From that moment of the demonstration in Cahul, my father joined the legionary movement.
All returned home in perfect order. Our victory was great, especially given the peaceful and orderly manner in which the demonstration progressed and ended. But the Jews of Cahul needed a scandal, a disturbance, a disorder at any cost, in order to compromise our movement and initiate government action against us.

Seeing that people were leaving for their homes peacefully, two Jews, safely ridden by their rabbi, smashed the windows of one of their own stores.
Had the local authorities and some people not caught them red-handed and taken them to police headquarters, the Jewish press on Sarindar Street *, Dimineata ("The Morning") and Adevarul ("The Truth") would have published headlines such as: " Great devastation in Cahul", "How much the country loses in the eyes of foreign people!" etc.
I present this case, apparently of minor significance in itself, because of its immense importance to those who wish to understand and know the diabolical system of struggle of the Jews. They are capable of setting an entire city ablaze in order, by shifting the blame onto their adversaries, to compromise an action that would otherwise lead to the final solution of the Jewish problem. That's why I warn the legionaries not to let themselves be provoked, because we can only win by maintaining the most perfect order. Disorder, for us, does not mean conflict with the Jews, but with the State. But that's exactly what the Jews want to push us into, into permanent conflict with the state. That is why, as the state is stronger than we are, if we were lulled or pushed into a conflict with the state, we would be crushed; and they would remain impartial spectators.

My dog Fragu welcomed me at the gate when I got back to Iasi; I've had it since 1924, a witness to all my trials and struggles since then.
In Iasi, I took care of all current matters of organization, correspondence with nests, which Banea - the head of legionary correspondence - presented to me in perfect order.

***** Sarindar St. iri Bucharest is where Jewish press offices and publishing houses are located. ***(Tr.)***

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Banea had begun to understand my way of looking at things very well in the two years of correspondence, so he could handle many questions himself during this period when I rarely went to Iasi.

IN BESSARABIA AGAIN

I was only able to stay at home for a week, because the Bessarabian peasants sent delegates, letters and telegrams, asking me to come to them. One cannot imagine the hopes they placed in this movement of ours, and their faith. For two weeks after the demonstration in Cahul, news of the legionaries spread like lightning among all Christians in southern Bessarabia; from village to village to the banks of the Dniester; that is, the news of the beginning of liberation from Jewish slavery inflamed the hearts of the poor peasants. Until then, they pinned their hopes on the Peasant Party, believing that when this party came to power, they, the peasants, would receive justice. But after eight years of hardships, struggles, hopes at this party, they discovered something frightening for their souls: that they had been betrayed, beaten; that behind the name of the Peasant Party lurked Jewish interests; the feast of "The Romanian peasant with Jewish locks"*, as Professor Cuza christened him.

One was seized with anguish to see the faith in their hearts so crushed, when after eight years they could see that their good faith had been betrayed.
I returned to Beresti again and from there by car to Rogojeni on the banks of the Pruth, where I was awaited by more than 200 horsemen led by Stefan Moraru and Mos Cosa. They came from all the neighboring villages.
"We will march to the Dniester," said one of them.
"Yes! Let's march," I replied.
It was then that the idea occurred to me to stage a large expedition throughout southern Bessarabia, from Tighina to Cetatea-Alba. In Iasi, the thought constantly disturbed me: how could we cross Bessarabia to the Dniester? There was a great difficulty: what is the best way to proceed so that the authorities do not oppose us, to avoid fighting the State, the army?
It occurred to me that if I launched a new national organization to fight Jewish communism, an organization that would include "The Legion of Michael the Archangel" and any other youth groups not affiliated with any political party, we might succeed in getting into Bessarabia. . What name should we give this new organization? I discussed this issue with the legionnaires in the lobby of our Home.
Some said: "The Anti-Communist Phalanx", others proposed other names.
Cranganu said: "THE IRON
PROTECTOR!" "Let it be!"
Now we begin to prepare this anti-communist action supported also by the workers. Actually, by "anti-communist action" I don't mean "anti-worker" action; when I say "Communists" I mean Jews. In order to obtain authorization to enter Bessarabia and thus avoid possible problems with the local authorities, I had an audience a few days later with Mr. Vaida-Voevod, then Minister of the Interior. He was the second high-ranking politician I consulted. Lonel Bratianu was the first. He kept me there for three hours. I realized that he was misinformed both regarding our movement and the Jewish problem which he did not know in their true light. He took us for some rambunctious young men bent on solving the problem by breaking
windows. I then explained to him how we see the problem of the Jews; how we consider this a life-and-death problem for all Romanians;
how their numbers are overwhelming and inadmissible; how they destroyed the Romanian middle class and cities. I told him what the proportion was between Christians and Jews in Balti, Chisinau, Cernauti, Iasi; the danger they represent in our schools, threatening the alienation of the Romanian ruling class and the falsification of our culture.

I also explained to him the way we see the solution to this problem. He understood from the start what I was talking about. But though a man of his stature would readily understand the essence of the matter, yet I believe he will never be able to fully understand us, for such is the case.

* The sideburns extended into long corkscrew curls. ***(Tr.)***

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nature of things; the eyes of 1890 no longer see like those of 1930. There are calls, urgencies, silent commands that only young people hear and understand because they are addressed only to them. Each generation has its own mission in life. That's why, maybe, he doesn't trust us completely.
I obtained approval for our march to Bessarabia, after, of course, assuming responsibility for maintaining complete order. Several days later, I launched a manifesto addressed to all young people in the country.

PROBLEMS IN MARAMURES

Meanwhile, great turmoil broke out in Maramures. This is another corner of Romanian soil where death has spread its wings. There, the Jews invaded villages, imposed their control over fields, mountains and sheep pens. The Romanians, in a state of quasi-slavery, retreat step by step before this Jewish invasion and gradually die out, leaving the properties they inherited from Dragos Voda in the hands of the invaders. No government shows any more interest in them, no law protects them.

It was in early June 1930 that a cart drawn by two horses pulled up at the gate of my house in Iasi. Two priests, a peasant and a young man, descended from it.

I asked them to come in. They came forward, the Orthodox priest Ion Dumitrescu, the Greek Catholic priest Andrei Berinde and the peasant Nicoara.
“We came by wagon from Maramures. We've been on the road for two weeks now; we are both priests in Borsa, one Greek Catholic, the other Orthodox. We can no longer bear the disgrace of the Maramures Romanians. We wrote memorandum after memorandum that we sent to everyone, to Parliament, to the government, to ministers, to the Regency, with no response from any of them. We don't know what else to do. We came by wagon to Iasi to ask the Romanian students not to abandon us to our fate. We speak on behalf of thousands of desperate peasants in Maramures. We are your priests. We cannot close our eyes to what we see. Our people are dying and our hearts are broken with grief. "

I hosted them for a few days and told them, "The
only solution I see is to organize them and try to boost their morale. They must know that they are not fighting this battle alone; that we are behind them, we are fighting for them, and that their destiny depends on our victory.", Finally, I sent
Totu and Eremeiu to organize them; and later Savin and Dumitrescu-Zapada. Thousands of peasants from Borsa and all the mountain valleys were applying to our organization. The Jews, realizing the danger of a Romanian revival, began to provoke the people. Seeing that their tactics had failed, they resorted to hellish means. They set fire to Borsa, blaming the Romanians for it. The Jewish newspapers immediately started screaming, demanding strong measures against the Romanians who, they said, were preparing pogroms. The two priests were attacked by Jews, insulted, beaten and then chased for several kilometers and stoned. Finally, the two were arrested as "agitators" and thrown into prison in Sighetul Marmatiei. Savin and Dumitrescu-Zapada and several important peasants were also arrested. Totu and Eremeiu were also arrested in Dorna and imprisoned in Campul-Lung Prison. Adevarul ("The Truth") and Dimineata ("The Morning") unleashed a veritable cannonade of lies and slander on the priests and other prisoners. All protests, telegrams, memos, etc. they remained fruitless, as they were drowned out by the shouts, noise, and pressures of the Jews.

THE MARCH FOR BESSARABY IS FORBIDDEN

In view of the march we were going to make, I issued a "march order" which I printed in "The Ancestral Land".
I extract from it:

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"COMRADES,
1. We shall cross the Pruth to the sound of the old Romanian unity hymn: 'Come, let us join hands, those of Romanian heart.'
2. The march will last for one month.
3. We will form seven mighty columns, separated by 14 miles.
4. The Pruth crossing will be made at seven points, the right flank column aiming to reach Cetatea-Alba; the left flank column, Tighina.
5. The mode of advance will be to march on foot from Pruth to the Dniester.
6. The departure date, July 20th in the morning. Crossing the Pruth in an hour to be announced.
"

When the Jews learned of our plan to enter Bessarabia to awaken the conscience of the Romanians, the Jewish press launched a hurricane attack against us. Slander, lies, incitements came over our heads incessantly for a whole month.

These attacks were directed in equal measure against Mr. Vaida. The Jews demanded that Mr. Vaida was immediately demoted to the Ministry of Internal Affairs, in fact "thrown overboard" because he dared to allow us young Romanians to enter Bessarabia in order to bring our parents and brothers through Pruth a Romanian word of consolation and hope.

Bessarabia was handed over economically and politically to the absolute rule of the Jews. Any effort for Romanian emancipation, any mention of this black rule was considered a crime.

Under the pressure of attacks and intrigues in the Jewish press, the march to Bessarabia was prohibited only on the day when legionaries from all over departed towards Pruth.

On that occasion, I wrote the following protest that I distributed throughout the capital:

THE LEGION OF ARCHANGE MICHAEL
"THE IRON PROTECTOR"

A REMEDY AND A WARNING

ROMANS FROM THE
CAPITAL, "The march of the 'Iron Guard' that was to take place in Bessarabia was stopped. The enemies of a healthy and powerful Romania triumphed. For a whole month Sarindar Street, small Jews of Lupta ("The Struggle"), Adevarul ("The Truth"), Dimineata ("The Morning"), these poisoners of the Romanian soul, threatened, insulted, slapped our souls, here in our own land. who could understand the superior interests of our country, and became unwanted censors of all its administrative acts.

In Turda, they demanded that the government stop our demonstration, claiming that Transylvania was being set on fire; in Kabul this revolution 'was being started in Bessarabia; in Galati, that massacres and pogroms would begin. "They turned out to be despicable provocateurs in each case, as the Legion maintained perfect order and discipline everywhere." We went today towards the Dniester in order to turn Bessarabia's face towards Bucharest, "But that did not please these mercenaries of communism.

Bessarabia must continue to be a victim of Bolshevism and look to Moscow so that it can continue to terrorize, through the province between the Pruth and the Dniester, the entire political life of Romania.

ROMANS,
The venal and perverse political system, that pussy infecting our lives, aids and abets them - out of petty and selfish electoral interest and out of a degrading spirit of servility - in their work of dismembering our country and alienating our ancestral land. It was this selfish interest and this spirit that has placed Romania for the last 60 years in the hands of foreigners.

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Look, today the martyrs of Maramures and Bucovina are starting to move! They cry along their roads about the bitterness of slavery into which they have been thrown by the treachery of all the country's leaders; not that they were forgotten by them, but that they were sold.
"Doesn't it seem to you at least strange that no voice was found in this country to come to them with a word of consolation? And doesn't it seem to you at least a shame to reduce the whole case in Maramures to the 'instigators' Nicolae Totu and Eremeiu? Are they to blame? And the politicians who for 12 years deceive these Maramures peasants daily, are they not to blame? And the hundreds of thousands of wandering Jews who attacked They like locusts to take away the land they inherited from their ancestors and to enslave them los, are not these instigators and provocateurs And the gentlemen of Sarindar Street who ridicule our pride in being lords in our own country, are they not provocateurs?

ROMANOS,
Here is a typical example from which one can see the real cause of the 'disorders' in Bucovina and Maramures, "Universul (" The Universe ") of July 17, 1930 published the following statistic: 'In Cernauti., Children in school age in primary schools: 12,277, of which 3,378 are Romanian only (boys and girls), while the rest are foreigners.' What other proof of Romanian element dominance in the northern part of Romania do you need? soul of the Romanian people flee this massive and murderous invasion?

You denigrate him, slander him, offend him by saying that he rises for a loaf of bread because of his 'precarious economic situation', when in fact he boldly stands up to defend his own being on the northern borders.

Why has no politician come forward to tell Her Majesty the truth?

YOUR

HIGHNESS These wretches don't ask for bread, they demand justice! They demand the release of the Romanian soul on the verge of dying because it is being suffocated in Maramures and Bucovina, 'Fbey demands that measures be taken against hundreds of thousands of Jews, gorged, rotund and biting like worms, who challenge them daily in their poverty, being protected by all Romanian local authorities.

JOURNALISTS FROM GENTLEMEN OF
SARINDAR STREET Of course, Romanians know very well that this problem will not be solved by violent demonstrations; but, having reached the limit of their endurance, they wish to impose a Romanian leadership on Romania; to enforce Romanian legislation, laws for the protection of the Romanian element in Romania.
Perhaps you hope that, through your continual insults with which you have wounded our Romanian souls, you will one day see me at the head of the rebellious saints of Maramures? You better know that in that instant your last hour has struck!
Anyway, if you find the existing laws inadequate to calm you down, I declare that I have enough power to put you in your place and make you understand what country you live in.
If you don't calm down, I'll call out against you everyone alive in this country, determined to fight with every weapon my mind can conjure up.

ROMANS,
A New Romania cannot be born from the backrooms of political parties, any more than Great Romania was born from the calculations of politicians, but on the battlefields of Marasesti and in the deep valleys over which cannons rained steel.
A New Romania cannot be born except by battle; the sacrifice of their children.
That's why I don't address politicians, but you, soldier! Rise up! History calls you again! How are you. With your broken arm, With your fractured leg, With your chest riddled with bullets. Let the powerless and irnecile tremble. You, courageously engage in battle.
Soon 'The Iron Guard' will call you to a big rally in Bucbarest to defend

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Maramuresans, the sons of Dragos-Voda and the Bucovinans, the sons of Stefan the Great and the Saint.

Write on your banners: 'The foreigners invaded us', 'The alienated press poisons us', 'The political system kills us'.
Sound your trumpets in alarm. Blast them with all your might.
At this moment, when the enemy invades us and the politicians betray us, the Romanians, roar with trepidation as of old on the mountain paths in times of storm.

HOMELAND! HOMELAND! HOMELAND!

Corneliu Zelea-Codreanu

head of the legion

MINISTER ANGHELESCU'S ATTEMPT AT LIFE

On the evening of the day my manifesto was posted, I was at the student center talking to several students. Young Beza appeared. He suddenly tore off his insignia from the organization "Vlad Tepes*" to which he belonged, threw it away and said: "From now on I will have nothing more to do with 'Vlad Tepes'; this gesture on your part did not impress me. First , because the
League "Vlad Tepes" seemed to lack seriousness, more especially the young people of this league, whose existence I doubted from the beginning.The resignation of such a group of young people left me completely cold.

Several minutes later, this young man rejoined our discussion, saying that he would like to become a legionnaire if I had no objections. My vague answer avoided a direct refusal. The Legionnaire's dogma imposes reservation on any new who wants to join the Legion, and this applies particularly to the present case. Several weeks earlier, I had seen Beza in a small restaurant, where he had asked me if it would not be advisable to shoot Stere*. Also, I didn't take him seriously.

Upon leaving, he asked me to spend the night at his place. I refused. Instead, I spent the night with the medical students. The next day, around noon, I heard the street vendors of newspapers: "Attempt on the life of Minister Anghelescu!" Who? Beza. As? He fired several shots, hitting his victim superficially.

Why? I didn't know. On asking, I learned that a conflict had arisen between the Macedonians and Anghelescu over the Law of Nova Dobrogea ** which infringed on Romanian interests in that province. I never met Anghelescu. Two days later, I was summoned by the judge who was preparing the case. Manifests of the "Iron Guard" were found on Beza. I declared that I had no knowledge of and no connection with this attempt, nor did I know its motive. I was released. When I left I was thinking how easily misfortune can befall a man.

If I had accepted Beza's invitation to sleep at his house, I would have become the moral author of his creation. Any arguments put forward to defend myself would have been rejected. Particularly in view of the fact that this attempt coincided with the denial of our march to Bessarabia.

To my great surprise, the next day I read the half-page headline in Dimineata ("The Morning"): "Corneliu Codreanu Marks Beza's Act." I was stunned.
Consequently, I went to see the judge who had questioned me the day before. "Your Honor, I am very surprised that such incorrect information could originate in your office from a secret interrogation. I did not report Beza's act.
It's not up to me to do it!"

"I have not released such information. This is a fabrication of the press."

So I said to myself, "Should I allow myself to be insulted by the Jewish press? Even if I had
known Beza for such a short time, even though I had no connection with him, no one could force me to be

***** Grigore Philippi named his party Vlad to indicate that he would follow the practice of Vlad the Impaler, a 16th-century Wallachian ruler who impaled thieves and dishonest subjects. ***(Tr.)***

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a scoundrel who leaps upon him, in a case like this, to condemn him. I do not want to do that. Let no one else do this but me, because I don't know what's going on and because of my past where I wore the same shoes, it prevents me from condemning others. I will write another notice.

On the same day, I printed a manifesto that I distributed throughout the capital:

THE SECOND WARNING

Because the press once again dared to cloud the truth, alleging that I 'stretched' Beza's gesture, I insist on giving the following clarification: “If Minister
Anghelescu may have reasons to defend himself, I believe that young Beza has as many reasons at least, as much in the courts and before the conscience of his countrymen.

I declare that I will not defend the first by marking the second, but that I will defend young Beza and his cause with all my heart and all my might.
As for you gentlemen of Sarindar Street, write on the list of upcoming settlements this second warning. "

Corneliu Zelea-Codreanu

As a result of these two warnings, my relationship with Mr. Vaida was terminated. Mr. Vaida was angry with me, but I could not do otherwise than as my conscience dictated. Summoned again by the same judge, I was arrested. So there I was again on the Maria Preta heading to the Vacaresti prison. There were seven other young people in the same van, to whom I introduced myself: Papanace, Caranica, Pihu, Mamali, Anton Ciumeti, Ficata and Ghetea. They issued a statement of s (lidity with Beza, I walked again under the same gates as seven years before with my former comrades, and coincidentally was placed in the same cell I then occupied. I entered the church the next day to see the icon of São Miguel from which we started, but children seven years earlier.

There in prison I knew well those Aromanians* who came from the Pind Mountains.
They exhibited high culture, good moral health, were good patriots, built to be fighters and heroes and willing to sacrifice. There I got to know better the great tragedy of the Macedo-Romanians, this Romanian branch that for thousands of

The Aromanians or Macedo-Romanians of Macedonia (Grece) are Roynatiian-speaking populations. (Tr.)

years, alone and isolated in his mountains, he defended - with weapons in hand - his language, nationality and freedom.
It was then that I met Sterie Ciumeti* whom God chose for her good soul, pure as dew, to become through her tragic torture and death, the greatest martyr of the legionary movement of legionary Romania.

There, our thoughts and hearts united forever. Henceforth we would fight together for all our people, from Pind to across the Dniester.
No amount of complaints, petitions or interventions before an administration that has been deaf to all Romanian problems here and abroad will solve Romanian problems anywhere without a strong Roma nation in control of its own home. At that time, these Romanians, scattered outside our borders, will be brought back to Romania. For everyone's blood is needed here, where Romanians face death. And it is good to note that in this fight the governments that opened the country's doors to thousands of Jews, at the same time did not allow Romanians from

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outside to enter.

All occult forces were at work, pressing justice to secure my conviction. My recent arrest and

imprisonment in Vacaresti caused great rejoicing in the Jewish ranks. Every naughty little Jew was attacking and insulting me in every newspaper. To please the Jews, even Romanian newspapers run by political parties attacked me.

The date for my court appearance has been set. I began the necessary preparations. I was waiting for Nelu Ionescu, who had

Arrested on the night of December 30, 1930, Steric Ciumeti, although innocent of the murder of Prime Minister IG DUca, was murdered by three police commissioners and then thrown into the icy waters of Dambovita by order of those responsible, Ministry officials. of Internal Affairs.
[@i, shed out, he was secretly buried, later to be clandestinely dug up and reburied under ominous circumstances by "unnamed" representatives of public order. This ignoble crime remained unpunished, after having b (@ i'ore tli (@ (, App ottrt (@als in Bucharest a scandalous trial where the hidden and obvious pressures of the liberal government and the police apparatus were exerted, even within the courtroom, about the jurors (among whom was Dr. Gheorghiu, the rector of the University of Bucharest, the foreman of the jury), the widow of Clumeti and the lawyers.(Tr.) has defended me in all

the trials since 1920, to arrive from Iasi.My defense was also joined by Mr. Mihail Mora, at the insistence of the students.
My trial, as usual, was a Jewish attack trying to secure my conviction, no matter how small - demanded the Jews of Adevarul ("The Truth") - so that they could say that the movement I lead is anarchic because it uses illegal means of action. The corridors of the Ministry of Justice were full of Jews running to and fro with intercessions of all kinds.

However, Romanian justice, inflexible and fearless,
acquitted me. But the prosecutor appealed; therefore, I
continued to be kept in prison.
This time, the pressures and interventions of the Jewish power were increased. Again I was taken to the Court of Appeals. To please the Jews, the prosecutor Praporgeseu put me in the same box with embezzlers, horse thieves and pickpockets. For three hours, while their cases were tried, I was the object of the ironic and defiant gazes of dozens of Jews. My case was the last to be considered and, as before, it was Mr. Mihail Mora and Nelu Lonescu who defended him. The verdict on the appeal was a new acquittal. After almost a month and a half in prison, I was released. I went home.

After all this, together with Nelu Ilonescu, Garneata, Mota and Ibraileanu, I left in our truck for Sighetul Marmatiei to find out the fate of the two priests who were trapped in terrible misery. Nobody was coming to see them, not even to bring food. Father Dumitrescu's wife was ill; he had two small children. His house was a house without bread, without money, without medicine; they lived on charity. The fate of the Christian priests, who swore to defend the cross, the church and its people! The fate of the ten other imprisoned peasant leaders was just as bad.

On the outside, the Jews were jubilant. Money was being collected at home and abroad; the government gave money to Borsa's "unfortunate Jews" so that they could build themselves new two-story stone houses, while poor Romanian peasants ate bread made from sawdust flour mixed with oats.

I, who then saw this Romanian Maraxnures moaning and writhing in the agony of death, cannot but exhort every politician, every faculty member, every priest, every university student and high school student, and every preacher of humanitarianism - all who come here to censure our political life - "Go all of you and watch Maramures. Name anyone in the

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world as a referee to tell us whether it is tolerable that in Romania something like what is happening in Maramures could happen to Romanians."

At the end of four months, the priests were transferred to Satu Mare prison, where the trial was held in which about 50 peasant women and men with children in their arms were involved, as well as 20 Jews.
Professor Catuneanu, Ion Mota, a local prosecutor and I formed the defense of the accused Romanians. The 20 Jews were represented by four Jewish lawyers.
After eight days of proceedings, all were acquitted as all charges leveled against them were proven false.

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DISSOLUTION OF THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL'S LEGION AND THE IRON GUARD JANUARY 11, 1931

Meanwhile, Mr. Vaida, under pressure from Jewish attacks, was dismissed from the Ministry of Internal Affairs, replaced by Mr. Mihalache, who, as his belated attitude indicated, made it known that he would not mind using "strong arm" against us.
This moment had arrived.
Young Dumitrescu-Zapada, who had been arrested in Sighet, exasperated by the lies, attacks, insults of the Jewish press, without asking or saying a word to anyone, grabbed a revolver that he found by chance, went to Bucharest, entered the office of Socor and fired a shot.
But the revolver was faulty; it could not be fired a second time. This happened around Christmas time. I hadn't spent a month at home for a year.
I wanted to spend the holidays with my family. I was in Focsani getting ready to go home when I read in the newspapers what happened in Bucharest.
Immediately I was summoned to appear before Judge Papadopol in the Court.
It has been proven that I had no connection to the shooting. I could go on my way. I returned to Focsani where by order of Mr. Mihalache, for no reason, I was surrounded by the police at the home of Hristache Solomon and held incommunicado for eight days, Mr. Mihalache dissolved the Iron Guard and the Legion by decree of the Council of Ministers.
Searches were carried out throughout our headquarters; all our records were seized; all our offices sealed. At home in Iasi, as well as in Husi, even my pillows and mattresses were looted. For the fifth time, my house was looted, everything related to the movement was taken away, even the smallest notes I had. Bags of documents, letters, papers, were confiscated from our homes and taken to Bucharest. But what could they find in our homes that might be illegal or compromising?

We were working in broad daylight and everything we had to say was said out loud. We confess our faith strongly before the whole world.

On the 9th of January, I was taken by Focsani's agents to Bucharest, and there, after a 12-hour interrogation, I was arrested and sent back to Vacaresti. On the second day, the following legionnaires were brought in from the counties in which we were most active: Lefter, from Cahul; Banea, from Iasi; Stelescu, from Galati; Amos Pop, from Turda; Totu and Danila.
This was another hard blow to the top of the head from a Romanian organization that had done nothing illegal but was just trying to raise an eyebrow against the Jewish hydra. A new attempt on the part of this people to 'rise up through their youth, their slavery, was falling under the blows of a Romanian Minister of Internal Affairs, with the unanimous applause of Jews at home and abroad.

Also this time, the fury to destroy us was mercilessly unleashed.
No means were spared to annihilate us; without infamy. And we weren't guilty of anything.
The Jewish newspapers in which we were violently attacked, ridiculing us and the truth, reached us in prison, and we could not do anything, we could not respond in any way.
Arms crossed, within the four walls of the prison, we watched as insults and all kinds of accusations were hurled at us. it suffices to give one example which shows the extent of the infamy

of the Jewish press of that time from the many attempts made with the intention of turning public opinion against us to force our condemnation.

I call the reader's attention to the fact that I never planned, wrote or signed such an order. * ***** It is

on the basis of such false documents, notably a letter that Corneliu Z. Codreanu allegedly wrote to Adolf Hitler, that the military judges - acting as servile instruments of interested individuals - later sentenced the head of the Iron Guard to ten years of forced labor for "the crime of treason and incitement to social revolution".

This letter "discovered" by the Siguranta, in which Codreanu asked Adolf Hitler for help in supporting the "social revolution", was categorically declared false by Corneliu Z. Codreanu both in the preliminary decision and in court. Not only was he denied the opinion of the necessary handwriting expert and the defense witnesses, but also, under the pretext that the public discussion of the case would harm the "superior interests of the State", the process in this regard took place behind closed doors for withdraw from Codreanu, infamously accused, the possibility .... ???????

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The truth is that this vile staging that had to justify the sentence of ten years of hard labor and the imprisonment of

the innocent Codreanu was in the preparatory phase of his assassination, premeditated by Her Majesty Kin Carol 11 of Romania, executed by order of Her Majesty's Government the rdglit from 29 to 30 November 1938. (Tr.)

Not a word in it belongs to me. It is wholly invented by the Jews.

I reproduce here in full the despicable lie printed in Dimineata ("The Morning"), which was later copied and commented on by other newspapers: **AN EDIFICATION**

DOCUMENT With regard to the objectives
and means used by the organization 'Archangel Michael', we are in a position to publish a sensational document issued by the Legion at Iasi.

The matter concerns a circular sent to Campul-Lung and Ludosul Mare by the Legion 'Archangel Michael' in the capital of Moldova:

Headquarters of the Legion 'Archangel Michael' Iasi (Rapa
Galbena) The

Christian cultural
house Copy

245/930 ad circulandum Send your reply to
Corneliu Zelea Codreanu 20

Florilor St., Iasi - in code -

For Second Battalion,

Campul-Lung Third
Battalion, Ludosul de Mures

We are honored to draw your attention to the following:
Whereas the civil and military authorities relaxed their vigilance because we had intervened with some high-ranking officials - both in the Ministry of Insiders as in... (another high-ranking individual, NR is mentioned here) - we must seize

this opportunity to double our propaganda and advocacy efforts, as this favorable situation may one day be reversed. Consequently, without further hesitation or wasting time, you should do the following:

1. Make lists of all legionnaires who have taken their vows, by companies and platoons. These lists must be of defense before national and world opinion, forwarded to the Legion until November 1st of this year to be added by regions.

2. The Second Battalion will summon the important leaders to Campul-Lung: Robota, Popescu, Serban, Despa, and in complete secrecy, Commissioner Nubert de Vatra-Domei and the head of the Poiana Stampii gendarme post, Paduraru Gheorghe. You must inform them that the Legion has made the decision to change the plan of action.
Henceforth, we will work conspiratorially in absolute secrecy; you must no longer hold public meetings or engage in propaganda, you must contact all legionnaires who are the leaders of the nest, instructing them to maintain the current state of revolt among the peasants.

The decisive blow will be struck this autumn, on the occasion of the change of government of Myroneseu.
3. The Third Battalion will summon Professor Matei, Moga Victor, Moga Tanase and Grindeni's platoon chief - and from Urea you must summon only the Moldovan merchant. Secretly, you must call the gend'arme instructor Sgt. Constantin dos Ludos post briefs them... (as in the Second Battalion).
4. You should take the young legionnaires twice a week for exercise - on the village pasture or elsewhere - preparing them and explaining our noble aim, encouraging them.

5. The Chief of Staff of the Third Battalion must complete the mission he was verbally entrusted with and by secret order No. 7/1930 to carry out as quickly as possible; if the amount of dynamite sent is insufficient, he must demand more from the individual in question.

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6. You must also tell the above, by letter, to Dr. Iosif Ghizdaru from Sighisoara and also send him a detailed report on activity in Ludos. A Fourth Battalion will be created in Sighisoara under the command of Dr. Ghizdaru. This order must be burned immediately after being read. Be careful, an army of Jewish spies is on our trail; do not talk to anyone or see anyone who does not show my signature.

Courage; long live the Legion and with God, forward!
Iasi, October 7, 1930

Legion Commander
(SS) Corneliu Zelea-Codregnu
Chief of the General Staff and
Secretary (ss) Garneata

“It is obvious from this circular that the Legion 'Archangel Michael' prepared criminal actions, supported by a certain number of public officials.
Although late, the authorities have a duty to absolutely identify all those public officials who put themselves at the service of this criminal action by the 'Archangel Michael' Legion and apply the most severe penalties ”.

ARREST GUARANTEE

I realized that the situation was difficult; our organization dissolved, headquarters padlocked, searches everywhere. The public, completely stunned as a result of the protests of the Jews and dumbfounded by the accusations which heaped upon us, were inclined to regard all these hateful plots as real. In addition, in prison we lived in misery, in the cold, in the humidity, in the lack of air and light, in the lack of blankets. It was only due to insistent interventions on our part that we were given some straw to fill the mattresses and some mats to cover the dampness of the walls.

We started 1931 in prison under a rain of Jewish lies, insults and blows.
This time too, I took my new prison comrades, who shared this trial with me, to see the icon and all the places that were full of memories for me.

Certainly the situation was also difficult for them. But they only had to answer for themselves, and that responsibility was much less. The enemy that needed to be torn apart and destroyed was me. I felt that dark clouds were forming over our heads again, that an enemy world was descending on us again with even more determination
to annihilate us.

The only support amid all these hellish machinations and gigantic attacks was to be found in God. We started fasting every Friday, full fasting; and read every midnight the Akathist of the Virgin Mary. Outside, legionnaires in the capital, led by Andrei Ionescu, Ion Belgea, Iordache, Doru Belimace, Victor Chiruiescu, Cotiga, Horia Sima, Nicolae Petraseu, Iancu Caranica, Virgil Radulescu, Sandu Valeriu, were doing their best to enlighten public opinion that was deceived by the press of Sarindar St..

At the same time, the devoted and fearless Fanica Anastasescu - always present at my side in all the trials I had to go through - sought to improve our material lot in prison.

Here is the accusation directed at me in ARREST WARRANT NO. 194

“... Whereas the criminal proceedings filed against Corneliu Zelea Codreanu, prosecutor of Iasi, 31 years old, warned that he committed the act of trying to take action directed against the form of government established by the Constitution and judged an instigation of the which could have resulted in a danger to public safety by organizing an association 'The Legion of Michael the Archangel' 'The Guard of

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Ferro', with the aim of establishing a dictatorial regime that should have been imposed at the moment desired by him, by violent means, for which his supporters were prepared and incited through quasi-military exercises, orders, directives and speeches, as well as as through publications, posters, badges, speeches during organized or public meetings; “Considering that this act is provided for in Art. 11, paragraph 2 of the Law for the

suppression of some new offenses against public order, punishable with imprisonment from six months to five years and a fine of 10,000 to 100,000 lei and with loss of civil rights; Whereas, from the investigation carried out, serious accusations and serious indications of guilt

result against Corneliu Zelea Codreanu; and that to prevent those cited from communicating with the informants and witnesses who will be interrogated; as well as in the interest of public safety; it is important for the preparation of this case that the accused, until further notice, be placed in detention; “After hearing the findings of Prosecutor Al. Procop Dumitrescu and in accordance with the provisions of Article 93 of the criminal procedure; For these reasons: We mandate all public force agents, who
in accordance with

the law, arrest and take to prison in Vacaresti prison, said Corneliu Zelea Codreanu ...

Given in our office today, January 30, 1931. "Investigating Judge
Stefan Mibaescu." (Dossier No. 10-193 1)

THE JUDGEMENT
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1931

This rain of denunciations continued uninterrupted for 57 days, disseminated daily in millions of newspapers throughout towns and cities. We had no chance to respond. No ray of hope from anywhere, No one had the ability to come to our defense and denounce the Jewish conspiracy to seek our condemnation and burial and that of our movement. We saw how the authorities, the prosecutors, the Siguranta and this gentleman called Mihalache, Minister of Internal Affairs, who - although everyone knew from the investigations they carried out that we were not guilty of anything; that no ammunition, weapons, dynamite deposits, etc. were found. - still persisted in his infamous attitude, leaving prey for the Jews to taunt and ridicule some imprisoned men unable to defend themselves. Since state security was involved, they should have done their elementary duty of calming public opinion by issuing a statement denying the discovery of munitions caches, the country was on the brink of civil war, etc.

It was under these unfavorable circumstances that our trial date was set for Friday, February 27th. Some of the defense attorneys felt it advisable to file a motion to adjourn the trial in view of the hectic environment; that, in the meantime, we will summon the officers of the witness security units to compel them to tell the truth under oath.

We declined this proposal; we would go to trial without witnesses.
Councilor Buicliu presided, assisted by Judges G. Solomonescti and I. Costin; the promoter was Procop Dumitrescu. We were defended by Professor Nolica Antonescu; lawyers Mihail Mora, Nelu Ionescu, Vasiliu-Cluj, Mota, Carneata, Corneliu Georgescu, ibraileanu. Both the public and the magistrates expected to see some evidence against us: bombs, ammunition dumps, dynamite, guns.
But nothing, absolutely nothing was produced as evidence. Half an hour after our testimony concluded, the whole infamous farce came crashing down. Finally, we were able to speak, filled with the indignation that for two months had been building within us, hour after hour. All that flood of lies was broken in the face of the truth. All the chains with which they chained us have fallen apart: our

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lawyers defended us brilliantly. Although the trial continued on the second day, sentencing was delayed for several days.

At the appointed time for the delivery of the verdict, we were again taken to the Court. The verdict of unanimous acquittal was read to us (Criminal Sentence No. 800).

Here are the terms of this acquittal verdict, detailing the actions on the basis of which "The Legion of Michael the Archangel", now dissolved, was brought before the law:

“Whereas the chief prosecutor's investigation results in the fact that in the dossier the Legion supporters were recruited only among certain people: peasants, students and high school youth; that, for example, the dossier speaks of nests of legionnaires or 'white vultures'; speaks of a probationary stage, vow or oath, five fundamental laws, one of which is the law of secrecy; that the Legion is militarily organized with uniform, pants, scarves, physical education programs and military exercises, signaling exercises and Morse code, etc., has not yet

It was established that recruiters and conscripts engaged in any action against the current form of government established by the Constitution, or in an action that could result in any danger to the security of the State. That the mere fact of being constituted in such an organization cannot be interpreted as an infraction, even if it may, in someone's conception, be considered such a danger.
For, as long as the organization was not occult, the administrative authorities could intervene to stop or dissolve it. That even on the assumption that it had been established that the organization had copied the fascist system as a make-up, even then its members could not be held responsible for the penalty stipulated by the text of the law on the basis of which the accused were brought to trial; because, no matter what its form, an organization in its static stage presents no danger to the security of the State; could, at most, be the subject of preemptive measures concerns on the part of the administrative authorities, but not of any repressive measures arising only when such an organization initiates some action, (except in cases such as when the law specifically prohibits its form of organization) .

Also, it cannot be said that just because several legionnaires passed through villages. in order to seek out adherents, advise the people to organize themselves, to put their trust in the Legion movement, etc., proof can be produced that they intended to endanger the security of the State - propaganda being a means of forming and replenishing the cadres of a political organization like this; or that the emergence of so-called nests of high school students - formations outside the organization itself - meant any threat to the security of the State, if we consider that the organization's program recognized the awakening of national conscience along with the precepts of physical and moral education consistent with with a school program, provided there was no undue agitation.

Considering that the defendant cannot be held responsible for having sought to change the current form of government with his action - since, from the dossier, a fact not denied even by the representative of the Public Prosecutor's Office - it is obvious that both defendants CorneliuZ . Codreanu and the others, as well as all the members of the organization, preached the need for a strong government to replace parasitic political parties, and recognized the kind authority that was spoken of with all due respect and whose collaborators - attests to their manifestos - they they wanted to become.

“Moreover, while talking about collaboration with the head of state, one cannot talk about overthrowing a form of government that the sovereign has not sanctioned....

“Whereas, for these considerations, the subversive action (which indeed has not been proved from any angle to be subversive) with which the defendants are accused

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does not fall within the provisions of Art. 11 ....

"Considering that the march which the organization had planned to make to Bessarabia had not taken place; that it would not have taken place if the authorities had not consented - consent which the accused had in fact obtained but subsequently rescinded; circumstances, it is superfluous to withhold the
allegations of the accused that they intended, first, to test the resistance of the legionaries, and, second, to awaken the national consciousness of the population penetrated by foreign elements ...

"Whereas it has also been alleged that all the acts of the accused must be considered in the light of his background....

“While, as long as the fact for which the accused was brought to trial cannot be established, one cannot speak of the acts of Corneliu Zelea Codreanu, Danila, etc. determine the degree of guilt, because antecedents are interested in establishing the degree of punishment and not in forcing a conviction...
"That being the case, the accused are innocent of the charges brought against them and, accordingly, must be acquitted."

We happily returned to the prison to pack our bags and await the release order.
We expect; 8 o'clock in the evening arrived, 91 10, 11, hours; we jumped at every footstep we heard outside in the yard. Finally, we went to sleep with our bags still packed.

The next day we waited again. Only on the third day did we learn that the prosecutor had appealed and therefore we would have to stay in jail until the appeal was considered.

Once again, the days began to slowly drag on.

The new date was set for Friday, March 27, 1931, at the Court of Appeals. The days passed more and more slowly. Finally, they took us by van to the Courthouse, Section 11 of the Court of Appeals presided over by Mr. Ernest Ceaur Aslan. The same defenders fulfilled their duty to successfully combat the thesis of prosecutor Gica lonescu who mixed the accusation with outbursts of hatred and insults. Sentencing was postponed for several days. Back to Vacaresti where we wait. Remembered, we were informed of a new acquittal, unanimous. After 87 days in prison, we were finally released because we were found not guilty. Who, I wondered, would punish our detractors?

Who, I asked myself, will avenge all the injustices, blows and suffering we have suffered?

But the prosecutor took the case even higher, to the Supreme Court of Justice.
Later, when the case was taken up for consideration, this court also unanimously upheld the acquittal of the lower courts. Here we were, with two decisions: one, Mr. Mihalache, by which "The Legion of Michael the Archangel" and "The Iron Guard" were dissolved as subversive organizations dangerous to the existence of the Romanian State; the other, that of the entire Romanian legal system, Court, Court of Appeals and Supreme Court of Appeals, which unanimously declared these youths innocent and that the Legion and Guard posed no threat to public order or state security. Despite all this, our headquarters remained padlocked.

Jewry, which was again defeated, hid, preparing in the shadows other lies, other attacks, other infamies. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! How is it that this people does not see that we, their children, are victims of the enemy's blows that fall on us one after another?

Oh Lord! Oh Lord! When will she wake up and understand the great storm and the cabal directed against her with so much hatred determined to stun and kill her?

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THE LEGIONARY MOVEMENT IN THE FIRST ELECTIONS JUNE 1931

The National-Peasant administration fell in April. The Lorga-Argetoianu government came to power.

As the Legion had been dissolved, I registered my movement with the central electoral commission under the name "Corneliu Z. Codreanu Group", choosing the iron grid as the electoral symbol:

But the new designation, as expected, did not catch on. People, press, enemy, government continued to call him "The Iron Guard". We had to participate in the elections to avoid being accused of being different from the rest of the people, or of not enjoying legal channels. June 1 was election day. With great material effort, with loans, we were able to register lists of county candidates.

The campaign had begun., On our part the nicest and most delicate campaign.
In the two counties where the candidacy of the Minister of War and the Prime Minister of the country was announced, we did not make any lists; thus, of the few counties that we could count on realizing, we had to abandon two, Focsani and Radauti.

Furthermore, the government, local authorities and their gunmen continued to attack us. Our propaganda has stopped; in the end, even some of our votes were stolen from the ballot box. Even so, we obtained, after a hard struggle, 34,000 votes. Cahul came in first with nearly 5,000 votes; then Turda with 4,000; Covurlui with its three sections, Beresti, Ganesti, Oancea, with nearly 4,000; Ismail with 6,000; etc. From December 15, 1929, when I went to the first rally in Beresti, until now, June, 1931, I have been in continual battle and imprisonment; I don't think I spent two months at home, if I were to add up the brief stops there.

THE NEAMT CAMPAIGN, AUGUST 31, 1931

Twenty days after the elections, I learned that a seat in Parliament had been declared vacant in County Neamt.
After examining the situation, I decided to join the battle. We only had 1,200 votes in this county in the previous elections. This time the liberals, the national peasants making common front with the Averescans and the Georgists, * were registering candidates for this vacancy.
The press intended to give particular meaning to this election because the battle promised to be fierce and its outcome would indicate the succession to power.
There was a concentration of forces, people even ventured predictions. Some gave victory to the Liberals, others to the National Peasants. In the midst of battle, some would place bets.
Naturally, no one talked about us. No one dreamed of betting on our victory.
On July 25th, I made my mobilization request. But we were exhausted. We even lacked money to pay the registration fees for our list. The lesanu family took care of this and the costs of printing the election leaflets.

On July 30, 1 was in Piatra-Neamt awaiting the arrival of our militants. Everyone came as best they could, on foot, by train, by wagon. It was at this time that elements formed in the Brotherhoods of the Cross entered the battle more seriously, forming teams under the command of veteran legionnaires.
I assigned each team to a certain sector. In all, we had 100 militants.
They set out on foot, with boundless faith, though they didn't know anyone, or what they would eat or where they would sleep from then on. God would provide for them; and necessity would teach them.

***** The "Georgists" were the members of the party that George Bratianu, son of Ion Bratianu, founded - after the death of his father, head of the Liberal Party - which he called "The National-Liberal Party". ***(Tr.)***

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Brosteni's team consisted of Banica, Professor Matei and Cosma, who were later joined by those from Campul-Lung; for Rapciuni it was Tocu's team; for Bicaz, Cranganu's; for Targul-Neamt, Victor Silaghi, jorjoaia, Stelescu; for Baltatesti, Banea, Ventonic, Ifrim, Mihail David; for Roznov, Popovici; to Buhusi, Paduraru with the Romascanu family, Hristache Solomon and the engineer Blanaru; for Cracaoani, Doru Belimace and Ratoiu; to Razboeni, Valeriu Stefanescu, the Mihai Craciun family and Stelian Teodorescu. In addition, Professor Ion Z. Codreanu was holding meetings in various parts of the county.

There were also, here and there, legionary nests led by Ilerghelegiu, Tarata, Platon, Loghin, David, Nuta, Mihai Bicleanu, Ungureanu, Olaru V. Ambrozie, Macovei, etc.

These crews worked as day laborers on farms to earn their keep.
Soon they endeared themselves to the peasants. The National Peasants arrived in the county in many laden carts. There were seven former cabinet members who had come to the county to campaign on his behalf. Likewise, liberals came in large numbers. of all social categories, the priest
understood the least. in a country where crosses on church steeples have fallen to the sway of politicians, atheists and jewellers, in a battle where we were the only ones coming in the name of the cross - our breasts exposed before the heathen monster - or the county priests , with the exception of three or four, were against the US.
During the last week I had to organize my forces in preparation for the final battle. We now had six strong and ten weak sectors. Discussing this with my team leaders, they opined that since we have six strong sectors, we could move our teams into the ten weak sectors to strengthen them.
I thought it was a wrong opinion that could lead to losing the battle. I proceeded in exactly the opposite course, concentrating more forces on our strengths and leaving others only small units of siege.

Our opponents made the mistake I avoided; they concentrated their effort on the points where we were strongest. So that we would fight on our strongest points and they on our weakest.

They were annihilated. I received 1,000 votes in each of the six sectors, whereas they had 200 to 300 at most. At the same time their strongest sectors, left with inadequate defense, were halved by our teams.

On polling day, starting very early, accompanied by Totu in a powerful car, I covered 15 of the 16 polling stations. At 12 o'clock that night we learned the result of the election, in the great enthusiasm of the peasant masses and the teams of legionaries and in the indescribable depression of politicians and Jews. The Guard: 11,300 votes; liberals, 7,000; National Peasants with Averescans, 6,000 among them; the others, even less.

And so, in our first battle, in an open field against the united forces of the politicians, the legionaries, although small in number and with incomparably smaller means at their disposal, managed to gain victory, spreading panic among all our adversaries.

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DEMOCRACY AGAINST THE NATION

OBSERVATIONS ON DEMOCRACY VERSUS NATION

IN PARLIAMENT

As a result of this election, I entered Parliament; I was alone in the midst of an enemy world. I lacked the experience of this parliamentary life and the talent of democratic oratory full of empty phraseology, but pompous, brilliant, mirrored gestures and a large dose of impertinence. The traits that help someone to succeed, to elevate themselves, God didn't credit me with - perhaps to keep me from being tempted to climb the political ladder.

During all the time I was in Parliament, I never trespassed on the laws of propriety and respect for those older than I am, whether they be my greatest enemies. I hadn't ridiculed, cursed, laughed or offended anyone, which meant I couldn't become a part of that life. I was isolated, not just being against each other, but completely isolated from that kind of life.

One evening, quite late, when the deliberations were drawing to a close and the pews were nearly empty, he allowed me the floor. I tried to show that our country had been invaded by Jews; where the invasion is greatest, human misery is most appalling: in Mammuresi that the beginning of Jewish existence on our soil,

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foreshadowed the death of the Romanians; that, as their numbers increased, we would die; that, finally, the leaders of the Romanian nation, the men of the century of democracy and political parties, betrayed their people in this struggle, placing themselves at the service of major national or international finance.

I showed that in the portfolio of the Marmorosch Blank Bank, that Jewish nest of conspiracy and corruption, there are many politicians to whom that bank "lent" money; Mr. Brandsch, Undersecretary of State 11 thousand lei; Banca Taraneasca of Mr.
Davilia, 4,677,000 lei; Mr. lunian 407,000 lei; Mr. Madgearu 401,000 lei; Mr. Filipescu 1,265,000 lei; Mr. Raducanu 3,450,000 lei; The Raducanu Bank 10,000,000 lei; Mr.
Pangal (the head of Scottish Rite Freemasonry in Romania) 3,800,000 lei; Titulescu 19,000,000 lei - all of them leaders of Romanian public life.

“Besides these, there are others, many, but I haven't been able to get my hands on their list.
Someone interrupted me saying,
"This is borrowed money, it will be repaid."
I replied: "Whether this will be returned or not, I don't know. But I tell you one thing: when someone borrows money from such a financial source, he has an obligation when he comes to power, to satisfy him, or even 'if he is not in power, to support him', but in any case, not to expose him When he should be exposed.

I then read a list from which I showed, removing any possibility of denial, how since the war the Romanian State had been defrauded of some 50 billion lei under democracy, the most honorable and perfect form of government of the "people" by the people! The leadership of "democracy" having the basic idea of permanent control "of the people in which the people, the great controller, had been robbed during 15 years of government of the fabulous sum of 50 billion lei.

I then made several critical remarks about democracy.
In the end, I made seven demands: 1. We
demand the introduction of the death penalty for fraudulent handlers of public funds. At this point I was interrupted by Mr. Ispir, professor at the Faculty of Theology: "Mr.
Codreanu, you consider
yourself a Christian, a propagator of Christian ideals.
I remind you that the idea you have just advanced is unchristian."
I replied:
“Professor, when it comes to choosing between the death of my country and that of the thief, I prefer the death of the thief and consider myself a better Christian if I do not allow the thief to ruin my country and destroy it. "
We demand the investigation and confiscation of the riches of those who bled our poor country.

3. We demand that all politicians who can be proven guilty of accusations crafted against our country's interests, supporting sbady private speculation or any other fasbion, be brought to justice.

4. We demand that, in the future, politicians be excluded from the boards of
directors of the various banks and financial companies.
5. We demand the expulsion from the borders of ruthless exploiters who came here to drain the riches from our soil and exploit the work of our hands.

6. We demand that the territory of Romania be declared the inalienable and irrevocable property of the Romanian Nation.
7. We demand that all campaign agents be sent to work and that a single command be established, which will inspire the entire Romanian Nation with one heart and one mind.

These were the first efforts to publicly formulate several policy measures that I felt were most urgent. They were not the result of some prolonged thought or ideological quest, but the result of momentary reflections on what the Romanian people needed then, without delay.

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Six months later, several very popular movements emerged that had my three starting points in their program: 1. The
death penalty, 2. The investigation of wealth, and 3. The prevention of politicians from sitting on boards of directors - which made that others would also consider them necessary.

SEVERAL OBSERVATIONS ON DEMOCRACY

I wish, in the pages that follow, to present several conclusions from my everyday experience in such a way that they can be understood by any young legionary or workman. We live in clothes, in forms of democracy. Are they, I wonder, good? We don `t know yet. But one thing we see: we know precisely that part of the largest and most civilized European nations got rid of these clothes and put on new ones. Did they abandon them because they were good?
Other nations also go to great lengths to eliminate and change them. Why? Have all nations gone mad? That only Romanian politicians remained the wisest men in the entire world? I can't seem to believe this. Of course, those who have changed them or who want to do so have their own reasons.

But why should we care about someone else's reasons? Let's be more concerned with the reasons that would make us, the Romanians, take off our democracy clothes. If we have no reason to reject them, if they suit us, we must keep them, even if the whole of Europe rejects them. However, they are not good for us either, because: 1. Democracy
breaks the unity of the Romanian people, dividing them into parties, agitating them, and thus, disunited, exposing them to face the united bloc of Jewish power at a difficult time in its history. This argument alone is so serious for our existence that it would constitute a sufficient
reason for us to change this democracy for everything that can guarantee our unity: namely our life; for our disunity means death.

2. Democracy turns millions of Jews into Romanian citizens, making them equal to Romanians and giving them equal rights in the state. Equality? On what basis? We've lived here for thousands of years; with the plow and with the weapon; with our work and our blood. Why should we be like those who have been here for almost 100, 10 or 5 years? Looking back, we created this state. Looking to the future, it is we Romanians who bear all the historical responsibility for the existence of Greater Romania; they have none. How could Jews be held accountable to history for the demise of the Romanian state? To summarize: they do not have equality in work, sacrifice and

struggle that created the state, nor equal responsibilities for its future.
Equality? According to an ancient maxim, equality means treating unequal things unequally. On what basis do Jews demand equal treatment, equal political rights with Romanians?
3. Democracy is incapable of continuity in effort. Divided into parties that govern for one, two or three years, it is incapable of conceiving and carrying out a long-term plan. One party overrides the plans and efforts of the other. What was conceived and built by one today is demolished the next by

other. In a country that needs construction, whose historical moment is that very construction, this obstacle to democracy constitutes a threat. It's as if on a farm the owners change yearly, each coming up with different plans, doing away with what the predecessors did, their York only to be wiped out by the next owner who came tomorrow.
4. Democracy makes it impossible for the politician to fulfill his duty to his nation.
A politician of the greatest good will becomes, in a democracy, the slave of his supporters; he satisfies his personal appetites or they destroy his support. The politician

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lives under the tyranny and permanent threat of the electoral agent. He is placed in the position of choosing either the resignation of his life's work or the satisfaction of his supporters. And then the politician satisfies his appetites; not out of pocket, but from the pocket of the country. It creates jobs, offices, missions, commissions, sinecures, all of this overburdening the national budget which increasingly burdens the increasingly stooped backs of the people.

5. Democracy is incapable of authority. It has no sanctioning power. A party, for fear of losing its supporters, does not apply sanctions against those who live from scandalous businesses in the millions, through theft or embezzlement; nor does it apply any sanctions against political opponents lest they expose their own shady dealings and wrongdoings.

6. Democracy is at the service of big finance.

Because of the expensive system and competition between various groups, democracy needs a lot of money. As a natural consequence, he becomes a slave to the great Jewish international finances that subjugate him by subsidy. In this fasbion, the fate of a people is handed over to a caste of bankers.

ELECTION, SELECTION, HEREDITY

A people is not led according to its will, the democratic formula; nor according to the will of an individual: the dictatorial formula.

But according to the laws. I do not speak here of man-made laws. There are norms, natural laws of life; and there are norms, natural laws of death, laws of life and laws of death. A nation heads toward life or death according to its respect for one or other of these laws.

One question remains to be answered: Who in a nation can intuitively understand or know these norms? People? The crowd? If so, I think a lot is expected. Multitudes do not understand much simpler laws. This must be explained to them by repeated urging to be understood - yea, even by punishment if need be.

Here are some examples of laws imperatively necessary to people's lives, which multitudes hardly understand: that in case of contagious disease, the sick must be isolated and a general disinfection is necessary; that sunlight must enter houses, therefore a house must have large windows; that if cattle are better fed and cared for, they will yield more for man's nourishment, &c.

if the multitude does not understand, or only with difficulty understands, several laws which are immediately necessary to its life, how can anyone imagine that it - which in a democracy must be guided by itself - could understand the most difficult natural laws; or who would intuitively know the most subtle and imperceptible norms of human leadership, norms which project beyond himself, his life, his life necessities, or which apply not directly to him but to a higher entity, the nation?

To make bread, shoes, ploughs, crops, trams, you need to specialize, isn't there a need for specialization in the most demanding direction, that of a nation? Is it not necessary to possess certain qualities?

The conclusion. A people is not capable of governing itself. It should be ruled by its elite. Namely, through that category of men born in its bosom who possess certain aptitudes and specialties. Just as bees create their "queen", the people must create their elite. The multitude likewise, in its needs, appeals to its elite, the wise men of the State.

Who chooses this elite - the crowd? Supporters could be found for any "ideas" or votes for any candidate for public office. But this does not depend on people's understanding of these "ideas", "laws" or "candidates", but on something entirely different: on the ability of individuals to

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win the good will of the crowds. There is nothing more capricious and unstable in opinions than the crowd. Since the war, this crowd was, in turn, averse, liberal, nationalist, national-peasant, Indian, etc. saluting each one, only to spit at each one a year later, thus acknowledging their own mistake, misdirection and inability. Their selection criterion is: "Let's try some others."

So the choice is not made according to judgment and knowledge, but haphazardly and relying on luck.

Here are two opposing ideas, one containing the truth and the other a lie. Truth - of which there can be but one - is sought. The question is put to a vote. One idea gets 10,000 votes, the other 10,050. Is it possible for 50 votes or so to determine or deny the truth? Truth does not depend on the majority or the minority; it has its own laws and wins, as it turned out, against all majorities, even though they are overwhelming.

The discovery of truth cannot be entrusted to majorities, any more than in geometry the Pythagorean theorem can be submitted to the vote of the multitude to determine or deny its validity; or just how a chemist who manufactures ammonia does not take the crowd to put the amounts of nitrogen and hydrogen to a vote; or how an agronomist, who has studied agriculture and its laws for years, does not have to appeal to a crowd trying to convince himself of its validity by voting.

Can the people choose their elite? So why don't soldiers choose the best general? In order to be able to choose, this collective jury should know very well: a)

The laws of strategy, tactics, organization, etc.
and b) The extent to which the individual concerned conforms by skills and knowledge to these laws.

No one can choose wisely without this knowledge. If the crowd wishes to choose its elite, it must necessarily know the laws of leadership of the national body and the extent candidates for this

leadership are in accordance with the qualifications and knowledge of said laws.

However, the crowd cannot know these laws nor the candidates. That's why we believe that a country's ruling elite cannot be chosen by the crowd. Trying to select this elite is like determining by majority vote who should be a country's poets, writers, mechanics, aviators, or athletes.

Thus, democracy, based on the principle of election, choosing its elite itself, commits a fundamental error from which the whole state of evil, disorder and misery in our villages evolves. We play here at a capital point; because it is from this error of democratic conception that we can say that all other errors originate.

When the masses are called upon to choose their elite, they are not only incapable of discovering and choosing one, but they choose, in addition, with few exceptions, the worst within a nation.

Democracy not only removes the national elite, it replaces it with the worst of a nation. Democracy elects men totally devoid of scruples, without morals; those who will pay better, therefore those with greater power of corruption; magicians, charlatans, demagogues, who will excel in their fields during the election campaign. Several good men could pass them by, even bona fide politicians. But they would be the slaves of the first.

A nation's true elite would be defeated, removed, because they would refuse to compete on that basis; he would retreat and remain hidden. Hence the fatal consequences for the state. When a state is led by a so-called "elite" made up of the worst, most corrupt, sickest people there is, is it not permissible for one to ask why the state is doomed to ruin?

Here, then, is the cause of all other evils... immorality, corruption, and lust throughout the country; theft and spoliation of state wealth; bloody exploitation of the people; poverty and misery in their homes; lack of sense of duty in all roles; disorder and disorganization of the state; the invasion of all

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directions from foreigners with money, such as coming to buy bankrupt stores whose wares are being sold for pittarice. The country is auctioned..

"Who pays more?" Ultimately, that's where democracy will take us.
In Romania, particularly since the war, democracy has created for us, through this system of elections, a "national elite" of Roman-Jews, based not on bravery, nor on love of country, nor on sacrifice, but on betrayal of homeland, the satisfaction of personal interest, bribery, influence peddling, enrichment through exploitation and embezzlement, theft, cowardice and intrigue to overthrow any adversary.

This "national elite", if it continues to lead this country, will bring about the destruction of the Romanian state. Therefore, ultimately, the problem facing the Romanian people today, on which all others depend, is the replacement of this false elite with a real national elite based on virtue, love and sacrifice for the country, justice and love for the people, honesty , work, order, discipline, honest treatment and honor.

Who will make this replacement? Who should put this royal elite in their place of leadership? I answer: anyone but the crowd. I admit any system, except "democracy", which I see killing the Romanian people.

The new Romanian elite, like any other elite in the world, must be based on the principle of social selection. In other words, a category of people endowed with certain qualities which they then cultivate is naturally selected from the body of the nation, namely from the great healthy mass of peasants and workers, who are permanently attached to the land and the country. This category of people becomes the national elite destined to lead our nation.

When can a crowd be consulted and when should it be? He must be consulted before major decisions that affect his future, to say his word if he can or not, if he is spiritually prepared or not to follow a certain path.
He must be consulted on matters that affect his destiny. This is what is meant by consultation with the people; it does not mean the election of an elite by the people.

But I repeat my question: "Who assigns everyone's place within an elite and who evaluates everyone? Wbo establishes the selection and enshrines the members of the new elite?" I answer: "The former elite."
The latter does not choose or name, but consecrates each one in his place to which he has risen by his ability and moral value. The consecration is done by the head of the elite in consultation with his elite. Thus, a national elite must see to it that it leaves an informing elite to take its place, an elite not based, however, on the principle of heredity, but only on that of social selection applied with the greatest rigor. The principle of heredity is not sufficient by itself. According to the principle of social selection, continually invigorated by elements from deep within the nation, an elite always remains vigorous. The main historical error was that, where an elite was created on the basis of the principle of selection, it abandoned the very next day the very principle that gave rise to it, replacing it with the principle of heredity, thus enshrining the unjust and condemned system of privileges through birth. It was a protest against this error; for the removal of a degenerate elite; and for the abolition of privilege through birth, this democracy was born. The abandonment of the principle of selection led to a false and degenerate elite, which in turn led to the aberration of democracy.

The principle of selection removes both the principle of election and that of heredity. They cancel each other out. There is a conflict between them; for either there is a principle of selection, in which case the opinion and vote of the crowd do not matter, or the latter votes for certain candidates, in which case selection no longer works.

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Likewise, if the principle of social selection is adopted, heredity plays no role. These two principles cannot go together unless the heir corresponds to the laws of selection.

What if a nation doesn't have a real elite - a first designating a second?
I answer with a single sentence that contains an indisputable truth: in this case, the true elite is born out of a war with the degenerate elite, the false one. And that, also in the principle of selection.

Therefore, summing up, the role of an elite is: a)
To lead a nation according to the laws of life of a people. b) Leaving behind a hereditary elite based not on the principle of heredity but on that of selection, because only an elite knows the laws of life and can judge to what extent people conform by skills and knowledge to these laws. it is like a gardener who works in his garden and sees to it that before he dies he has an heir,

a substitute, for only he can say who among those who work with him is the best to take his place and continue his work.

On what should an elite be founded? a)
Purity of soul. b) Capacity for work and creativity. c) Bravery. d) Difficult life and permanent war against the difficulties that the nation faces; It is)
Poverty, namely voluntary renunciation of accumulating wealth. f) Faith in God. g)
Love.

I was asked if our activity until now has followed the same lines as the Christian Church. I answer, we make a great distinction between the line we follow and that of the Christian Church. The Church dominates us from above. It reaches perfection and the sublime. We cannot download this plan to explain our actions.
We, by our actions, by all our acts and thoughts, tend towards this line, raising ourselves to it as far as the weight of our sins of the flesh and our fall into original sin will allow. It remains to be seen how far we can rise towards that line through our worldly efforts.

INDIVIDUAL, NATIONAL COLLECTIVE, NATION

“Human rights” are not only limited by the rights of other humans, but also by other rights. There are three distinct entities: 1. The individual.

2. The present national collectivity, i.e., the totality of all individuals of the same nation, living in a given state in a given
time.

3. The nation, that historical entity whose life spans across the centuries, its roots deeply rooted in the mists of time and with an infinite future.
A new big mistake of democracy based on "human rights" is to recognize and show interest in only one of these three entities, the individual; neglects the second or ridicules it and denies the third.

They all have their rights and duties, the right to live and the duty not to infringe on the right to life of the other two. Democracy is concerned with guaranteeing only the rights of the individual. That is why in democracy we are witnessing a formidable turnaround. The individual believes that he can usurp, with his unlimited rights, the rights of the entire collectivity, which he thinks he can trample and steal; therefore, in democracy, this heartbreaking scene is witnessed, this anarchy in which the individual recognizes nothing outside his personal interest.

In turn, the national collectivity exhibits a permanent tendency to sacrifice the future - the nation's rights - for its present interests. This is why we witness the ruthless exploitation and alienation of our forests, mines, oil reserves, forgetting that there are hundreds of Romanian generations, the children of our children who will come after us, who also expect to live and continue life.

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of our nation. This upheaval, this rupture of relationships provoked by democracy constitutes true anarchy, a disturbance of the natural order and is one of the main causes of the state of disquiet in today's society.

Harmony can be restored only by restoring the natural order.
The individual must be subordinate to the superior entity, the national collectivity, which in turn must be subordinate to the nation. "Human rights" are no longer unlimited, but limited by the rights of the national collectivity, which in turn are limited by those of the nation.

Finally, it would seem that in a democracy at least the individual who enjoys so many rights lives wonderfully. But in reality, and this is the ultimate tragedy of democracy, the individual has no rights, for where is the freedom of assembly in our country, the freedom of writing, the freedom of
conscience? The individual lives under terror, the state of siege, censorship; thousands of people are arrested, some being put to death for their faith, as under the most tyrannical leaders. Where is the “right of the sovereign multitude” to decide its fate, when meetings are prohibited and when thousands of people are prevented from voting, mistreated, threatened with death, killed? You will say, "Yes, but these people want to change the Constitution, limit our freedoms, enthrone another form of government!"

I ask: “Can democracy claim that a people is not free to decide its own destiny, to change its Constitution, its form of government, as it pleases; to live with more or less freedom as you wish?

This is the ultimate tragedy.
In reality, man has no rights in a democracy. He did not lose them in favor of the national collectivity or the nation, but in favor of a political-financial caste of bankers and electoral agents. Finally, the last beneficence to the individual. Masonic democracy through unparalleled perfidy masquerading as an
apostle of peace on this earth, while at the same time proclaiming war between man and God.
Peace among men and war against God.
Perfidy consists in using our Saviour's words "Peace among men" to transform himself into an apostle of "Peace" while condemning and showing him as an enemy of mankind. What's more, this perfidy also consists of pretending to want to save people's lives while actually leading them to death; pretending to save their lives from war, damn them - devilishly - to eternal damnation.

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THE NATION

When we say the Romanian nation, we mean not just all Romanians who live in the same territory, sharing the same past and the same future, the same clothing, but all Romanians, living and dead, who have lived in this land since the beginning of history. and here I will also live in the future.

The nation includes.

1, All currently living Romanians, 2. All
the souls of our dead and the tombs of our ancestors, 3. All those who
will be born Romanians. A people becomes aware of itself when it attains awareness of that whole, not just of its own goals.

The nation has:

1. A physical and biological heritage - its flesh and blood.
2. A material heritage - the soil of your country and its riches.
3. A spiritual heritage that contains: a)

Your concept of God, the world and life. This concept forms a domain, a spiritual property. The boundaries of this domain are determined by the horizons to which the brightness of its concept reaches. There is a country of the national spirit, a country of its visions obtained by revelation or by its own efforts.

b) His honor that shines in the measure in which the nation has conformed throughout its history to the norms emanating from its conception of God, the world and life. c) Their culture, income from their existence resulting from their own efforts in the field of arts and thought. This culture is not international. It is the expression of national genius, of blood. The culture is international as far as its luminescence can go, but national in origin. Someone made a beautiful comparison: both bread and wheat may be international consumer items, but they everywhere bear the imprint of the land in which they grew. Each of these three assets has its importance. A people must defend all three. The most important bow is your spiritual heritage, for it alone bears the mark of eternity, it alone lasts through the centuries.

The ancient Greeks are not remembered for their physique - nothing but ashes are left - nor for their material riches, if they had any, but for their culture.

A people lives in eternity through its perspective, its concept of honor and its culture. That is why the leaders of nations must reason and act, not only according to the physical or material interests of the people, but also taking into account their historical honor, their eternal interests. In other words, not bread, but honor at any price.

THE ULTIMATE GOAL OF THE NATION

It's life?

If it's life, then the means people use to secure life don't matter; even the worst is good. Therefore, the question must be raised. What are the principles that guide nations in their relationships with other nations? Should they be guided by animal instinct, the tiger in them, how do fish behave in the sea or animals in the forest?

The ultimate goal is not life, but resurrection. The resurrection of the peoples in the name of the Savior Jesus Christ. Creation, culture are only a means, not a purpose as is believed, to obtain this resurrection. It is the fruit of the talent that God has planted in our people, for which we must give an account. There will be a time when all the peoples of the earth will be resurrected, with all their dead and all their kings and emperors, each people having its place before the throne of God. This final moment, "the resurrection of the dead," is the noblest and most sublime to which a people can rise.

The nation, then, is an entity that prolongs its existence even beyond this earth. People are realities even in the nether world, not only in this one.

Saint John, narrating what he saw beyond the earth, says:

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"And the city did not need the sun or the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God illuminated it, and the Lamb is its lamp.
"And the nations shall walk in her light, and the kings of the earth shall bring their glory and honor to her."
(Revelation, 21,
23-24). And again:
"Who will not fear Thee, O Lord, and make Thy name great? For Thou alone art holy; for all nations shall come and worship in Thy sight, for Thy judgments are manifest."

(Revelation 15,4).

To us Romanians, to our people, like to any other people in the world, God has given a mission, a historic destiny. The first law that a person must follow is to follow the path of this
destiny, fulfilling the mission entrusted to him. Our people have never laid down their arms or abandoned their mission, however difficult or lengthy their Path to Golgotha may have been.
Even now, obstacles as tall as mountains loom before us.
Are we, I wonder, the weak and cowardly generation to let go of our hands, under the pressure of threats, the line of Romanian destiny and abandon our mission as a people in this world?

MONARCHY AND MONARCHY LAW

At the head of the people, above the elite, is the monarchy. I reject the republic.
Some monarchs were found who were good, some very good, others weak or bad. Some enjoyed the honors and love of their people until the end of their lives, others were beheaded. Therefore, not all monarchs were good. The monarchy itself, however, has always been good. One must not confuse the man with the institution and draw false conclusions.
There may be bad patterns; but can we therefore conclude that the Church must be abolished and God stoned to death?
There are certainly weak and evil monarchs, but we cannot renounce the monarchy because of this. In agriculture there is occasionally a bad year after a good one, or one good year and two bad ones; yet it did not occur to anyone in the world to abandon agriculture.

Does a monarch do as he pleases, be he big or small, good or bad?
A monarch doesn't do what he wants. He is small when he does what he wants and big when he does what he must. For each nation, God drew a destiny line. A monarch is great and
good when he stands in that line; he is small or bad, insofar as he moves away from this line of fate or opposes it. This, then, is the law of monarchy. There are also other lines that can tempt a monarch: the line of personal interest or that of a class of people or group; the line of alien interests
(domestic or foreign). He must avoid all these lines and follow those of his people.
Stefan the Great shone in history for 500 years and Romanians remember him because he perfectly identified with the destiny of his people. King Ferdinand, despite the pressure of external interests and influences, placed himself in line with the nation's destiny; he suffered with her, sacrificed side by side with her, and won with her. It is by virtue of this that he is great and immortal.

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THE BATTLE OF TUTOVA, APRIL 17, 1932

Only four months have passed since the election in 'Neamt and the young legionary army has engaged in a new battle. In early January 1932, a deputy seat was declared vacant in Tutova *.

I had weighed the situation. In the previous general elections, we only got 500 votes. The county was weak; but it was framed by the stronger counties of Covurlui, Cahul, and Tecuci, so that we could easily bring legionaries.
It seemed to me that we could possibly win, I was thinking about the impact an echo of another victory would have. Two consecutive victories by the younger generation against all political parties would have considerably increased their prestige in the eyes of the country. I decided that my father should run as he was most needed by me in the movement both in Parliament and outside for organization and propaganda. The election was scheduled for March 17. On January 9th, I sent out a county-wide manifesto. My father arrived with a first electoral team on January 10th. Then came the teams of Iasi, Tecuci, Beresti and Cahul. During the first three weeks the swiftness and bravery of the small legionary forces had unleashed a current of sympathy in our favor throughout the county. In a severe winter with heavy snowfall and cold, political parties could not go out. They waited for a better time. But during that time, through the hills, through the waist-deep snow, through the blizzards, the legionnaires traveled from village to village.

By the beginning of February, fighting the enemy had become more difficult, a coalition of Liberals, National Peasants, Lupistas **
and Cuzistas were staring us down with a ferocity we had never seen before. The government resorted to truly terrorist measures and the Jewish press vehemently attacked us.
I felt the need for new reinforcements, so I sent the last reserves from Iasi, led by Totu. I had no others, except in Bucharest, and they could not be secured for lack of funds. I then called a meeting of the legionaries and proposed a heroic step: that they set out on foot from Bucharest to Bariad, a distance of almost 200 miles, explaining to them that this march would mean more to our victory than 100,000 manifestos. That alone would constitute a great heroic speech addressed by legionaries to Tutova's Romanians.
The legionnaires received my suggestion with enthusiasm. A week later, a team of about 25 people, led by Stelescu, Caratanase and Doru Belimace, left Bucharest on foot for Tutova. At the end of a ten-day march through stormy weather, they reached Bariad, where they were warmly welcomed by the entire population. But the chase had escalated to nerve-wracking tension. Mr. Argetoianu, Minister of Internal Affairs, sent the gendarmes Col, lgnat, with large forces, and orders to transport the legionaries out of Tutova county on stretchers. It was impossible for small teams to advance further. I then formed two strong teams under Victor Silaghi and Stelescu who, supporting each other, were to advance on the Puesti-Dragomiresti line, supporting my father. I sent another smaller team in Bacani's direction. These two were the only two routes that remained unexplored. They made up the northeastern half of the county. The other half, to the south, was properly worked on by my father, Senhor D.

Popescu, the head of the county, Victor Silaghi, Teodor Tilea and Ion Antoniu, with the first teams.

The two teams from the North advanced for about 30 kilometers, fighting against the bitter cold and ending up with several wounded, Tocu among others. In the northern part of the county they were met by large contingents of gendarmes. The teams barricaded themselves in the attic of an abandoned house where they resisted for 48 hours without heat, food or water. In the end they were able to retreat during a difficult night march, executed under truly heroic conditions, only because of Victor Silaghi's dogged persistence in encouraging the exhausted, starving and frozen legionaries to the last possible stand.

**** Tutova county with Barlad as county seat (Tr.)***

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**** Members of Dr. Lupu. (Tr.)***

This orphaned child, son of the Romanian priest Silaghi de Careii Mari, murdered by the Hungarians in 1918 in tragic circumstances, fought bravely.

Finally these teams were surrounded by superior forces, captured and brought to Bariad. My father was arrested and locked up in a regimental prison.
The third team was completely decimated in the Battle of Bacani. There, in a valley, before entering the village at night, he was attacked by a large contingent of gendarmes. The team leader, legionnaire Lascar Popescu, hit in the head with a rifle, was the first to fall unconscious in a pool of blood. The other legionnaires refused to retreat. They counterattacked bare-chested, with nothing in their hands, trying to get into the village. One by one, they all fell unconscious.
The last one standing, attacked alone. Under blows, he dropped to his knees, got up and attacked again. He landed close to his comrades. The entire team lay unconscious in a pool of blood. From there they were dragged through the snow by the gendarmes, over a mile to the gendarmes post in the village. At 1 o'clock that night a horseman brought the news to Bariad of what happened at Bacani.
Iasi's team under Totu, which arrived at Barlad that midnight, immediately set out on foot to help their wounded comrades. After a battle from 3:30 am to 5:00 am, during which the gendarmes fired all their weapons, the legionaries occupied the gendannes' post, finding inside, still unconscious and lying on the ground, their fallen comrades in the battle of Bacani. They carried them to the hospital in Barlad.

But things didn't stop there. The Jews launched a massive press campaign, attacking us with revolting cynicism and injustice. A wave of lies, insults, slander came at us.
All political groups came together to put us out of the battle.

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THE SECOND DISSOLUTION OF THE GUARD

MARCH 1932

Expelled by the gendarmes, attacked by the Jewish press, we were hit by a new dissolution of the Guard ordered by a simple ministerial decision. Although we were within the framework of perfect legality, the lorga-Argetoianu government, in defiance of the laws and the Constitution, arbitrarily dissolved the Guard. Our headquarters across the country were once again seized and padlocked, the Iasi print shop closed. Attacked by the press, we were placed in the impossible position of not being able to defend ourselves, as all our publications had been suspended. In Parliament I tried to speak, but I was prevented by the noise of the majority, which did not allow me to defend myself.

However, the candidacy in Tutova could not be prevented. The Bucharest tearn was expelled from the county. Likewise the others, one by one. Our Iasi team of around 30 people, under the command of Totu, when sent to the warehouse for the same evacuation operation, broke the cords and occupied the waiting room where, barricaded, they resisted for 24 hours, until they were gassed. In the end, it was loaded onto the train and taken out of town. Only Ibraileanu, Nutu Esanu and my father, who was arrested, remained in the city. The chase was then transferred to the villages. Peasants, teachers and priests were arrested and beaten; their homes invaded, The election was postponed one month, until April 17th.

My father was released. The elderly legionnaires then came to the city to join the battle: Hristache Solomon, Coronel Cambureanu, Ventonic, Ifrim, Father Isihie, Peceli, Potolea, etc. I assigned them to various sectors. Each slipped to his post under the cover of night. Our teams from neighboring counties again entered Tutova at several points. Gh. Costea's team crossed the Barlad River, neck-deep in water, as all roads were patrolled; they arrived at the polling station soaking wet.

Voting began on April 17 in the morning and continued into the night. April 18, at 5 am, the legionnaire's victory was announced: 5,600 votes; Liberals: 5,200; National peasants: 4,000; the other groups: less than 2,000; Cuzists: 500 votes.

This second legionary victory, against the coalition of all Romanian politicians, won with the intrepidity and iron will of the legionaries, with their heroism and blood, defying obstacles, insults, coups and persecutions, aroused indescribable enthusiasm throughout the country. .

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NEW GENERAL ELECTIONS
JULY 1932

My father was validated on the last day of the parliamentary session. But our rest lasted only a week, for the government of Lorga had fallen. A National-Peasant government was formed, headed by Mr. Vaida.

Exhausted both physically and financially, we set off for a new battle. That was June 1932. Since December 15, 1929 we were in a constant struggle: December 1929 - April 1930, campaigns in Covurlui, Cahul, Turda, Tecuci; the summer of 1930, the preparation, then the interdiction of the march in Bessarabia, followed by my arrest until that autumn; in October and November we were in Maramures - that winter stuck again; the spring of 1931, the battle before the general elections; summer 1931, elections in Neamt; winter 1932, elections in Tutova; and now we were again about to go to the general election.

Despite all these struggles, we continued the work of organization in the rest of the country. The year before, we entered electoral lists in 17 municipalities, this year we entered 36. All political parties engaged in the same fights, full of intrigue, for the nomination of their candidates. This went on for a whole week. But I single-handedly, in one night, pinned all of our candidate lists in 36 counties. No one among the legionnaires fights for their place on the roster; if there is anything, it asks to be placed last.

The difficult problem for us is financial issues. Most counties were able to meet their own expenses from the legionnaire's contributions.
Others don't. I needed 50,000 lei just to cover election taxes.
I walked in a daze until the last day. I tried one, I tried another. Anything.

I went to see Mr. Nichifor Crainic, the director of Calendarul ("The Calendar") in the hope that he would have money. But in vain. With his diary, published five months ago, he supported our fight, accompanying step by step the bravery of our legionary teams; however, he couldn't help us financially.
Finally, I borrowed from Pihu and Caranica, who, running to all Macedonians, found the necessary sum. Several counties were supported by the counties of Focsani and Llristache Solomon.

The campaign has started. A new persecution befell our ranks.
Being spread across a large front, our thin ranks were viciously attacked from all around. The legionnaires Savin and Popescu were wounded at Tighina. At Barlad, many teachers and priests were dragged into cellars and mistreated on Mr. Georgescu-Barlad. In Vaslui, our small teams were injured. Likewise in Podul-Iloaiei and throughout Iasi County. In Focsani, the elderly Hristache Solomon, the engineer Blanaru and ten others were attacked on the orders of Advocate Neagu by armed bands of national peasants in the village of Vulturul. Legionnaires fell to the ground wounded by clubs and knives. Only stood like a mountain, Hristache Solomon, which no one had dared to touch until then. He defended himself fiercely, but in the end, he fell in the middle of the road, overcome by blows. There on the ground he was beaten over the head by these beasts who always made a point - then as they do now - of legality, civilized methods, freedom, etc.

Guarda obtained 70,000 votes, twice as much as the previous year. Cahul, Neamt, Covurlui and Tutova counties, where my father raced, came out the strongest. Then followed Campul-Lung with Mota; then Turda, Focsani, Ismail, Tighina. We won five seats and now we must make our choices to occupy them. I stayed in Cahul to allow Nutu Esanu to enter Parliament. I decided that my father should remain in Barlad to allow Stelescu, a 25-year-old student, to enter Parliament; In this way, he wanted to give the country's youth a breath of fresh air and encouragement. The trust and love I showed this young man, however, was not returned to me. *

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* *The author refers here to Stelescu's future betrayal of his legionnaire comrades. Tr.)*

IN PARLIAMENT FOR THE SECOND TIME

The whole time in Parliament I fought against the government and its measures that I considered contrary to the well-being of the Romanian people, as in fact I had also fought against all previous administrations that took turns at the helm of the State. The country had nothing to expect from all these governments. Nothing of any sanity for the future of our people was being forged there. All the measures and laws were just a few palliatives that prolonged the bitter and sad existence of our country day by day.

When in Grivita, Romanian workers were shot by order of the
Ministry of Internal Affairs, deeply disgusted by the attitude of the pro-communists within the National Peasant Party who applauded the government's step, I took the platform and considered it my duty to say the following:

"it is bad for the unfortunate workers to go out into the streets, but it would be worse if they and our people, faced with the injustice that cries out to heaven, did not go out, but resignedly bowed their heads under the yoke, leaving the country in the hands of a few politicians explorers." *

I quote here the official minutes of this session:

"Mr Corneliu Zelea Codreanu. Mr President, ladies and gentlemen! On behalf of the group to which I belong, I demand that, in addition to the investigation that is normally carried out by the competent authorities, another parliamentary investigation, made up of representatives of various political groups in this Parliament, be carried out. I demand it because I doubt the veracity of the statement by the Minister of Internal Affairs, I doubt it for good reason. On January 24, when Romanian students, nationalists and Christians, went to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier to place a cross, the Securitate of State leaked information to a newspaper in Bucharest that this action was planned and financed by Moscow.

"If the information you have about the Grivita case also comes from such a source, then I understand very well how right you are to take measures of this nature as you did yesterday and today (Applause from the 'Iron Guard' bench and those of the National

* The author speaks here of the workers' strike at the Obra Grivita Rafiway in Bucharest on 4 February 1933 under the National-Peasant administration. (Tr.)

Feast of Dr. Lupu).
Secondly, I wish to state that I, like all sensible people in this country, am not afraid of either Communism or Bolshevism. We are afraid of something else, that these workers have nothing to eat; they are hungry. (Applause from the banks of the 'Iron Guard' and the Peasant Party of Dr.
Lupu).
“Some of these workers earn only 1,100 lei a month and have 5, 6, 7
children. doctor V. Lupu:“ It's true ”.
Mr. Corneliu Zelea Codreanu: "Having 5, 6, 7 children, these salaries are not enough even for your daily bread, I, on
the other hand, am also afraid of something else: of your thirst for justice ”.

doctor N. Liipu: Very good!
elmr, Corneliu Zelea Codreanu: "Therefore, you will have to satisfy these two needs: the hunger and the thirst for justice (Applause from the 'Iron Guard' bench and from the Peasant Party benches of Dr. Lupu), and this country will enjoy of the complete order."

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(Meeting Thursday, February 16, 1933. Official Monitor 41, February 23, 1933)

One of the difficulties that slow down parliamentary activity is the thousands of requests to ministries for some type of intercession. This constitutes a real punishment for us in our electorate, (1) because parliamentarians have to waste most of their time meeting these demands. This system is dangerous for the life of an organization, as it paralyzes all its activity;

he may lose the whole battle. You have to abandon your country's destiny to serve your supporters. After a while, I realized that there were no legionnaires among those who came to me with such demands. All were professional beggars or adversaries specially sent to paralyze us. (2) this system placed us in the delicate position of going forward and seeking favors from the men we were fighting. For these reasons, I personally refused to intervene for anyone. During my entire service in Parliament, I did not ask any minister anything.

Another category was those who came to ask us for money. Of the hundreds who knocked on our doors daily, there were no legionaries. Some were really sick or disgraced, but some turned this system into a real profession. Ultimately, our group was a small organization, in formation, on the move, in constant battle. This particularly required of me uninterrupted attention to all the enemy's movements; it involved discovering and diverting the enemy's plans, gaining and organizing new positions, in other words, a permanent survey, day and night, of battlefields throughout the country. But first of all came the accompaniment of legionary education so as not to wake up and find ourselves gradually being transformed into a political category of moral infection from which we could not get rid and in which the legionary spirit would die.

Parliament robbed me of the time I really needed to lead.

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THE CONDITION OF THE LEGIONARY ORGANIZATION IN 1932-1933

In the fall of 1932 and winter of 1933, the legionnaires could breathe. Three and a half years of struggle are over. These young people now deserved their rest. It has been almost two years since I took up residence in Bucharest.
In Iasi to take my place, Banea, assisted by Totu, Cranganu, Tasca and Stelian Teodorescu, stayed on to deal with questions concerning the students, the printing house, our Home, etc. The group of student legionnaires swelled, now comprising more than half of the student militants. In Cluj, a healthy start towards organization was made by Banica Dobre; likewise at Cernauti with Lauric, where legionary life was budding well under the spiritual guidance of Professor Traian Braileanu around whom Professor Toppa and others rallied. Throughout Bukovina, the legionary current and organization grew under the able leadership of the veteran and distinguished nationalist Vasile lasinschi. In Chisinau, Tudorache and Serghie Floreseu worked; In Oradea Mare, losif Bozantan.

Young people raised in the Brotherhoods of the Cross were prepared when they entered university. A nationalist newspaper of great courage and excellent direction began to be published in Bucharest, Calendarul ("The Calendar"), under the direction of Mr. Nichifor Crainic and with the collaboration of a handful of intellectuals headed by Professor Dragos Protopopescu. This journal was courageously opening a new and broad path in the Romanian intellectual world, along Christian and nationalist lines. Articles by Mr. Crainic, in particular, were real cannon fire, which wreaked havoc in the enemy ranks. Within the student movement in the capital, legionnaires occupied the front lines.

Traian Cotiga held the presidency of the student center, with a legionary commission.

A turnaround was felt among the capital's intellectual youth. Their consciences were preoccupied with the great problems that affected the life of our nation. A talented group gravitating around the new Axa revision ("The Axis") with Polichroniade, Vojen, Constant, joined the legionary ranks, while other eminent young men such as Professor Vasde Cristescu, Vasfie Marin, Professor Viadimir Durnitrescu, engineer Virgd Ionescu, professor Radu Gyr, lawyer Popov, painters Basarab and Zlotescu, all very talented and enthusiastic, worked along the lines of the legionary ideology.

The healthy young Macedonian, pure as a tear and brave, came closer and closer to us. However, we think it imprudent that the mass of Macedonians in the Quadrangle be received in the Guard, because, recently resettled in the country, we would expose them to many persecutions. Macedonian university students, however, in their entirety joined the legionary movement. At the head of these young Macedonians were three distinguished men of culture: Papanace, Caranica and Sterie Ciumeti.

With the first two I consulted many times, both had admirable judgment supported by irreproachable purity and, sincerely, great love and courage.
I don't believe a day has gone by since 1931 without meeting with them, During this time of persecution we discussed for hours blow after blow, injustice after injustice, betrayal after betrayal, Every piece of news of a new torture of a legionnaire was a knife piercing our hearts. The pain we suffered for all the ill-treated Legionnaires tormented our souls; and particularly the impossibility of seeing forward any hope of justice.

Sterie Ciumeti was living with me day and night. He was a young man of great canine uprightness and fidelity. He became the Chief Treasurer of the Guard. All his days - as many as he has - he will think only of the Guard, he will be concerned and act only for the Guard, he will not live his life for anything other than the Guard.

Other valuable elements emerged in various parts of the country:

**** Several counties in southern Dobrogea annexed by Romania at the end of the Balkan War in 1913. (Tr.)***

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doctor Pantelimon, Father Ionescu Duminica, Dr. Augustin Bidian in Sibiu; Father Georgescu-Edincti, the students' spiritual confessor, a veteran fighter, Captain Ciulei at Bacau, Aristotel Gheorghiu, also a veteran, who commanded at Ramnicul-Sarat; in Brada, Ion Iliescu; in Constanta, Seitan; Padre Doara and Victor Barbulescu in Valcea; Professors Vintan, Ghenadie and Duma in
Timisoara; and the veteran legionnaires, professors Nicolae Petrascu, Horia Sima, lawyer Iosif Costea, Colhon and others, who now have command posts in various parts of the country.
Bucharest is divided into sectors and we* started to organize ourselves within them.
There were two good men in the Green and Blue sectors, Nicolae Constantinescu and Doru Belimace, two strong characters, two solid brains, Doru Belimace being one of the most distinguished students of the Faculty of Letters; Nicolae Constantinescu possessing an eminent economic education, was a student of the Commercial Academy.
Soon, the two would prove to have imposing qualities of faith and legionary bravery.

Also in this period, the first legionary rank was created by the following order on December 10, 1932: A) The first higher rank, called
Legionary Commander, is established in the legionary hierarchy. in view of their sacrifice, work, heroism, faith,
ability, and seniority, the following legionnaires are promoted in rank, in alphabetical order: Banea Ion, doctoral student of medicine; Belgea Ion; Blanaru Ion, engineer;
Dumitrescu Ion, priest; Ionescu Andrei; Silaghi Victor, lawyer; Steleseu Mihail, Congressman; Totu Nicolae, student; Traian Cotiga, student; Tanase Antohi, artisan.

B) All Legionnaires from the 1927 and 1928 series who have taken their vows and are still in the active ranks of the Legion, are promoted to the rank of Auxiliary Commander of the Legionnaire.

Signed: Corneliu Zelea Codreanu.

The others, more advanced in years, were transferred to the Senate of the Legion and the Superior Council of the Legionnaire.

* Each of the five large sectors is named after a color: Green, Yellow, Red, Illustrious, and Black. (Tr.)

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THE CALUMNIAL OFFENSIVE

"ANARCHICAL AND TERRORISTIC MOVEMENT"

The legionary movement was visibly growing, especially among high school and university youth, and among peasants in all Romanian provinces. It grew more slowly, however, in cities where the Romanian element was employed by the state and therefore prevented from expressing their opinions, or economically enslaved by Jews. The same silent persecution we have known since we started this fight in 1922 has increasingly haunted us, all the fighters and their families. If you were a young graduate, you couldn't get a government job unless you reneged on your conscience and your faith. Hundreds of young people were sought to be attracted with money, promises, honors and positions. The state became a school of treason in which men of character were murdered while treason was richly rewarded. If you were a Romanian merchant, unique among Jewish merchants, and happened to believe in the Legion, everyone from street officials to prefects and prefects became your enemy. They hounded you day and night; taxed you more than the Jews; fines were continually levied from

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you; you took blow after blow until they destroyed you. If you were a peasant, you were handcuffed and taken on foot from one village gendarme post to another, and the next, and the next, for tens of kilometers, being beaten every day in each gendarme section, you starved 4 to 5 days; they looked at you like wild beasts and they all beat you in the face. If you were a worker they would throw you away like a used piece of cloth from every factory and business.

Because, in this country, a man who holds to our beliefs must starve to death, along with all his children. We are all considered enemies of our people and country. But we kept ourselves within the most perfect order and legality, so that no problem could be imputed to us. But that doesn't mean anything. Our governments' reasoning is, "Can't we destroy you because you broke the laws? It doesn't matter, we'll break them and destroy you! You don't want to act illegally, well, we'll do it!" So that in this way we enter into a truly Talmudic system; on the one hand, we were accused by the press and all political bodies of "illegality" and, on the other hand, remaining

perfectly within the law, we were crushed by the most heinous and illegal dealings of all government and state representatives, themselves in the most flagrant illegality.

Dragged to the courts, decree after legal decree across the country confirmed the movement's line of legality and order. There was no decree condemning us. Still, the basic argument of politicians and the Jewish press invariably remained: "A movement of disorder", "anarchy", "lawlessness", "terrorist". The Jewish press constantly incited politicians against us, to come against us to tear us to pieces, to annihilate us.

“THE IRON PROTECTOR AT THE SERVICE OF FOREIGNERS”

After some time, unaware of further accusations, the Jewish press claimed that we were taking money from Mussolini; that we pretended to be nationalists, but in fact our purpose was to squeeze money out of anyone we met. Now, we meet Mussolini, who we were squeezing, One by one, we learn with amazement that: "We were in the service of the 'awakening Hungarians'...

We were in the service of Moscow ....
We receive money from the Jews .....
As ridiculous as the last accusation is, it did not spare us. Here I quote a significant passage from the Jewish newspaper Politica ("Politics") of August 10, 1934, in an article entitled: "Max Auschnitt and the Iron Guard:"

In our country too, then, the phenomenon was verified exactly as it is a known fact, that the most important movement of Romanian fascism, the Iron Guard, was created and financed by the big capitalists. And here comes the less than sensational sensation: the Jew Max Auschnitt

supported and funded the Iron Guard directly. The fact was affirmed by two very serious and responsible persons, Mr. Minister Victor Iamandi and the well-known publicist Scarlat Calimachi. According to these explanations, the fact seems very natural.

Who doesn't already know that Hitler was also financed by the great Jewish capitalists of Germany? ”

THE IRON GUARD PAYING THE HITLERITES

Lately, in Germany, Hitler has vanquished the Judeo-Masonic hydra of the whole world. The German people, with extraordinary determination and unity, fought and

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overthrew Jewish power. Jews publish lies and lies in their press, trying to confuse the minds of the people: 1. Adolf Hitler is a painter, stupid,
incapable. Who will fall in love with him in a civilized country like Germany? But Hitler moves on.
2. Adolf Hitler will not win because the German communists will oppose him. But Adolf Hitler approaches power.
3. Hitlerism split in two, three. Great dissatisfaction within the party, etc.
But Hitler has not changed.

4. Adolf Hitler went mad. He went into the mountains, &c. But Adolf Hitler is in good health and is getting closer to victory.
5. If he wins, on the second day after, Germany will have a revolution. Communism will start a general uprising and Hitler will fall. But Hitler gains power and the revolution dreamed of by the Jews does not erupt. It will move from majorities to unanimity never seen before in history.

6. All countries will boycott Germany economically and Hitlerism will fall.
But Adolf Hitler marches on victorious.
7. "Dictatorship", "Hitlerist terror" across Germany. "The vote is gripped by terror." But the German people march behind him with enthusiasm.
8. Hitler wants to take over our Transylvania. And we, all Romanian nationalists, who want to get rid of the Jewish calamity, are neither more nor less "Hitlerists", that is, we want to give our Transylvania to the Germans.
But we replied: "Let's
assume that Hitler wants to make war against us to take our Transylvania. So that we Romanians can defend Transylvania against the Germans, we must get rid of the Jews; we, too, must solve this Jewish problem, must strengthen the position of our people squeezed by the Jews and drained of their strength until they are completely unable to defend themselves Sealed by the Jews who poison our souls and suck our blood, we will have no weapons, no soul, no flesh on our bones. "

9. Finally, we "get money", we are funded, we are "on pay" from the Nazis. We replied: "AC Cuza has been fighting the Jews since 1890; we, since 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, when we had not even heard of Adolf Hitler. Poisonous snakes!"

PRINTING OF COUNTERFEIT BANKNOTES IN RASINARI

Before much time had passed, a new political-Jewish campaign was launched against us.

Not wanting us to settle for money from Mussolini, Hitler, Moscow and Auschnitt, our enemy found us a new source of finance in the printing of counterfeit Rasinari banknotes. The sensational discovery filled the columns of Jewish and Party newspapers.

We give below, outside this period, several passages designed to illustrate the system of perfidy which attempted our annihilation in the eyes of the nation.
The newspaper Patria ("The Homeland") of July 22, published:

THE IRON GUARD AND THE COUNTERFEIT MONEY PRINTING PLANT FROM RASINARI
- SOURCE OF ADVERTISING FUNDS -

Cluj, July 21 - At Rasinari, a village near Sibiu, a sensational discovery has been made, the kind which presents a whole political organization in the ugliest light and against which the government now has in its hands the most damning evidence to proceed with all severity.

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An Iron Guard Counterfeit Money Press Specifically in the village of Rasinari, one of the many counterfeit money plants was discovered. From the investigation carried out it was established, however, to everyone's astonishment, that in this titne we are not talking about a band of gypsies or misfits who defy the rigor of the law in the hope of a quick enrichment, but the Iron Guard, Mr. Corneliu The political organization of Zelea Codreanu, which lately has been engaged in the most abusive campaign against our government and in general against all political parties in Romania.

The Iron Guard and its propaganda in the villages

But for those who know a little better the activity of the Iron Guard, with its bands of guards that travel all over the country from one end to the other, this seems very natural.

In such circumstances, money is needed first of all. Indeed, it is known that the propagandists of the Iron Guard of late had great funds, which enabled them to travel through the villages, as well as to print newspapers, and to arm their devoted members with everything necessary to copy the system' a la Hitler'.

How the forgery was discovered

“The Ministry of Internal Affairs has long been informed that some of the leaders of the Iron Guard in Transylvania, particularly those in Brasov and Sibiu, had large sums at their disposal which they distributed to local organizations throughout the country. At first, it was suspected that the money was provided by who knows what similar foreign organization, but as a result of surveillance, it was established that the suspicion was unfounded. The discovery of the money-printing machine in Rasinari provided law enforcement authorities with a new lead, and the result of the investigations was and the surprising.

Sibiu finances the whole organization Immediately the Bucharest authorities delegated Judge I. Stanescu of Bucharest to start the usual investigation. Accompanied by Chief Prosecutor Radu Pascu and Prosecutor Mardaric, he left for Sibiu, making his first search of the house of Prosecutor Bidianu who headed the organization of the guards, where compromising sensational material was discovered which made it clear that the money press served exclusively the Political and subversive goals of the Iron Guard. Among the confiscated correspondence, letters were found from various local organizations, in particular from the Iasi organization, in which Mr. Banea asked for a large sum of money to buy a van and to intensify propaganda in Moldova.

The police made a series of arrests and confiscated all compromising material along with the equipment used in counterfeiting.

Investigations continue assiduously and efforts are being made to establish links between the press and the relevant organizations and, in particular, the amount of funds distributed to the latter.

The Moral Valor of the Iron Guard

When the organization of the Iron Guard, which had managed to create nuclei all over the country, was shamefully caught in the act, it made a deep impression on our whole country and caused real consternation in the ranks of the Guard's supporters. . It was known that agitation in the villages was done in the name of justice, honor, decency, respect for the law, etc., nothing more than

claims now proving to have been just empty words by the Iron Guard, when in fact, they only sought unscrupulous power when it came to the means used.

In the face of these discoveries, the government seems willing to proceed with all severity. Mr. VV Tilea, Undersecretary of State, declared to an inner circle

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that, in view of the seriousness of the acts committed by some members, the Iron Guard must be disbanded.

In Chemarea Romanilor ("The Call of the Romanians") of August 6, 1933, we read the following.

LOVE OF MONEY AND FAKE MONEY

“Newspapers have reported in recent days how Iron Guard lackeys were caught by the authorities counterfeiting money. We know that this type of man has recently started going around all our villages promising people all kinds of things and demanding the death penalty for violators. We are young people who have waited a long time to learn for ourselves what the goals and purposes of this people are. Preaching ardently, with the love of the country, its wise administration and the extirpation of foreigners, for a time we thought they were well - meaning, when we read in the newspapers that they began to work to the detriment of the country with the counterfeiting of money, we began to realize that we had deceived ourselves and that we now know them. They form part of our country's professional looting clique, and for the great illegality they have committed, we would not advise the government to do anything but to try them according to the way in which they demanded the trial for such ds: the death penalty. , To the gallows with counterfeiters! "

In Dreptatea ("Justice") of 22 July 1933, the official Party newspaper National-Peasant, we read:

THE GUARD OF THE FORGERS

If definitive proof was needed for the assessment of the individuals who form the so-called nationalist wing of our political right, it was in the resounding case of Rasinari's money counterfeiters.

Everywhere and always the parties of the extreme right - which in reality are made up of bands of hooligans and bullies - have used the most abominable, vile and unscrupulous means in propaganda work on the gullible multitudes.
For, in the 'conception' (sic) and 'doctrine' (sic) of the right, the goal, which is reduced to seizing power, justifies the filth of the means.
There can be no nobility in procedure, tactics, method and behavior, where there is no nobility in ideal or purpose in the object pursued. Who could claim that-let-us-say-the ideal of extreme right-wing hides not a bit of nobility? The cult of brute force in the gross disregard of elementary rights will never constitute an ideal and superiority! The ideal whose rays warm the soul of man is another, an ideal of justice, peace and constructive work, for the ever-higher ascent of the intellectual ladder of the national collectivity, and thereby of all mankind. However, this is not the ideal of right-wing extremism, which is embraced by the most basic human exemplars with the vain thought of their winning dictatorial powers. Right-wing extremism replaces intelligence with the power of the fist (which does not distinguish between an intellectual and a common offender); by justice, arbitrariness; for the noble ideal of peace and cooperation between States and peoples, the obtuse dogma of hatred between nations.

No intellectual can approve of right-wing extremism.
If he managed to catch several men, it was only because they did it in the name of a hatefully exploited faith, the nationalist faith.
This is how the association of conspirators called 'The Iron Guard' proceeded. He intends to act in the name of nationalism.

In the name of nationalism? This hypocrisy must be exposed to public opinion. There is no need for nationalism to be served through

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occult organizations, secret associations and, in particular, there is no need for the methods practiced by the 'Iron Guard'. Nationalism is a faith that defends itself in broad daylight, openly, honestly and sincerely.
In any case, one does not serve nationalism with secret orders for ... 'nests' (?!?), for invisible 'battalions' and hidden 'cells' and particularly counterfeiting money like some sleazy offenders.
The Iron Guard 'is nothing more than a handful of adventurers, clandestinely grouped together for the violent conquest of power in the state through the most shameful and deceitful demagoguery. This, in the name of the nationalist idea.
In the name of the nationalist idea? This faith, which belongs to all the children of this land, does not tolerate means such as those used by the 'Iron Guard'; does not allow forgery.
The discovery of the Rasinari band puts 'The Iron Guard' in its true light.
People wondered: where do these guys get the money? So much advertising money? To organize and acquire consciences? To travel, live, cars? From where? Rasinari's discovery reveals the source: counterfeit money!

That's how 'The Iron Guard' works. “Iron Guard pioneers are individuals who fall under the laws of the penal code. They want to make a political party by counterfeiting money.

What moral authority do they now have to demand the approval of the masses? And, at the same time, in the name of the nationalist idea?
'The Iron Guard' is a guard of counterfeiters. And a guard of counterfeiters cannot speak in the name of nationalism! "

And finally, so as not to prolong this quotation too long, we give da Patra ("A Fatherland") of Saturday, July 22, 1933, the following extract:

"THE GUARDISTS" AND THE FORGERS

“Rasinari's discovery has a truly sensational side. It goes beyond the usual, the banal and the ordinary, putting in all its breadth and bloody crudity all the decomposition, dissolution and moral elasticity of those who intend to regenerate the overly gullible masses seeking a new creed. And we say: 'truly sensational' because, if the newspapers have lately accustomed us to learning that in various corners of the country small clandestine mints appear, the ingenious and chivalrous patrons of this inflationary institution, in disagreement with the penal code, never proved to be members of a slightly superior social status. In Rasinari, the heroes are no longer gypsies after petty thefts, nor just some people in conflict with justice seeking an easy and disguised death, or one of those heroes that we consider aesthetic the enjoyment of a fruitful adventure with great risks. But there is good talk about the headnote - the head of the 'Iron Guard' in Sibiu. We cite an object Five newspapers that often took under their disinterested protection the movement of the faithful of Codreanu:

'Sibiu authorities, searching the house of lawyer Bidian, head of 'The Iron Guard' organization in this city, discovered sensational material from which it is obvious that the Rasinari counterfeit money factory was set up to support'
The Iron Guards. ' Among other documents was also a letter from the president of the Iasi organization, Mr. Banea, asking for money to buy a van and to intensify the 'Iron Guard' propaganda. "Of course, isn't it? A mint to support a party that proclaims itself to regenerate politics and morals! Known as unscrupulous agitators, scandalmongers and bullies, they are now also known as counterfeiters, an attribute as shameful as the first, but perhaps the most guilty. Someone might claim to have found here a curious and grave sign of our times; and a lover of crossword puzzles would find that for a guardista, even if he is made of iron, it is a little too much. into a forger. No matter how one looks at it, the Rasinari case is extremely serious. It casts a stark light on the resources with which these adventurers present themselves now as bullies, now as martyrs, and maintain a

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hectic, ambulatory existence. Right in these columns, we ask, amazed and 'curious, where do these gentlemen get their money? Let's honestly confess, we didn't expect the answer to come so promptly, so frighteningly and directly from Rasinari!

This hateful campaign lasted three weeks.
It was in vain that Caranica, Steric Ciumeti and Papanace, the three elite legionnaires, desperately beat the newspaper offices to get a negative.
These young men, since 1931, by their qualities of common sense and great sincerity, have lived with me daily, sharing with me the same tormenting anxieties and helping me step by step in the difficult burden of leading an organization on the battlefield.
Futile efforts, for all these infamies hurled against us were ordered.

They will have only one effect, that of piling up injustice after injustice, slander after slander, blow after blow, pain after pain. our youth
endured them all, burying them in their soul. Now, so many years later, if I wanted to give advice to the world, I would shout: Beware of those who hold on too long!

THE DEATH TEAM

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But, faced with these obstacles, blows, intrigues and persecutions, assailing us from all directions, having this terrible feeling of loneliness, with nowhere to go, we opposed all of this with a firm determination to die. “The team of death” is the expression of those intimate feelings of legionary youth across the country, for receiving death; his determination to move forward, through death.

In early May 1933, a team was formed, consisting of Padre Ion Dumitrescu, Nicolae Constantinescu, Sterie Ciumeti, Petru Tocu, Constantin Savin, Bulhac, Constantin Popescu, Rusu Cristofor, Adochitei, Iovin, Traian Clime, Iosif Bozantan, Gogu Serafim Isac Mihai, Professor Papuc, Radoiu ...
Before they toured halfway across the country, they called themselves "The Death Team". Caprioara (The Doe) was expelled from Iasi for its use. They had to cover the route from Bucharest, Pitesti, Ramnicul-Valcea, Targul-jiu, Turnul-Severin, Oravita and Resita. Until then they should also be accompanied by Father Duminica Ionescu. Then to Timisoara, Arad and back to Bucharest they were on the threshold of the largest legionary expedition and left with only 3000 lei in their pockets for petrol; for the rest, they trusted in God and what the people in their path would give them. They took with them a code of the laws of the country. They would remain legal but defend against illegal measures.

In Tg. Jiu, Turnul-Severin, Bozovici, they were followed by police and gendarmes and attacked. They knelt in front of the truck to protect the tires, baring their chests to the guns. On the outskirts of Oravita, they were met by machine guns and arrested. A day later, prosecutor Popovici released them, declaring them not guilty; for they did nothing, they made no speeches, they held no meetings. They were just traveling and singing - that was all. But the people understood and greeted them with flowers. They received food and gas for the truck. Wherever they went, a trace of enthusiasm remained.

At Resita I went out to meet them. There we decided to hold a public rally. It was our right to do so. Since I was a Member of Parliament and registered on a legionary list of candidates in Caras County, obtaining 2,000 votes, I came to contact our supporters to present them with a report on our activity in Parliament.
That's great. It's perfectly legal. But when it comes to us, laws no longer exist.

Not even during the war did Resita see so much military power. It was brought from nearby cities to occupy the city and surround it.
I realized that the government was setting a trap for me. I would have liked to try an irrational move; lose patience to cause a reason for repression. "That's why we stopped these
gentlemen. That's why they must be abolished. Wherever they go, they rouse the population against our measures of order, against the military and the authorities. They want to make a revolution."
Such an error on our part would have been exploited by the Jewish government and press. That's why I didn't give them this opportunity, but by drowning all the rebellion inside myself, I avoided any confrontation. It would have been exactly in this confrontation that they would have won a victory. We prefer to give up our rally.

The team continued, passed through the municipality of Timis-Torontal and entered the municipality of Arad. There, in the village of Chier, the gendarmes, together with the Jews, incited the peasants to shout that the red bands from Hungary had crossed into Romania.

The peasants, armed with pitchforks, axes and clubs, attacked the legionnaires who did not have time to identify themselves. The blows covered them in blood. Ciumeti's right hand broke and he fell to the side of the road, unconscious. Adochitei was lying for him. All of them were injured. Then they were arrested, transported to Arad and placed in separate cells in the city prison.

They were put on trial for rebellion ten days later. Our lawyers from Arad; Mota, Vasile Marin

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and I myself defended them and they were all acquitted. The Romanian people of Arad gave them a warm show of sympathy.
As a consequence of this incident, I decided to accompany them. Part of the team went in a pickup truck, while I, accompanied by four of them and the peasant Fratila, set out on foot, going through all the villages to the tomb of Avram Iancu in the mountains, about 80 miles. Peasants welcomed me everywhere.

At Thebea, we parted ways. They continued their route through Hunedoara County and I left for Teius.

AT TEIUS

My father was scheduled to give a speech here. Arriving that night, I found my father in a peasant's house; he was covered in blood. A large number of gendarmes entered the hall where people were gathered and began to use their butts on everyone. My father was hit in the head.

Legality! Legality!
A Romanian parliamentarian, enjoying immunity and guaranteed rights, is going to make a speech and public force representatives enter the hall cracking their heads with butts. Peasants, teachers, priests are all shocked. So I decided that we would hold a protest meeting two weeks later in the same place.
On the eve of the meeting, "The Death Team" arrived in Teius, as well as legionnaires from Cluj and Bucharest, but the meeting could not be held.
A regiment of infantry and a battalion of gendarmes surrounded Teius, preventing the peasants from entering.

It was the same as in Resita. I tried to avoid a confrontation, deciding that my father and all the legionnaires should leave the city except me; because the presence of several men, however few, could generate a conflict, while the presence of a single man in the face of such great forces could not cause a rebellion; nor a glory to many, if they weighed heavily on him.

However, peasants from Mihalt and the surrounding area tried to forcibly cross the bridge already occupied by the army.
"We, the peasants of Mihalt, conquered this bridge from the Hungarians in hard battles. We do not accept that today the Romanian gendarmes prevent us from crossing it" said these brave and "fearless peasants of Mihalt.
A battle ensued that lasted over two hours. Shots were fired. A peasant was killed, and from "The Death Team" Tocu, Constantinescu and Adochitei were seriously injured a second time.

The entire "Team of Death" and other students, a total of 50, were brought back to Teius by the authorities during the day. They were told they were going to board the train, but since they didn't have train tickets, they had to go to Alba-lulia to pick them up.
But there, instead of getting their tickets, they found themselves thrown, without an arrest warrant, into the famous prison where Horia had been thrown.
All his protests were futile. They protested in vain that their detention was unlawful; that no detainee may be arrested without an arrest warrant; that the authority that threw them there was committing an illegal act. At 2 o'clock that night they broke down the prison gate, formed a column and went to the prosecutor's house. They reported events to him. There they stayed in the courtyard until the next morning, when, together with the prosecutor, they returned to the prison. This time, arrest warrants were issued for "forcing the prison gate".

In the ensuing trial, they were acquitted because, in the first place, for lack of arrest warrants, they were being illegally detained. They conformed to legal provisions. By informing the promoter, they were just following the regulations. Once again it was proved in court that it was not the legionaries who caused disorder, but the authorities themselves, who, instead of enforcing the laws, infringed them with sovereign disdain.

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"The Death Team" returned to Bucharest after two months of campaigning. His struggles, the suffering he was subjected to, his wounds stirred the soul of all Transylvania.

Now, at this time, we can say that the legionary movement had spread throughout the country, despite all opposition from the authorities, despite all persecution.

Starting now, let's stop, we said. We will begin to deepen legionary education for life in the labor camps. Who would be bothered by this silent activity, especially when outside the political framework?

THE VISANI DAM

JULY 10, 1933

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However, during the previous winter, the pharmacist Aristotel Gheorghiu, legionary leader of Ramnicul-Sarat, sent me a report in which he described the situation in the village of Visani where the river Buzau flooded every year the farmers' fields in an area of several thousands. acre. And he was saying that the whole village was begging us to come and help them with building a protective dam. I accepted this request and took all the necessary steps, sending specialized engineers, making plans and issuing an order that all legionnaires in that region should be present in Visani on July 10, 1933, when the labor camp would open. Here is the order: **TO ALL NEST AND LEGIONARY UNIT LEADERS IN THE COUNTRY**

Comrades,
Never has the problem of light been raised more than at the moment when man lost his sight. As if the construction problem were posed in a particularly urgent way at a time when humanity clearly perceives that everything around it is falling apart.

When everything is slowly turning into ruin, the human soul goes in the opposite direction, in an attempt at a counterattack, manifesting a formidable impulse to build from the foundations, to raise by work, to build.
Never has this construction problem been raised in Europe as it is today, when the war period left us in ruins and when the post-war period increased our ruinous state day by day.

In our country, after 15 years of pompous but sterile public discourse, which has left nothing but ruins, our soul rebels against the word and seeks action.
We also want to build; from a broken bridge to a road and the splashing of a waterfall and its transformation into energy; from a new peasant homestead to a new type of Romanian village, Romanian city, Romanian state.
This is the historic appeal of our generation, that on the ruins of today we build a new and beautiful country.

Today, in our country, the Romanian people are unable to fulfill their mission in the world, that of creating their own culture and civilization in Eastern Europe.

LEGIONARIES,
These truths impelled me to call you to the middle of the country, on the banks of the Buzau River, to raise with your own arms that enormous dam that will bear your name for decades.

I asked him so that he could tell the other Romanians that you are the ones who are going to build the new Romania.

This new Romania cannot be born in clubs, cafes, cabarets; or the high heels used in the streets of the city on rides and diversions by the various Don Juans.
It will be born out of the heroism of your work.

EXPLANATIONS AND
INDICATIONS 1. The dam will be erected near the village of Visani in the southern part of Ramnicul-Sarat county, four miles north of the Faurei deposit on the Buzau-Braila line
.
2. Meeting point, Visani village. All teams will be under local command once they arrive.

3. Dates of arrival in Visani: 8 and 9 July 1933.
4. The project will be carried out in two stages of 30 days each.
First step,. July 10 to August 10, 1933.
Second stage: August 10 to September 10, 1933,

Each team will have 500 people.
Overall command will rest with the legionary commander of Ramnicul-Sarat county
, Aristotel Gheorghiu, who will organize:

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- provisioning, -
hosting, -
tools, - all
other matters relating to the overall direction of the project.
Under his command will be placed: 1. The head of the project site, a legionnaire to be personally appointed by me at the beginning of the work, 2. The head of accommodation and supplies, and 3. The legionary commander of the team, Together they will establish all services that will be needed (provisions, etc.).

The first team will consist of legionnaires from Braila, Buzau, Ramnicul-Sarat, Focsani, Tecuci, Bucharest, Ploesti, Ialomita, Dambovita, Muscel, Arges, Vlasca, Oltenia.

The legionnaires from Bessarabia will arrive on the 15th of July, i.e. 5 days later. They will leave Cbisinau on foot, passing through Gradiste, Comrat, Congaz, Kabul, Colibasi, Reni, Galati. Legionnaires from Kabul, Tigbina, Ismail and Cetatea-Alba will join this group.

The Confraternities of the Cross from all over the country will be part of the first team. The second team will be made up of legionnaires from the rest of the country. Legionnaires will try to have work clothes, spare linen, a shovel, a blanket.
Other teams must march or take the train, taking advantage of the 75% reduction for group excursions.

Five trusted Braila legionnaires must report 5 days early, on July 5th, in order to prepare the ground and receive their comrades; these will be appointed by the Braila legionary commander Ion Iliescu and will immediately contact the legionary commander of Ramnicul-Sarat, Aristotel Gheorghiu.

Headquarters where departures and arrivals must be announced: Aristotel Gbeorgbiu, Pharmacist, Ramnicul-Sarat.

I RECOMMEND: a)
Complete the order to the end. If you are provoked, I forbid you to react.
Reaching your destination is paramount.
I wish that wherever you pass, town or city, you will always be impressed by the discipline, correctness, totally dignified attitude and decency of the legionnaires at all times. Team leaders bear full responsibility. b) I draw your attention to the fact that in Visani and surroundings you must show exemplary behavior in all respects; friendly to the people and, in particular, heroic in work and resistance. c) In case dubious elements manage to infiltrate among the legionnaires, they will be sent home at the first attempt to deviate from the straight path and this must be reported to me personally.

In fact, each leader is responsible for his men. d) I will arrive on the morning of Monday, July 10th, after the rally in Suceava.

At dawn, before starting work, you will participate in the religious service celebrated by all the priests in the area.

comrades,
You are about to write a new page in the legion battle history book,
The country will look up to you as heroes once more, as it has seen you so many times before. before.

Go then, with hearts full of enthusiasm, to the field where a difficult task awaits you, but through which you will make a new sacrifice, therefore, a new step towards our victory, legionary Romania.

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I therefore hope to see you all on our new battlefield.
Bucharest, June 23, 1933 Corneliu Zelea-Codreanu Chief of the
Legion

More than 200 young legionnaires gathered in Visani on 10 July, coming on foot from Calati, Focsani, Bucharest, Buzau, Tecuci, Iasi, Braila, under the leadership of Stelian Teodorescu, Nicolae Constantinescu, Pavaluta, Doru Belimace, Stoenescu and Bruma .
But instead of being received with joy and given something to eat and a place to rest, tired and hungry as they were when they arrived, they were surrounded by several companies of gendarmes, attacked with the brutality of wild beasts, and knocked to the ground under the blows. .
The gendarmes were instructed by their officers, by order of the Ministry of Internal Affairs - where Mr. Armand Calinescu*, according to his own statements, played an important role in the measures of our torture and repression - who rained his blows on these young Romanians with as much hatred as if they were attacking the greatest enemies of the Romanian people.

Among those wounded and humiliated to the last limit of humiliation were the legionaries Stelian Teodorescu, Bruma, Doru Belimace, Father Ion Dumitrescu, Stoenescu, Pavaluta and Nicolae Constantinescu, seriously wounded for the fourth time in two months.

The news of this unprecedented - of cruelty against some young people who come to do a good deed, and of all the indignities to which they were subjected, spread like a black veil over the crushed and worried hearts of all our young people, who, by their faith and his love of country, were betrayed by the country's politicians to his foreign enemy. I understood then that all avenues were closed to us and that from then on we must prepare for death.

We went through a state of general depression in which we felt that all our reserves of patience and self-control were on the verge of collapse. I realized that everything around me was cracking and that, above all, if a single slap in the face happened, it would be an irreparable misfortune. I wanted to scream from the bottom of my soul: We can't take it anymore!

In this depressing atmosphere, I addressed the Prime Minister in the following letter published in the newspaper Calendarul ("The Calenda? ') of 20 July 1933:

THE PURSUIT OF THE IRON PROTECTOR

THE LETTER FROM MR. CORNELIU Z. CODREANU TO MR. PRIME MINISTER AL. VAIDA

Mr. Prime Minister,

After the incidents in Visani, of such moral gravity that they made my heart bleed, I decided to write you the following lines:

I am moved to do this neither by momentary impulsiveness nor by any desire to see my letter published in newspapers for my friends to applaud, or to easily fulfill the customary formal duty of "protesting" against the infamy perpetrated at Ramnicul-Sarat.

I feel urged to address this letter to you by my troubled conscience, telling me that this path, onto which you so easily pushed us, is - for any man of honor - the path of death.

**** Arniand Calinescu, then Undersecretary of State in the Ministry of Internal Affairs, has just begun his series of persecutions of the Iron Guard. He left the National Peasant Party in February 1938 and became - by virtue of his personal hatred of Corneliu Z. Codreanu - Minister of Internal Affairs and right-hand man of King Carol II of Romania. From then on, the star of this sad hero of Judeo-Freemasonry continued to rise until it reached its zenith, the day on which, by order of his august sovereign, he ordered the assassination of the head of the Iron Guard; then to boast among his peers, in the technical language of an executioner, that he had "beheaded the Iron Guard". In truth, Calineseus was just a sadistic rogue; the honor for this "act of arms" goes entirely to the king. (Tr.)***

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misfortunes that can no longer be avoided.

Mr. Prime Minister,

I won't be able to describe to you here in a few lines our martyrdom during the last ten years, in our own country, for our Romanian and Christian faith.
I will only say that for ten years the Romanian governments were tired of beating us.
There was the Liberal administration which crushed us under the blows; there followed Mr. Goga, and he also crushed us in 1926; then mr. Mihalache, who also gloried, along with the alien masters, in beating us barbarously, in exterminating us; then there was the Iorga-Argetoianu administration which again blew us away; finally, you came to power, continuing the blows.
None of these asked, Prime Minister, whether we could support the endless moral and physical torture that often tended to overwhelm our powers of resistance.

During all this time we have supported everything very strongly. We are full of wounds, but we never put our heads down. We upset them because no matter how grievous our torture, at least our sense of human dignity and our honor were respected. However, lately, under your administration, our persecutions and tortures have entered the most difficult phase.

What happened in Teius, where my father was shot and bloodied, and what happened especially in Visani, are incomparably more serious than all our suffering so far. These abuses attack our very honor.

I will not present you with an account for a long time.
Surely you remember two months ago - when I came to ask what was wrong with us to deserve the persecution you started - you said to me, 'Why don't you start something constructive?'
'Mr. Prime Minister ' I replied, ' I decided to build a dam on the coast of Buzau.
Do you have any objections? '

'No. Very good. Very nice.'
I filed a petition with the Ministry of Public Works a month before anything started; I consulted with the most distinguished professional engineers in the field and on the 10th of July the work was about to begin.

It wasn't just meant to be a youth recreation; it was the call of our youth to the service of the great need for healthy achievement; should be the education of 1,000 young people in a constructive direction.

It was to be an example for tens of thousands of other young people.
It would be a school for the great masses of people who for years roamed its dilapidated bridges and roads, waiting for the State to come and repair them, when in a single day their common work could have repaired them.
It was an encouragement for the whole country and an example for those who mistakenly imagine that a strong Romania can emerge from someone's pity and not from the work of all of us.
Several days before the beginning of the work, I sent three distinguished young men to Visani to prepare accommodation and provisions for those who were to come. But they were caught on the 8th of July, transported to Ramnicul-Sarat, then chained by their shackles and sent home like the lowliest of thieves in that state of ridicule, degrading their human dignity.

“Two other young men from the University of Bucharest, located in the city of Ramnicul-Sarat, where they arrived to work with enthusiasm, were arrested, taken to the police, trivially insulted and slapped by the city police chief and two police commissioners - Ionescu brothers - then, with their hands tied behind their backs, they
were taken through the middle of town to the station and taken back home by train.

Finally, on Monday, July 10, 200 young people arrived in Visani, most of them students.

There, instead of being welcomed with open arms for their good intentions, they were received by the mayor of the county, the prosecutor, the police officers Colonel Ignat, Cten. Cepleanu, gendarmes lieutenant. Fotea,

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several hundred gendarmes with guns in hand, a company of infantry with mounted machine guns, and were called to leave the locality immediately in a tone of unjust and unjustified aggressiveness.

Faced with such a threatening situation, the 200 youths lay down in the six-inch mud and in that humble position began to sing "God is with us", The gendarmes were ordered to attack them. Several hundred rushed at them, trampling them, crushing their chests and heads with their boots; the young people endured this whole ordeal in martyr's silence without offering any resistance. Ahead of those who kicked the students were the prosecutor Rachieru and Colonel Ignat who with his own hand pulled the student Bruma's hair, and the lieutenant.

Fotea, who slammed his fists into the innocent youth's cheeks.
In the end, the rope was brought; the hands of the 200 youths were barbarously tied behind their backs, after which they were kept in the rain for half a day.
In the meantime, Father Dumitrescu arrived and the prosecutor
asked him: 'What are you doing here?'
'I am a priest. I came to say Mass before work started.
- You're not a priest. You are an idiot, replied the prosecutor. - Immediately tie his hands behind his back.

The priest's hands were tied like everyone else's and then all of them, in this humiliating position, were taken to Rarnnicul-Sarat and arrested in the gendarmerie, where they were again insulted and terribly tortured by the procurator, gendarmes and police.

Some, taken out of those torture chambers or the cellars into which they were thrown and then beaten with ox-vein whips, fainted.
"After four days of such an ordeal they were released as there was nothing they could be charged with.
“Others, apprehended on the way to Visani, were arrested in Buzau and Braila where, with their hands tied, they were sent home. There are 15 more that, until today, Saturday, still haven't arrived. They were. Taken on foot from Buzau to Bucharest, from gendarme post to gendarme post, for four days not fed, insulted, slapped.

Mr. Prime Minister,

“These are not isolated events, but by order of the government that arrives at any point in the country.” Two weeks ago, without any fault - and the indisputable proof of this are all the decisions of justice handed down - we were beaten and insulted at every step; in Bucharest, Arad, Teius, Piatra-Neamt and Suceava.

"Mister Prime Minister, I draw
your attention in the most respectful way, so that we, who know the history and the sacrifices made by each people when they wanted to achieve a better fate, we, the young people of Romania today, do not refuse this sacrifice.
We are not cowards, to avoid the sacrifice due to a new Romania.
“But once again I call your attention to the fact that I taught these young people the feeling of human dignity and honor.
We know how to die if necessary, as we will prove. You can arrest us; our bones may rot in the depths of the prison. We can be shot dead. But we can't be slapped, we can't take oaths, and we can't have our hands tied behind our backs.

We don't remember that our people - during our sad but proud Romanian history - ever tolerated being dishonored.
Our fields are full of the dead, but not cowards.
Today we are free men aware of our rights. Slaves we are not and never were. We receive death, but not humiliation.
Rest assured, Prime Minister, that we cannot endure these days of humiliation and indignity.

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Rest assured, I implore you, that after ten years of suffering we have enough moral strength to find an honorable way out of a life that we cannot sustain without honor and dignity.

Please accept my feelings.

Corneliu Zelea-Codreanu "

THE LIBERAL PARTY ASSUMES RESPONSIBILITY TO EXTERMINATE THE IRON GUARD

However, this young man's torments would not end. Before our eyes, the horizon grew darker and darker. Other trials, even greater, were being prepared for us. No sooner was Visani's torture over than he learned that IG Duca, the head of the Liberal Party, had left for Paris. We were surprised to read the statements he made in the Parisian newspapers; that "The Iron Guard" is being paid by the Hitlerites; that the Vaida government is weak because it does not destroy us; and that he, IG Duca and his party took responsibility for preparing our death, for exterminating us. At home, Viitorul ("The Future"), the official newspaper of the party, will weigh in on us based on the same arguments: "anarchic movement", "subversive movement" ("a movement in the pay of the Hitlerites", and on the government Vaida accusing him of "weakness" and "tolerance" towards our movement, and of "flirting" with our "anarchic" and "sold out to the Nazis" movement.

As a nation, we will fall today to the lowest levels of humiliation. Two Romanian statesmen, IG Duca and N. Titulescu, will combine with the Romanian political front of the funds of Parisian Jewish bankers - interested on the one hand in the ruthless exploitation of our country's riches and, on the other hand, in ensuring a situation as happy as possible. possible for his co-religionists in Romania - the coming to power of the Liberal Party, the latter, under the formal condition, the obligation to exterminate the legionary movement by any means. A young, strong and proud Romanian legionary nation, which drives them out of the country with all their predatory capital, does not get along with foreign bankers.

And so, as the conclusion of more than a decade of suffering, without being guilty of anything, our crown of death is prepared for US.

Allow me, at the end of this series of struggles, to direct my thoughts to my mother, whose soul follows me year after year, hour after hour, trembling at every blow that hits me and shuddering at every threat thrown at me by fate. Search after search conducted by brutal and indecent prosecutors and police commissioners every year disturbed the tranquility of their home, from which every vestige of joy and peace had long since disappeared. What a reward from a people degraded by their politicians to a mother who, in the most bitter privation, raised seven children out of love for her country! May these few words be a tribute to all the mothers whose children fought, suffered or died for the Romanian nation!

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COMRADES

comrades,

With these last tales closing this volume, my youth, and that of many among you, ended, Never again will we walk your paths.
If these last 14 years of our youth were not so full of good times and joys, a great satisfaction lights my conscience now. Legionary Romania has sunk its roots, like those of a tree, into the flesh of our hearts. It grows with pain and sacrifice, and our hungry eyes watch it blossom, illuminating the horizons and centuries to come with its splendor and majesty. This majesty overwhelmingly rewards, not just our small sacrifices, but any human suffering, be it the most terrible.

Dear comrades,

To you who have been beaten, slandered, or martyred, I can bring the news that I wish to convey more than the flimsy value of a casual rhetorical phrase: We will win soon.

Before their pillars all our oppressors will fall. Forgive those who hurt you for personal reasons. Those who tortured him because of his faith in the Romanian people, you will not forgive. Do not confuse the Christian right and duty to forgive those who have wronged you with our people's right and duty to punish those who have betrayed them and taken it upon themselves to oppose their fate. Don't forget that the swords you wear belong to the nation. You bear them in her name, In her name you will use them for relentless and merciless punishment. In this way, and only in this way, will you be preparing a healthy future for this nation.

In Carmen Sylva, April 5, 1936.

A WORD TO MY LEGIONARIES

(Speech given by Codreanu on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the

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foundation of the Legion of Michael the Archangel)

Dear comrades,

After fifteen years of struggle, persecution and sacrificed lives, Romania's youth must know that the time of the legionnaire's victory is at hand.

All the enemy's attempts against us will be crushed; all plans to tempt us, all efforts to buy our souls, all efforts to divide us, as well as any betrayals between us, will all fall to the ground.

Look them right in the eyes - all you tyrants! Endure all blows with resignation, endure all torture, for the sacrifice of all of us will be the iron foundation of broken bodies and tortured souls for victory.

Those of us who fall will be named after heroes and tombs!
While those who are going to kill us will carry the stigma of traitors and will be accused from generation to generation.

From the depths, the legionnaire emerges victorius! With your rock soul.
Those who believe they can beat it, as well as those who think they can buy it, will soon be convinced - but too late - that they were wrong.

EPILOGUE

The Assassination of Corneliu Zelea Codreanu

The testimony of gendarme Sârbu before the commission of investigation of the Romanian Court of Cassation in Bucharest, November 1940, follows:

“We left Bucharest that night (from 29 November to 30 November) in two city hall police vans. We were

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accompanied by gendarme majors, Dinulescu and Maoveanu.

Arriving in Ramnicul-Sarat, we stopped at the Gendarmerie where Majors Dinulescu and Maoveanu made contact with Major Scarlat Rosianu, of Jewish origin, commander of the Legion of Gendarmes in Ramnicul-Sarat.

Not having received a precise order, the gendarmes did not arrest the legionnaires. We were all ordered back to the vans.
We started heading back to Bucharest. On the way, however, we were surprised by Major Dinulescu, who shouted: "Back to Ramnicul-Sarat!"

We turned back, but stopped at the village of Baltati, several kilometers on this side of Ramnicul-Sarat, where we stayed overnight.
Here we are given wine to drink, expensive cigarettes and fine food.

The next day we went to Ramnicul-Sarat.

Arriving at the prison, we all went to one of the cells where Majors Dinulescu and Maoveanu instructed us on how to execute the legionaries.

Bringing the driver of our van to his knees, they threw a rope around his neck from behind, showing how easily someone can be executed.

It was all over in a few minutes. Then the gendarmes went out one by one into the prison yard, and each received a legionnaire in custody.

I took one that was stronger and taller than the others; I learned later that he was Captain Corneliu Zelea Codreanu.

We then took them to the vans. There, the legionnaires' hands were tied to the bench behind them and their legs to the bottom of the bench in front of them, so that they could not move in any direction.

Ten of them were thus tied up in the first van and four in the second, I was in the first van with the ten, behind the Captain; each gendarme was seated behind the legionnaire under his command.

In our hands we hold the strings. So we left.

Major Dinulescu was in my van, Major Maoveanu in the other.

A tomblike silence was maintained, for we could not speak, neither among ourselves nor among the legionaries.

When we arrived at the Tancabesti woods, Major Dinulescu, who was supposed to give the code signal for the moment of execution, turned the flashlight on and off three times.

It was time for execution, but, I don't know why, neither of us moved.
Then Major Dinulescu stopped the van, got out and went back to the one behind.

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There, Major Macoveanu was more authoritative; the legionnaires had already been strangled.

The captain slightly turned his head towards me and whispered: "Comrade, allow me to speak with my comrades." But at that very moment, before he had even finished his plea, Major Dinulescu climbed onto the running board of the van and, stepping in, revolver in his band, shouted, "Execute!"

With that, the gendarmes threw their ropes...

With the curtains drawn, the vans continued on their way to Jilava.

When we got there, it was seven o'clock in the morning. There we were expected by Colonel Zeciu; Dan Pascu, the prison commander; Colonel Gherovici, the medical examiner; Lieutenant Colonel Ionescu and others.

The grave has already been dug.

Taken out of vans, the legionnaires' corpses were placed on the ground face down and shot in the back to simulate shooting as they tried to escape.

Then we were gathered in a room in the Jilava prison where the colonel gave us a lecture, saying: "You have done your duty; you are not common murderers."

Several days later, I was called into Colonel Gherovici's office, who, upon seeing me, said, "You are very strong; you could have killed three at once." He then handed me a piece of paper to be signed by me, stating that I had received the sum of 20,000 lei as medical aid, I told him: "I am not sick, colonel". He replied, "Listen here Sarbu! Don't you see how bad you are? And keep your mouth shut or I'll fill it with dirt," pointing to a Mauser pistol on his desk. So I, like the other gendarmes, was sent on leave".